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CHICAGO LEDGER

The AVENGER on HELGOLAND

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IN THIS ISSUE

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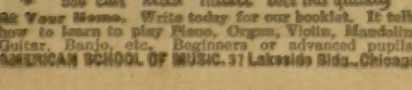

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The People We Call Our Friends

THE editor had to let one of his assistants go the other day. She had been working for the Ledger only a few days when she walked into his office and said: "I am not sure I like the Ledger. Its stories are not the kind I would pick to read if I were buying a magazine. Why, I believe you are actually editing it for the common people." And she spoke more truly than she knew. The Ledger is edited for the common people—the people of whom Abraham Lincoln said that the Lord must have loved them, for he made so many of them. Lincoln belonged to the common people himself, he knew them and he loved them, and that is why Lincoln occupies in history a place no other man could fill. There wasn't anything artificial or insincere about him, but he was just like God had made him, simple, unaffected and natural. And no man ever was loved more.

WHAT Lincoln was as a man, we would have the Ledger be as a magazine—simple, unaffected and natural, edited for people who care nothing for high-sounding phrases and merely clever writing, who want the story told to them in plain, straightforward English; people who want to be entertained and amused, to be made to laugh or cry or be thrilled according to the story they are reading. We want you to read the Ledger because you like it, because it fills a place in your life and affections no other magazine could fill. The greatest compliment the assistant who is no longer with us could have paid the editor was her words: "Why, I believe you are actually editing it for the common people." Just about the same time a well-known writer came into the office. He had never had a story in the Ledger, but in high-priced publications his name appears frequently. "I just dropped in to get acquainted," he said. "The Ledger was one of the first papers I ever read. It was a good many years ago when I was a boy, but it is one of my best friends now. I have sold stories to most of the big magazines of America and I subscribe to most of them, but even today none of them takes the place of the Ledger. You have a way of hitting me in the right spot which none of the others does. So I thought I would tell you so."

A PERSON just can't help feeling good when some one tells him things like that, but it didn't cause any more joy than a letter that came from a girl who lives on an island belonging to Canada. She told us just what it was she liked about certain stories, why she didn't like some of the things that she saw in the Ledger and in The Saturday Blade, our weekly newspaper. "There's no great fault to find with either, and I'm really in suspense until they come," she said.

A MAN down in Tennessee also took the time to write us a letter much along the same lines, and we felt kindly toward him for telling us the truth about the Ledger as he sees it. He didn't like quite a lot of things which we have published in the past, and he gave us some valuable suggestions. A Kentucky reader says he is perfectly satisfied with the Ledger as it is and feels that he gets his money's worth every time. And he has been a constant reader for twenty years, and during that time has never missed an issue.

HERE is a bit of praise which we think is deserved. It is from an Illinois woman: "I noticed where a woman wrote and asked you if you were going to raise your prices on the Blade and Ledger," she says, "as all of the other papers are raising their prices and I noticed where your answer was that you were not. That proves that you are surely the poor people's friend and adviser. My husband has taken the Ledger for about fifteen years and he has been a subscriber of the Blade for eleven years, and no greater papers ever were published, we think, than the Blade and Ledger. Our little children can hardly wait for the Blade to come for they like to look at the pictures of the war. They are true-blue American babies."

FROM up in Saskatchewan another reader sent in a request for an adventure story of a particular kind, which we hope he will find in the Ledger before very long. So it goes, letters from every part of the world where the Ledger is read—some praising, some criticising, but all of them welcome.

WE HOPE that you will find this number of the Ledger as interesting as we have tried to make it. If you are reading this before you take up the stories, we want you to be sure and read the opening installment of our new serial, "The Avenger on Helgoland," because, as we told you last week, we believe it one of the best we have published in a long, long time and we don't want you to miss it. And in the short story line we want you to read "The Fool" and "Getting Something on Blaisdale," even if you skip the other short stories. If you don't like these three stories you are indeed hard to please.

NEXT week—we know you have been hoping we would hurry up and get to this part of the talk—we lead off the paper with a powerful long short story. "The Ghost Between," it is called, and it is fairly alive with human interest, love, passion, loyalty and the other things which figure in our everyday lives. If you recall the story called "The Other Man's Wife," published several months ago, you will know just how good "The Ghost Between" is, for it is by the same author, Margery Land May. Two other unusually strong stories are scheduled for the same issue. They are called "Mother's First Season" and "The Scales of Justice." The first is a charming little story of two daughters who thought Mother was too old-fashioned, that she needed livening up, dressing up and "bringing up" in the latest style. Daughters got the surprise of their lives as a result. You will enjoy its quaint humor and you will have no cause to complain when the ending is reached except, perhaps, that you cannot follow Mother thru further adventures. "The Scales of Justice" is a story of an entirely different complexion. It is a dramatic affair, and when you have read it you will wonder how such things can be, and you will be indignant as well—but you will know why Justice always is pictured as blindfolded. The story is by Augustin W. Breeden, who is well known to Ledger readers. It is based on an actual happening of some time ago, but Breeden was not sufficiently wrought up over it until he went to France and saw things there that impressed upon him that Justice is indeed blind.

A MYSTERY serial also will star in the May 18 Ledger. Julian F. Darrow, who has written for the Ledger quite often in the past, is the author, and if you like Darrow you will like "By Whose Hand?" He has weaved into it a thread of mystery that you will be unable to unravel until the very end. Three persons in our office read this story before it went to the printer. "Doggone that fellow Darrow, he fooled me," said the first one, and he offered to bet that no one else in the office could do any better with it than he had done. Suffice it to say that he won, too, and that he is richer by several dollars' worth of thrift stamps.

"IN THE CROCODILE'S JAWS" is the new Christopher Poe detective yarn which will appear in the next number, and it is as amazing a tale of its kind as you would want to read. The editor of a rival magazine had a chance to buy these stories, but he dilly-dallied about it and lost the opportunity. He paid us a friendly call the other day and was quite peeved when he picked up a copy of the Ledger and found Poe back in its columns. "I overlooked a bet," he declared, and the funny thing was that he sat down right there and read that particular story, which he hadn't seen before, clear thru.

THERE will be other short stories in the next number, too, just as many as we can crowd in after the advertising is placed. Some of them will be real war stories, better than any we have offered heretofore, because they are about "our boys." The Americans are in the thick of the fight now, and the stories of their bravery which are beginning to trickle out of the theater of war are not in any way overshadowed by the deeds of heroism which have been performed by the other Allies who have been in the fight longer. We are going to give you American and Canadian war stories principally, for we know you will be interested mostly in them because they are about those who are nearest and dearest to us—the North Americans.

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Humor and Love
Every Week

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 11, 1918. No. 19.

She Was Only a Girl of the Streets, but She Loved With a Wonderful Love.

THE FOOL

By Frank Dorrance Hopley

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SHE was just a little bit of flotsam, caught up by the eddying tides of a great city and whirled hither and yon, at their pleasure. Her name was Molly Page, and she had fluffy yellow hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks. Sometimes her cheeks were pinker than at others, according to the care she took with her toilet. She had drifted to the city because there was no place else to drift, when her mother died. For a while she had struggled against the tide, then succumbed, because it was easier to float with than to fight against the current.

She lived in a furnished room with two other girls who also were floating with the tide, on the top floor of an East Side house. When she was home, which wasn't often, she ate in a little restaurant around the corner. At other times, she dined at cheap table d'hotes, with her admirers, and once at a grand place on the avenue, where a man with thick lips and a ruddy nose had taken her. Before the meal was over he had proposed that she accompany him on a trip he was soon to take, to the other side, but she had refused, much to his astonishment and displeasure, just because she didn't like his face. When he had offered her money, she had laughed and run away, because she knew where she could get money any time. When she told the girls about it, they were horrified that she should pass up such a "good thing," and they dubbed her "The Fool," which name had stuck to her.

Now, for the first time in her life, she had been in court. Officer Callahan had taken her there, and was her accuser. It was a hot night and the judge was thinking of the roses which were blooming by his mother's porch, away up in the hills, and wishing he was there again, when they brought her in. He frowned as his reverie was broken, and listened to the story Officer Callahan told. He was just going to send her to the Island, when he changed his mind. Perhaps the pinkness of Molly's cheeks reminded him of the roses and his mother again. At any rate he hesitated.

"This is the first time you've been here, my girl," he said. "I'm going to give you another chance, but if you're brought in again it will be the Island. Now go."

And Molly went, while Officer Callahan muttered his displeasure.

That was the night she met "him."

She had gone straight from the courtroom over to the avenue, where the lights from the autos were flashing, because she wanted to get away from Officer Callahan, and she knew he wouldn't be there. She was afraid of him, and vowed he would never catch her again, she would make sure of that.

She leaned against a tree in front of a church, and wondered where she had better go next. Then, suddenly, a car shot out from the shadows and stopped in front of her. A voice sang out "hello!" and she looked up into a pair of laughing eyes. They were blue, like her own, and his cheeks were pink because he was young, and flushed because the wind had brushed them. He smiled at her and she smiled back at him.

"Hello!" he said again, "beastly warm, isn't it? Want to take a ride? Jump in and we'll go for a spin thru the park."

As they rolled along in the low gray car, there came into Molly's heart something she had never felt before. At first, she didn't know what it was and was half afraid, for she had never heard of Cupid, and arrows and such foolish things, but as he lifted her out of the car in front of the church, she knew. She loved the boy with the blue eyes and flushed face, and she was glad.

His name, he had told her, was Basil King. He lived in the square below the church. His father had heaps of money and his mother was proud of her family tree. But Molly cared neither for money nor for fame, only for the frank faced youth who had so strangely come into her life.

Night after night they met before the church, and rode and communed together, until a month had gone by. Then, one evening, in a little roadhouse, where they had taken refuge from a sudden storm, while the lightning played in jagged streaks across the sky, he told her he loved her. And Molly, that little piece of flotsam who had been floating with the tide so long, saw her old life slipping away, and a door opening to a new and happy one.

"I'll tell mother and dad tomorrow," he said as they parted. "Maybe they'll make a little fuss at first because you're not—well, not just their style, you know. But it won't make a bit of difference, Molly dear, I'll marry you if I have to storm the German trenches to do it." And she believed him and was happy.

But the morrow brought misgivings. Also a liveried servant, who inquired with dignity whether Miss Molly Page lived there, and, being assured she did, ushered thru the broken doorway and up the narrow stairs a pompous man and a woman of haughty mien. Both glared at Molly as she stood awaiting them. At last the man spoke.

"We are quite annoyed and distressed at what our son has told us about his having formed—er—an attachment for you, Miss Page. Of course, we must forbid any such alliance as he proposes. The honored house of King must never—er—to put it plainly—be contaminated by bestowing its name upon a girl of—er—of your class. You understand what I mean, I think."

Molly smiled sweetly.

"I understand what you mean," she said. "Basil said you would probably make a fuss. Anyway, Basil loves me and I love him, and we are going to get married, whether you like it or not."

The woman threw up her hands despairingly.

"There's only one way to deal with these kind of people," she said, turning to her husband, who was aghast at Molly's defiance, "just as I told you."

The man nodded and took from his pocket a roll of bills which he laid upon the table.

"Of course," he said blandly, "we are willing to do the right thing by you, Miss Page. Basil is young and inexperienced in such matters, and no doubt has committed himself beyond what was wise. A girl of—er—your class undoubtedly knows how to handle such young men to advantage. Come, my dear, take this money and think no more about the boy."

Molly's eyes flashed, then grew tearful.

"I don't want your money," she cried, "take it away, I hate it. What I want is love. I've wanted it all my life and never had it until now. And now I've got it, you're not going to take it away from me. I may not be your kind, I know I've not always been good, but that's all over now. Basil loves me and I'm going to marry him, and you shan't stop me."

The man and woman looked at the panting girl, then at each other. Then they turned and without a word went slowly down the stairs, leaving Molly a seeming victor.

Later the woman returned. Her arrogance had gone. There were tears in her eyes.

"He is so young," she said, "and so impressionable. Always attracted by a pretty face. And his future is so bright. He should marry a girl of his own station in life, educated and talented. One who could help him in his life's work, and not—not one that will drag him down to her level.

"You say you love him? Then prove it by giving him up. Not because I, his mother, ask it, but for his own sake, for the sake of his future happiness. Prove your love for him by giving him up."

Molly bowed her head suddenly upon the table and sobbed bitterly. When she looked again, the woman had gone.

That evening as he said good night just inside the broken doorway, Basil whispered, "Tomorrow, dearest, tomorrow we will get the license and be wed, in the little church in front of which we first met. Good night, dearest—until tomorrow."

"Until tomorrow," she whispered gently, and stood watching him as he walked rapidly away and was lost to view. Then slowly, very slowly at first, she walked down the street. On and on she went, across the avenue, where the lights from the autos were flashing, until the glare of Broadway enveloped her.

Just as she turned the corner the massive form of Officer Callahan loomed up in close proximity. A faint shudder ran thru her, then she braced herself. As she passed the officer she purposely swished her dress against him. He turned, and muttered an oath as he saw her, but she gave no sign.

A man suddenly emerged from a cabaret and paused to light a cigarette. Molly put out her hand and touched his arm. "Hello, dear," she said. The man brushed her aside. There was a quick step, and a brawny hand clutched her shoulder, and she looked calmly up into the triumphant face of Officer Callahan.

It was a sultry evening and the air of the courtroom was heavy with the odor of stale liquor and strongly scented powders. The judge was weary of the grist of human beings which had been brought, that night, to the mill of justice. The roses were still in bloom beside the porch of his mother's house, but the judge was not thinking of roses or mothers just then. It was too hot.

Thru the narrow door came the burly form of Officer Callahan with his hand still clutching the shoulder of his long sought for prize. As he saw them, the judge started a little, then he smiled grimly.

"So you're back again, are you?" he questioned sharply. "Well, I gave you another chance. If you wouldn't take it, I'm not to blame. Three months on the Island."

As Molly walked slowly toward the door by the side of the officer, the clerk called to her.

"Wait," he said, "I didn't get your name. What is it?"

The girl stopped, and was silent a moment. Then she smiled.

"They call me 'The Fool,'" she answered softly.

The Judge Started a Little, Then He Smiled Grimly. "I Gave You Another Chance," He Said. "If You Wouldn't Take It I Am Not to Blame."

* * *

Foreseen by Abe.

THE novice was not enjoying his first trip thru the air and his more experienced companion regarded him in some amusement.

"I say, Bill, what's on your mind?" he demanded.

"I was just thinking of Abraham Lincoln," replied Bill thoughtfully.

"Abraham Lincoln?"

"Yes. I was thinking how truthfully he spoke when he said a man's legs ought to be just long enough to reach the ground."

It Required a Man of Iron Nerve and Control And This American Welcomed the Chance.

The Avenger on Helgoland

By Frank E. Channon

The war has produced many strange deeds of heroism but none surpass that of a man who deliberately puts his neck in the noose as a spy in the enemy's land.

Apparently in His Last Struggles, He Was Hauled Aboard.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

"WELL, Kerr, if you've settled that you're going to kill yourself, I'd die striking a blow for my country, if I were you, not quit like a waster. Your wife was an Englishwoman. They've killed American women, too. The United States has come in with us; your own boys will soon be at the front. You owe those Huns something." Wallace O'Neil scanned his American friend's face with a dissatisfaction amounting to suspicion. "I don't see how you can quit without paying the debt."

Allison Kerr smiled bitterly. "Yes, I've thought of that, too. Stand around in sloppy trenches with nothing but gnawing loneliness for company, and, ten to one, be picked off by a fragment of shell before I even get a look at the fiends. I know what you're thinking, O'Neil—but you have no horrible visions of a woman who is dear to you rolled around 1,500 fathom deep or of her unheeded cries—G—d!" moaned Kerr, his dark face writhing with an unanswerable agony. "The quickest way for me!"

The Englishman, in whose study this argument had gone on for some three-quarters of an hour, stood up and lit a cigarette. For a moment he gazed at his friend compassionately. Then he spoke.

"You want death. Very good. I can give it to you—without a suicide's grave and with a jolly little string of Germans for company. Do you want it?"

Kerr looked up from the carpet where he had been staring.

"What are you driving at, Wallace?"

"You know my connection with the Admiralty. There's a job, made there for you only yesterday—a job that only you can fill. You're a linguist and an athlete, and resourceful like the Yank you should be. I believe it was sent to save you from just this very thing you were contemplating. Will you listen to it?"

Kerr extracted a big cigar from his vest pocket and bit off the end. "Go ahead," he commanded.

For answer O'Neil crossed the room and pulled the old-fashioned bell by the white marble mantelpiece. A noiseless servant appeared and closed the study door silently behind him.

"Call a taxi," commanded O'Neil.

He turned again to Kerr—"I'll explain at the Admiralty office. Where's your tile?"

In a few minutes they were threading their way up Whitehall and Downing streets, then the taxi came to a stop before the Grecian facade of the Admiralty Building. Making their way inside, they were challenged by several sentries, to whom O'Neil showed his pass card, and presently stopped before a small door painted a dirty white. Here again a marine inspected O'Neil's credentials, then passed him in, Kerr following.

O'Neil spoke to an elderly clerk sitting at the solitary desk, and after waiting a few minutes, he and his companion were escorted thru several other rooms and ushered into a large, plainly furnished office, where an elderly, clean-cut naval officer sat, poring over many papers.

A curt nod and a monosyllabic "'Do" was his greeting. O'Neil introduced his companion, and then leaving Kerr seated at the far end of the room, entered into a low-toned conversation with the officer. Their voices rose and fell monotonously for an interminable time, and then on invitation Kerr joined them at the desk.

"Of course, your judgment is sufficient, and I shall be pleased to have Mr. Kerr undertake the mission," he heard the officer say, as he seated himself. Then, turning to Kerr, the officer said: "I will send for the papers and place you in possession of all the facts; meanwhile——" He summoned an attendant, gave some instructions, and then resumed—"Meanwhile, I will run over the case with you, Mr. Kerr. By the way, can you swim in a seaway?"

"Depends on how rough and how long. I've never been out in a very heavy sea, but I'm a fairly strong swimmer."

The officer rubbed his hands in invisible soap. "Now about the language," he intimated. "I'm going to introduce you to a German we have here. He is—well, I want you to come to a thoro understanding with him, Mr. Kerr. We have every reason to believe we can trust him and what he says, and he will tell you his story. I shall only post you as to one fact. He is a prisoner recently captured. Overtures regarding this matter have been made to him, and he professes to acquiesce. I should very much like to be assured that he is telling us the whole truth, because the success of the undertaking on which we propose to launch you will depend very largely—in fact, entirely—upon this man's veracity. Your interview with him will take place alone in the next room. He has been sent for."

"But what do you want me to do with him; what is the object of the interview?" demanded Kerr.

"To make yourself familiar with the Island of Helgoland and this prisoner's life there."

"And he is a friendly informant?" persisted the American.

"So he professes to be."

A clerk entered.

"Make this gentleman comfortable in the old Board Room, and see he is not interrupted," came the order, and Kerr followed his guide into a large, bare adjoining room.

When Kerr returned three-quarters of an hour later, Big Ben was just striking the hour of noon, and the officer was still at his desk. O'Neil had gone.

"Well?" was the interrogation from the Britisher.

"Well," countered the American.

"He told you his story?"

"Yes."

"You believe it; you trust him?"

"As far as it suits him, he's telling the truth, I think. What sort of clothes was he wearing when your destroyer picked him up?"

There was a moment or so of hesitation, then the officer reached for some papers, and leaning back in his chair, read:

"'Report of Lieutenant J. M. H. Hemmings, commanding H. M. S. Destroyer Gull.'

"Hum, let's see, where's the meat—ah, here:

"'About seven bells in first dog watch of Friday, March 26th, while on patrol duty close in to mine area of the Bite, Chief Gunner's Mate O'Brian reported man overboard. The night was dark with a moderate cross sea on, and we were showing no lights. Hove to and lowered a gig in charge of Leading Seaman Mullins, who returned eight minutes later, having picked up a German claiming to be Herman Meyers, who stated he had been blown out to sea in a dingy from the Island of Helgoland, where he had been employed for some days as lamp tender in lighthouse on Oberland. He at first pretended to speak no English, but later was trapped, and then admitted he understood the language. His story was altogether unsatisfactory, and he was later turned over to the Attack, together with a detailed report of his rescue.'

"The Attack handed him over to the flagship of the patrolling squadron, and later he was brought on here," concluded the officer, glancing at Kerr. "Now, what do you think of him; how does he strike you?"

"I think he is what he represents himself to be, a German mechanic of the middle class, with some military training," was Kerr's judgment.

A clerk at that moment brought into his chief the transcribed stenographic report of the conversation between Kerr and the prisoner.

"Excuse me a moment or so," pleaded the Englishman, taking up the sheets. He perused the text carefully, nodding his head as he read. "Yes," he admitted presently, "his story coincides almost precisely with the one he tells us. Now, Mr. Kerr, be so good as to draw up to this desk, please. Here is the rather unusual part we propose you shall play. As you have very probably noted, there is a fair resemblance between this Meyer and yourself."

"I have seen that, but Meyer is not his name."

"No! Why, that is the name on his papers, and he accepted it."

"True, but I gave him the third degree quite severely, and it developed that Meyer was the name of the man whom he relieved at the lighthouse on the Oberland. This man's name is Otto Rheinhard, and he and his companion, Frederick Waldman, who he claims was lost at sea when their dory drifted out, had only just arrived on the island the day previously. This Meyer was then transferred to some other post—just where he does not know, he claims."

"So much the better, then," exclaimed the officer, triumphantly. "You will have a far better chance of impersonating him, for no one at the light tower will have had much chance of noticing him closely. The question is this: Has this prisoner's mate, Waldman, really been drowned? It would be very awkward if he should turn up after your arrival there at Helgoland, eh?"

"Very," admitted Kerr, dryly, "but it's long odds he drowned. They both hung to their overturned dory for hours in quite a sea; then Waldman was washed off, but this Rheinhard managed to hang on until picked up by your destroyer. As long as you hold Rheinhard safely here, I think I may get thru as Rheinhard on the rock, but I've got to be deucedly careful to have a plausible story to tell to account for my long absence, and also I've got to get back to the rock in a plausible way."

"We'll hold Rheinhard, never fear, old man," promised the Britisher, becoming familiar, "and we can put you there quite decently provided you can make the distance after we drop you overside. As soon as you make connections with the island you must get in touch immediately with Sir—but there, never mind, he's Weiss to our friends on the rock, and you'd better know him as Weiss."

For a long time the voices rumbled on in a low monotone. Maps and many papers were produced, and the two men pored over them, with many pencil jabs and much scrutinizing. The spring sun was fast dipping when Kerr pushed back his chair with a curt: "All right; I get you. It's a go."

"You accept?"

"On condition, as I have stated, that I have an entirely free hand."

"Of that I can assure you. I should not think of handicapping you in such a hazardous enterprise by any restrictions. Approach this affair in your own way and command us for all assistance. As I have said, I do not think you will come thru alive, but——"

"That's my business, and I'm ready to take the gamble."

The Britisher gave Kerr one more searching glance. "All right, then, be here tomorrow morning, 7 sharp, and I will place you in possession of the other details of which I told you. Where are you dining tonight, Mr. Kerr?"

"With O'Neil at his diggings—No, thanks; sorry I can't accept," he added, sensing the coming invitation. "Tomorrow at 7, then, here. Good day."

For five minutes after the American's departure the officer sat tugging at his chin, his eyes centered upon his ink well. Then he arose: "Well," he growled, under his breath, "if any one can pull this off, he may, but I'll wager one hundred to eight against his chances." He stopped a moment, meditatively, then concluded solemnly, as if settling an important point, "Yes, I rather think that's about the right odds—one hundred to eight against. Bully fine chap, tho. Beastly shame, you know."

He called for his secretary; gave some short instructions, and then turned to other business.

Kerr had never been aboard a destroyer before. He had come aboard the Finch at Gravesend the previous evening, and now she was pounding leisurely along off the Dogger Bank.

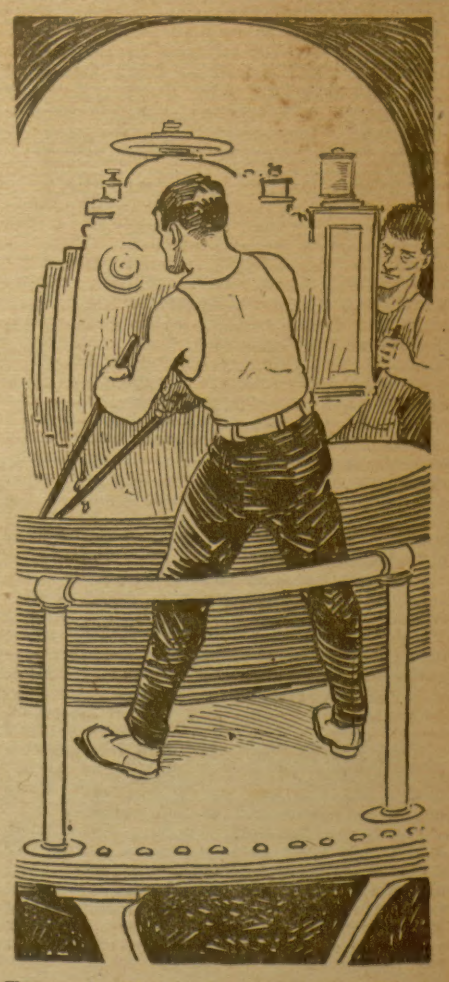
The eccentric motion of the little craft in the moderate gale of the evening before had made Kerr sick, but he had soon obtained his sea legs, and now in the brisk but waning fifteen-knot breeze, was seated on the spidery little bridge overlooking the long expanse of cased-in forward deck.

The Finch was putting right into the wind. Her little bit of bunting stood out like a painted tin flag. The smoke from her three funnels was caught up and smothered away into the gray sea and sky almost before it left the funnels.

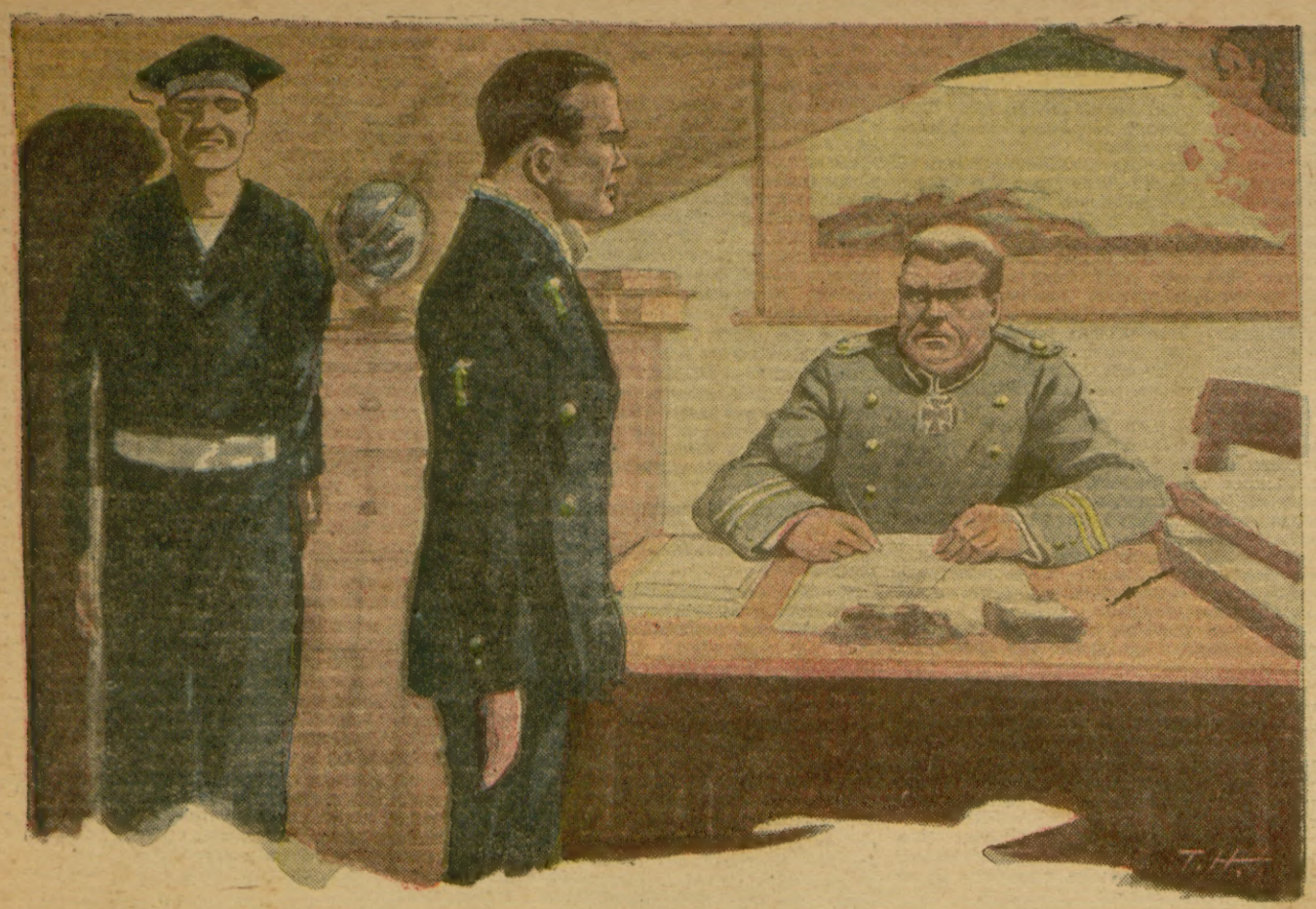
A grizzled old quartermaster was at the wheel within touch of Kerr, but no conversation passed between the two. The petty officer was attending strictly to his business, and Kerr was deep in thought. He had been sitting there the best part of the forenoon outlining his final plans for immediate action, and then his thoughts had taken a dip into the past and the great tragedy that had blasted his life. It had smashed in like a bolt from the blue. He had been waiting at the landing stage at Southampton for the arrival of The Stirling Castle, aboard which was his wife, when the news had been flashed in of her disaster—torpedoed! The survivors had been landed at Hastings. He recalled vividly his whirlwind rush up the coast in his motor thru Fareham and Chichester and Brighton. He had sighted the old abbey just two hours after crossing the Solent, and then—that pitiable little crowd at the custom house and the search thru the hospital wards. His wife had not been among them!

He groaned aloud as the scene came up before him, then gazed out with unseeing eyes into the gray, friendless waste of the North Sea. Yes, it was best that he should take the course he was taking. It was death—almost sure death, but it gave him the chance, the barest sort of a chance, to strike one smashing blow at his country's foes—at her country's foes—those devils who had killed her—killed his wife. By G—d, it was a Heaven-sent chance! Thank God he had confided in O'Neil before he had destroyed himself.

He came back to the present. He glanced around. Lieutenant Haskill was climbing up the little ladder. The officer lifted himself jauntily onto the rail. "We're going about now," he confided.



Tongs in Hand, He Stood the Whole Night Thru.



He Was a Fat Little Man, With Close-set Ferret Eyes, and Kerr Realized That One of the Great Crises in His Desperate Plans Had Arrived.

"I've just got word to come on straight thru. All's clear. How're you feeling, fit?"

"All right," muttered Kerr, resuming his gaze ahead.

"At 8 I'll have you there; the wind and sea are still falling."

"Good. Your ship rolls like a tank."

"As soon as we come about she'll run smooth as glass with the wind aft."

The sea moderated considerably as the afternoon advanced, and the Finch made considerably better weather of it. Kerr was busy below the greater part of the time. Somewhat after 5 o'clock he ate a light tea in company with the lieutenant, and when next he appeared on deck it was dark. He joined Lieutenant Haskill on the bridge, clad in a long, gray ulster.

A nervous tension appeared to hang over the little craft; the atmosphere was surcharged with it. Everything was black as a conspiracy about the Finch. The bell gave no hour. The commands came only in whispers, or were sent by noiseless, barefooted jackies. The officer on the bridge spoke into the tube as if he feared some one would overhear him.

Presently, in reply to a question from Kerr, the lieutenant whispered: "Dead ahead—a mile and a half—no more."

"How long have we the tide?" Kerr drew his long coat around him.

"Fifty minutes yet."

A noiseless bluejacket sprang up the ladder, saluted smartly, and reported: "Eight fathoms, sir, and shoaling up."

Kerr could almost feel the nervous strain under which the young officer was laboring, but the latter gave no outward sign of it. He turned abruptly presently to the American and said, "We're jolly well inside the mined area now, and thru their first patrol line. The Oberland is nine miles south dead ahead. We passed our last patrol three miles astern. We're——"

Kerr interrupted him. "That's near enough; I'll make it here. Thanks. Good-by. No, don't come down; I'll take it over the stern rail as you swing around. Hope I haven't put you in a hole."

"We're all right," muttered the lieutenant huskily. "God be with you, old man." He swallowed uneasily, and extended his hand.

The two men gripped. Then Kerr swung down into the waist of the ship. He ran lightly aft until he reached the overhang. He peeled his long ulster and stood only in his underclothes. To his shoulders was strapped a small bundle. He turned to the waiting jackie.

"All right," he said quietly. "Put her around."

The man passed the word along, and the Finch spun about. Kerr sprang lightly to the rail; stood poised for a brief second, then, nodding to the jackie, went overboard.

The man peered into the dark, swirling waters. Saw him come up and strike powerfully away, as every beat of the engines widened the distance between the ship and swimmer.

Then he saluted the night, and ran forward with noiseless steps to the bridge.

When Kerr came up from his header, he fixed his bearings carefully by the groping searchlight far ahead. The waning swirl of the white foam from the Finch's propellers was behind him.

He struck out leisurely for his objective. There was no need for haste, he figured. He had still three-quarters of an hour with the tide. So far as immediate detection was concerned he was comparatively safe now. Those on the Finch were in far more danger than he. Fifteen hundred yards with the tide on an easy swell should not prove a very difficult distance to negotiate, and he had little doubt but that he would be able to reach a German patrol boat. His dangers would come later. So he settled down to a long, easy breast stroke, and drew nearer and nearer his danger.

He soon discovered that the tide was putting him too far over, and it became necessary for him to swim strongly to keep abeam of his object. He could hear no sound but the booming of the rollers, but twice as he came to the top of a long one he saw those distant bars of light sweeping the heaving waters. Soon the silver rim of a new moon hung itself in the east, and by its hazy light Kerr was able at times to distinguish with fair certainty the grim outlines of the Oberland looming far ahead of him, and once as a long, gray roller lifted him high on its crested summit, he thought he could discern a small craft at some little distance.

Now he went rapidly over his final plans. He was glad he had established to a certainty the German prisoner's true name. Herman Meyer had sounded all along too common to be accepted. "Otto Rheinhard." It was only by crafty questions he had discovered that. The rest of the story he had verified and squared out until it all fitted in nicely. He smiled grimly to himself, even in the lift of the rollers, as he thought of the various little subterfuges to which he had resorted in working out the true story from the German prisoner. It was a remarkable bit of luck that he should resemble him at all. He had certainly played in luck all thru so far. In height and weight he was almost the counterpart of the German. There was considerable facial resemblance, too, now that he had cropped his hair closely.

At that instant he became aware of a dark bulk bearing down upon him.

It was the opportunity, and the American jumped for it!

"Helfe! Mann uber Bord!" he yelled.

The vessel lurched past him, with a swirl of waters and churning screws. She was very close in, and he rose and fell drunkenly in her wake.

"Helfe! Helfe!" again he shouted with all his power.

He felt, rather than saw, a form run to the rear rail and peer over into the gloom of water. Some quick words of command came over the fast increasing distance. Then a blinding shaft of brilliance stabbed the waste, groping about like some giant dagger seeking to strike.

Another moment and he was bathed in its illumination.

He lifted himself up and waved his hand, shouting with all the power of his lungs.

The destroyer swung around, but still that fierce brilliance bathed him.

Kerr increased his cries for help, and floundered wildly about, as if in desperate straits.

The destroyer ranged up close alongside of him. With seamanlike precision a small gig was lowered away, and in another minute the American, apparently in his last struggles, was hauled aboard by friendly hands. They pulled back with a will to the waiting vessel and lifted him up. His eyes were closed. He appeared to have almost ceased to breathe.

They rushed him down to the warmth of the sick bay, and a very youthful-looking surgeon ministered to him. A hospital apprentice cut away his little bundle of clothing from his shoulders.

"One of our men, sir!" he cried in surprise, as he spread out a soaked kit of the German regulation naval uniform.

"Eh?" muttered the doctor. "Yes, I thought he was; he looked like one of our lads. The English scarcely come in thus far. Probably lost overboard from the craft ahead of us."

The attendant continued his work; then glanced up at his superior and asked doubtfully: "But why is he in underclothes, sir, and why is his kit fastened to him?"

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he muttered. "Give me the pulmotor."

At that very moment Kerr opened his eyes and murmured: "I—es—escaped—I swam—brandy—oh, so cold," he finished, with a groan.

In an hour they had him sitting up and able to talk intelligently. Then the lieutenant came down to interview him, and to this officer Kerr told his story.

"I care for the lamps, sir, with Waldman. I look to the Oberland lights."

"Your name?" demanded the officer.

"Otto Rheinhard, sir."

"Go on," came the command.

"Waldman and I came from the Norderney Islands but nine—was it nine? Aye, nine days ago. It seems—seems nine months—aye, only nine days, I think. We—we tend the lamps at the big light. But once I did it. That same night we went out in the skiff. The gale from the southeast caught us as the sun went down and carried us far out. Then—then the big waves swamped us, and Waldman, who hung with me to the keel, was carried away. But I hung on—oh, G—d, how I hung on, sir—for hours, it seemed to me, aye, days. Then came the great light and they picked us up."

He stopped, lying back, overcome.

"Who picked you up?" demanded the lieutenant and surgeon in one breath.

"The English. I was aboard their boat nine—I cannot tell—maybe eleven—I do not know—maybe eleven days."

"Take your time," encouraged the officer, kindly, as Kerr again closed his eyes.

"But tonight—was it tonight? Aye, tonight they came in very close, and the moon was not yet up. It would be a new moon, too. I saw my chance!" He smiled triumphantly. "I stripped in the dark of the stern, and tied my clothes on my back—aye, where is my kit?" he demanded anxiously, glancing around.

"It is saved. Go on," ordered the commander.

"I remained hiding on the back of the boat. I tried to get a buoy, but I was afraid they would catch me taking it, so presently when I heard the sounds of beating engines afar off I dived overboard."

He stopped again, breathless, and again the officer bade him take his time. He lay there breathing heavily; then resumed:

"But it was a great ways—a long way, and the waves were high, and tired me. Then I saw you coming and called aloud. But I thought you did not hear me. You seemed to be leaving me. I gave myself up for lost, sir." A long pause, then: "I scarcely remember coming aboard, sir. I am very tired, sir."

The lieutenant nodded understandingly. He called a yeoman and made some notes. Then he patted the rescued man's arm.

"Go to sleep, Rheinhard," he said. "Tomorrow we will turn you over to the marines on the rock, and you will go back to duty. You have done well. You are a tough swimmer, my man. You deserved to be saved. I am glad we saw you."

They landed Kerr next day on one of the long jetties which stretch out from the Unterland harbor. Two marines took him ashore, with orders to turn him over to the commandant in charge of the Oberland Light Station.

It was a brilliant spring morning when Kerr, marching between the two marines, ascended the long flight of stone steps that connected the Unterland with the Oberland. He counted the steps as he went up—173. Far behind him to the southeast, glimmering like some jewel in the morning sun, lay Neuwerk, guarding the estuary of the Elbe, and in rear of Neuwerk, he knew lay Cuxhaven, the great naval base. The sea was smooth as marble, as it glimmered, protected by the great rock. The roadstead was crowded with nearly two hundred vessels, great and small, and boats and launches nosed their way from shore to ships and from ships to shore. Far over to the east lay many Unterseebooten, peacefully moored alongside one another, little else but their conning towers showing. Overhead two dirigibles circled slowly around, and presently started seaward.

As Kerr gained the heights he saw several dozen planes parked like artillery, some covered by tarpaulins, and others with their aviators busily overhauling or tuning them up. Some tall wireless masts nosed up into the blue. The Oberland was bare of all obstruction. Except the great light tower and the slender wireless poles, there was no structure or erection of any sort visible.

The pretender, aware that he was supposed to be familiar with everything, wisely held his tongue, and absorbed as much information as the two marines offered.

"Why so downcast, comrade?" demanded the one on his right. "Thou art fortunate to have escaped."

"Would you not be heavy-hearted had the comrade with whom you traveled from home been snatched away from you by the gray seas?" demanded Kerr, bitterly. The spy had already resolved on the part he would play and the disposition he thought fitted in with the vanished German prisoner over in London.

"Aye, true," consoled the guard, "but others are here waiting to welcome thee back."

Kerr shook his head. "No, I know no one here," he mourned. "Frederick and I had but come the evening before from our homes. He and I were to tend the lamps in the room and let younger men go to join their regiments. The sea looked so beautiful that night that after we finished our work we got permission and went out in the little boat. Then came the great wind, and we were overturned." He groaned again.

"Think no more of it. Be thankful thou hast escaped and go no more out to sea in small boats."

"But his wife—Frederick's wife—I must write and tell her. That is a hard task for me."

"Here," interrupted the other marine, "is the commandant's office. Go in."

Almost it was on Kerr's tongue to demand where? Not a sign of an office did he see. He checked himself, then followed his guard down a flight of concrete steps into a brilliantly lighted underground office. A marine stood on sentry duty. He halted the trio, then passed them in.

The clicking of many typewriters greeted their ears, and they passed a dozen clerks hard at work into an inner, smaller office, where sat a fat little man, with close-set ferret eyes. He wore the uniform of a German naval captain.

"Leave him and wait outside," he snarled, without looking up, and Kerr realized that one of the great crises in his desperate plans had arrived. The American remained standing at strict attention while the officer went on writing.

Presently the captain looked up and briskly scrutinized Kerr from under his brows.

"Otto Rheinhard?" he demanded.

Kerr brought his hand smartly to the salute: "Yes, sir."

"You are reported for absence from duty from April 19 until this morning. Where have you been?"

Then Kerr went over his carefully prepared story again, displaying considerable feeling as he recounted the washing away of his companion Waldman.

"So," mused the Commandant, beating a rat-tat-too with his fingers and still studying Kerr carefully.

The American stood the ordeal well. He remained at strict attention as befitted a good East Prussian, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Presently the officer continued:

"Then during your entire absence from April 19 until last evening when you

were picked up, you have been aboard this English destroyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was her name?"

"The Finch, sir."

"Why did they not put you ashore in one of their prison camps?"

"They did not go in, sir, during the entire time. They were due to go into Grimsby today, a sailor told me; that is what made me desperate and determined to get away if possible."

"What guns had this boat? How many tubes? Her tonnage? How many men? How far did she come in? Who commanded? How old was he?" The captain fired question after question at Kerr with bewildering rapidity, but Kerr kept his head and told the truth so far as it suited him.

"Rheinhard, are you sure Waldman was drowned?" demanded the officer.

"No, sir. He may have been picked up by some English ship like I was, but I fear not. The sea was very heavy, sir, and I saw no other ship."

"Well, we will have you sent back to Norderney. Two other men have been given your details in the light tower. You will probably be transferred to a new brigade forming for harbor defense at Cuxhaven. We need no extra mouths on this island. A fool who has no more sense than to get blown out to sea in a dory the first night he arrives is not wanted here."

Kerr's heart fell. Instantly, however, his quick wits grabbed at the only possible escape from the situation. If he was not to be sent off the island, the Commandant was the only man to save him.

"Yes, sir," he said, beaming all over. "I will be glad to go. This island is a terrible place to me now Frederick is gone. I do not like the sea so far out; I want to go inland."

"Your tongue is too long," snapped the officer, sharply. "Who cares what you like, you blockhead? Other men die in this war besides your Frederick, and die usefully for the Fatherland. If you had not escaped and swam a third of a league I should think you possessed the heart of a hare."

Kerr remained silent. The Captain resumed the rat-tat-tooing with his fingers. Presently he glanced up again. "Who did you know at the light tower?" he demanded.

Kerr, keen on following out his line of policy, immediately resumed garrulously: "We but came over from our home the night before we were washed out to sea. It is too dreadful. The sea looked so——"

"Yes, yes, you blockhead, you told me that twice before. I ask you whom you know at the light tower?"

"We reported at once to an officer in command there. He was Lieutenant Koenig, I think, sir, and a corporal took us to our bunks under the tower, but the night looked so——"

The Captain almost jumped off his chair with suppressed impatience. "Gott in Himmel!" he exploded. "Answer my question. Who do you know at the tower, d—n you!"

"Yes, sir—I—that is, he told us to stow our ditty boxes and to report for muster at 8," Kerr went on rambling in apparently uneasy manner and with annoying slowness. "We were to clean lamps, but the sea looked——"

"Verdammt!" the Captain blew up again. "If you begin telling me that stuff again I'll kick you out of the place. I think you are a fool."

"Yes, sir," meekly acquiesced Kerr. "I would like to get away from the island since the treacherous sea has swallowed up my Frederick. I do not like it any longer."

"Who cares what you love or hate, man? Bite off that long tongue of thine. You are a fool. You shall remain here and we will teach you silence and obedience. I will tell your officer what manner of man you are and he shall train you. Get out of here!"

Kerr looked crestfallen. "Yes, sir," he said, meekly.

"Here, take this lubber back to his post at the tower," roared the Captain to the waiting marines outside. "Turn him over to Lieutenant Koenig. Later you shall be court-martialed for absence without leave on your beautiful sea. Get out!"

He lifted a heavy account book, as if to hurl it at Kerr. The American dodged and scurried to the door, as if glad to escape alive.

The two marines were laughing as they walked with Kerr to the light tower.

"Old Von Lemish is in a rage this morning as usual. They say his liver is shrinking up," said one of them.

"He has no sympathy," almost sobbed Kerr, wiping away an imaginary tear. "He said first I should be sent home, then he ordered me to stay on this accursed rock."

"You are in luck to stay here. The living is excellent and no one is killed, for the English are afraid to come in so close."

On the Oberland everything was underground. The quarters for the crew in charge of the light station had been tunneled out, like those of the commandant's office. Concrete and steel were everywhere in evidence.

The great light no longer flashed its warning to the North Sea herring fleet, nor guided thru the coast fog the Rotterdam packets. Nor did the hoarse blasts of the great German liners salute the light as they plowed away for the English Channel and the Atlantic rollers. No Sunderland tramps now blessed the directing rays of the Oberland shafts of light. Instead, the huge lantern stood with the glass of its brass cage hooded on three sides with stout sailmaker's canvas; the remaining quarter was arranged as a searchlight that could be wheeled in any direction, elevated or deflected, and so make light as day the track of any vessel coming into the magnificent harbor below it off the Unterland.

It was an anxious moment for Kerr when he was brought into the presence of Lieutenant Koenig, commanding the tower light. Had the officer had time in which to become acquainted with the vanished Rheinhard? Would the game be up as soon as the officer set his eyes on the pretender? Brazenly Kerr marched into his presence and saluted. He was seeking death. Here he might find him.

"You are Rheinhard?" demanded the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"The commandant has been phoning about you." The lieutenant smiled grimly. Kerr stood stiffly to attention, looking neither to the right nor left. It was a tremendous moment. He could almost hear his own heart pounding out the lie he was acting. The next sentence reassured him. It was quite evident the lieutenant was anxious only about one thing. Could he handle the tongs all right? What experience had he had in lamp tending?

"On the East Norderney light I had complete charge for two months when the keeper was ill, sir," Kerr lied.

"Good! The new men melted away eight chimneys last night when the electricity was off, and for seventy minutes the light was 'black.' You went up on your arrival before, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, get aloft and see what you can do."

Here was a test for Kerr—a test with a vengeance.

He had been carefully instructed before starting on this venture, and thought he could pass satisfactorily. "Aye, aye, sir," he responded. Then, staying an instant: "I couldn't find the reserve chimneys nor the tongs, sir, when I last went up."

"Heinrich will show you all; you'll use the phone if you need assistance." The lieutenant nodded aloft towards the towering light. "When you're ready, call me and I'll inspect. Follow Heinrich."

Kerr toiled after his guide up the corkscrew stairs, and shortly stood at the summit in the lamp room. It was an apparatus of what is known as the first order, delicate and complicated. There was a powerful electric system for use when needed, with an auxiliary oil plant for usual service. The latter consisted of five immense circular wicks, one within the other, capable of radiating a light of such brilliancy that the human eye could not gaze upon it. The cage of lenses was arranged for revolution, and so roomy was it that five men could comfortably stand within it at the same time.

Kerr tackled his job like the mechanician he was. He first went carefully and critically over the system, familiarizing himself with the oil feed, the wick adjustment, the skilfully arranged drafts, and the heavy glass chimneys with which the raw men had been having so much trouble.

Was he going to be able to make good?

He kept a tight mouth, replying to the friendly Heinrich's questions in monosyllables, or by clever queries drawing out such information from the man as he required. He had been posted by the British authorities regarding this difficulty of bending chimneys. He had been taken down to Gravesend at the mouth of the Thames, and there given an intensive seven-hour course of instruction on the intricacies of the modern lighthouse system. He had practiced for one strenuous hour the removal of broken chimneys with the wooden tongs, and had scanned rapidly but understandingly the lenses and revolving mechanism; and now it was with considerable confidence that he and his helper set to work polishing up the hundreds of shining prisms and lenses. Then they carefully adjusted and cleaned the mighty lamps with their tiers of wicks. With the electric system he was quite familiar, and here he expected no difficulties.

It was long past noon when the American phoned down: "Ready for inspection, sir."

All passed well. Lieutenant Koenig appeared satisfied that his new man could hold down his job. Kerr doubted that his superior knew much about the light, but the officer looked carefully into everything, and after issuing a few instructions and general orders, left.

That night it blew a twenty-knot half-gale from the coast, and Kerr, aware of his inexperience, stood, tongs in hand, the whole night thru, watching the drafts. Five chimneys melted beneath the fierce heat, but only a momentary wink told the story, as Kerr skilfully made the change. There was no "black light" that night, and weary, but triumphant, the new man reported to his superior next morning: "All well, sir."

He slept the sleep of utter exhaustion all that day, and it was nearly dusk when Heinrich awakened him. The brisk wind of the previous evening had moderated to a five-knot breeze. The helper had already seen to the polishing of the lamps, but Kerr reassured himself by a thoro overseeing.

The two men bunked together with the rest of the light tower crew in the basement room below ground. For the time being the spy appeared to be secure. His case was officially closed by the receipt by the commandant of the following letter:

. . . In the case of Otto Rheinhard, reported first as missing, then drowned, then a prisoner, and lately as returned.

You are advised that August Waldman and Otto Rheinhard were naval reservists, employed as mechanics at the light tower on the Norderney Isle, who on April 17th were dispatched from their stations and detailed to your command, reporting there April 19th. They succeeded Privates Hecklar and Schaser, of the 1st Landwehr, who have rejoined their regiments.

Both Waldman and Rheinhard were reported from your office as "drowned," and the next of kin has been so notified.

Rheinhard's acting appointment as second class lamp tender has been revoked, and a new acting appointment as first class is inclosed. This office is also forwarding under same cover a new acting appointment for Heinrich as second class lamp tender, for detail as assistant to Rheinhard. In view of your report, it will be unnecessary to convene a summary court-martial in Rheinhard's case.

The Avenger is now stripped for action, and things begin to happen on Helgoland. Be sure to read the second installment in next week's Ledger.

Getting Something on Blaisdale

By Willard Hawkins

His policy was to "get something" on the other fellow as the lever to success. This story tells what he did when some one "got something" on him and used it.

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AS THE attorney for the company emerged from the private office, Martin Shryock, glancing up furtively from his desk, caught a glimpse of President Blaisdale's countenance within, flushed and imperious.

"Get something on him—get something!" Blaisdale was insisting. "Anything to bring him to reason."

"But," suggested the lawyer doubtfully, "suppose he hasn't anything to cover up?"

"Suppose nothing!" was the snorted response. "There's something in every man's life he wouldn't want known—and nine times out of ten it's got to do with a woman."

"Oh, I'll get it—watch me," hastily assured the attorney.

As the door closed after him, Martin Shryock scowled down at his desk. "Get something on the other fellow—" he muttered—"that's the kind of business principles that have made him chief owner of the canning factory, while I'm an underpaid clerk, afraid to lay claim to my own soul. If I didn't have a family dependent on me, I'd tell the scoundrel a thing or two."

From which it is only too evident that Martin was suffering from an aggravated case of that unfortunate malady, a grievance. The grievance was of long standing, but the aggravation was of a few hours' duration—since, in fact, the interview of that morning in which he had ventured to ask for a modest raise, and had been refused.

"Get something on him!" he repeated bitterly. "I'd like to spring that next time he goes into Sunday school to give one of his patronizing talks on success thru thrift, industry and honesty. I'd like to say: 'You dirty blackmailer, what do you know about honesty; what do you know about——'"

In the vehemence of his imaginary denunciation, Shryock had spattered ink over the time slips that lay before him. The fire slowly faded from his eyes as he contemplated the damage and reached for his eraser. In the reaction from his mood came the realization that he never, never would say a word against Blaisdale—that thru life he would go on, meekly accepting the crumbs from the tables of stronger men, doing the work of two for the wages of one, toadying, submitting to abuse, hanging on to a job that barely sufficed for the meager necessities of his family, as if it were the last refuge from starvation.

"I deserve it," he reflected bitterly, bearing hard on the eraser. "It isn't because Blaisdale's smarter than me that he's at the head of this firm; it's because he's got nerve. How long would he stay on a job like this? Just long enough to 'get something' on somebody that he could use to club his way up; just long enough to——"

He paused, suddenly realizing that the private office door had again opened and that Blaisdale was regarding him from the threshold with an air of impatience.

"Want me, sir?" inquired Shryock, scrambling to his feet in confusion. "Yes—sir, right away."

The alacrity of his response in spite of the vengeful thoughts he had been harboring was typical of the contrast between his dream life and his real life. It was his misfortune to have been born with a vivid imagination without the resolution to back it.

Blaisdale walked in preoccupied silence to the flat-topped audience desk in the outer division of his private office. The inner division was his holy of holies; it held the couch on which he took his daily siesta, his private safe, his well-stocked cupboard. Martin could not help wondering, as he watched the heavy figure drop into the leather-seated mahogany chair, what Dorothy Newbridge, whose engagement to Blaisdale had been announced within the month, would have said had she known of the array of bottles and siphons on the shelves of the cupboard. Had the glitter of dollars blinded her to the evidences in his features of past excesses and acquaintance with many kinds of forbidden pleasure? The standards of the provincial Western city where the canning factory had its headquarters were not those of New York; and, for all her beauty and social leadership, Dorothy had the reputation of being somewhat puritanical. It was thru her that Blaisdale had been induced to deliver the Sunday school addresses which seemingly failed to make a proper impression on his employe.

These thoughts drifted thru Martin's mind, while the routine instructions were being given and received, the routine questions asked and answered. As he rose to leave, the office boy entered with the announcement:

"Lady to see Mr. Blaisdale."

"Well, what's her name?" demanded the president testily.

"She wouldn't give none."

"Wouldn't, eh? Well, tell her Im——" Blaisdale paused. "Wait a minute. Show the lady in. Martin, stay here and see what she wants."

He gathered up a few papers and started toward the inner room.

"But if she insists on seeing you," began Shryock, "what shall I——"

"Use your judgment; tell her anything. Tell her you're Blaisdale, if you like—only don't bother me."

Martin settled himself in the mahogany chair and tried to assume the air of a busy executive. He knew why Blaisdale had changed his mind and decided to admit the visitor. The last time he had summarily refused an audience to a lady who had thus sought to take up his time, he had seriously offended one of Dorothy's zealous coworkers in the field of foreign missions—and it had cost him a plump check and much annoyance to repair the breach.

As Shryock waited, his thoughts, as usual, went racing in wild and fruitless conjecture. Blaisdale's words kept repeating themselves: "There's something in every man's life he wouldn't want known—and nine times out of ten it's got to do with a woman."

The statement sounded convincing. Why, even Martin could look back upon an incident he wouldn't care to have Mrs. Shyrock hear of. He had gone to the mountains for a two-weeks' vacation and, quite innocently, had accepted the companionship of a good-natured young woman at the same boarding place. He had not considered the affair in a romantic light at all, nor did it enter his head that he had been tacitly accepted as a single man—until a bit of gossip, connecting his name with hers, reached his ears. Once enlightened, he

had departed in a panic, without a word of explanation. The further the incident receded in time, the more firmly Martin came to regard himself as a devil of a fellow and a heartbreaker. The memory had been a great maintainer of conjugal harmony in his household; for, having had his "fling," he had ever after felt a secret and tender compassion toward the grossly deceived Mrs. Shryock.

Returning to the present—if he, even he—had a skeleton, what might be expected of Blaisdale, whose early life had been spent in the city of fabulous temptations? What if—Martin's imagination was now in its glory—what if the caller should happen to be an old flame of Blaisdale's? What if she should confide the story in Martin's ears? Get something on your man—that was the way to rise in the world. Why, with such a secret to hold over his employer's head, he wouldn't need to ask—he could demand—a raise in salary. He could——

"Are you Mr. Blaisdale?" breezily inquired a voice from the door, and the visitor entered.

His noncommittal nod she evidently took for an affirmative. Her appearance was decidedly pert and metropolitan, her manner free and easy. Martin experienced a definite increase of blood pressure. Were his dreams actually coming true?

But, no. She had addressed him as Mr. Blaisdale, thus shattering the thought that she had ever known the real bearer of that name. And now, from a businesslike leather case, she drew a thin, elaborately tooled volume.

"You see," she explained, before he could interpose a word, "I couldn't state my business, because you'd naturally assume that I was an ordinary book agent, when I'm really showing something exceptional—something a man in your position can't afford to pass up. You see, there were only one thousand sets of this edition printed, and then the plates were destroyed. This sample gives you an idea of the binding—all hand-tooled, you see."

Suddenly she paused. Her face flushed.

"You aren't listening!" she accused.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Martin. "I was thinking—that is, wondering—well, to tell the truth, I was thinking of you—what a deuce of a hard life you must have to lead—and all that."

"I don't see why," she retorted with a touch of impudence. "Some people 'd think it was hard lines to have nothing to do except hold down an office chair all day."

"That's very true," he conceded; "but I had in mind the rebuffs you must meet with, the treatment you must get from some of those you visit—or try to sell."

"They can't any more than turn me down—and there's always others."

"But suppose you have a string of rebuffs; suppose everybody you tackle in a week turns you down."

"What of it? I've got the satisfaction of knowing I tried."

"Of course; but that doesn't pay your room rent or board bill."

She looked at him curiously. "That's a funny thing for a man in your position to say."

"Why?"

"Because," she answered slowly, "a man that's done things in the world usually knows that if he takes care of the effort the results 'll take care of themselves. Did you ever see a cider press?"

"I was brought up on a farm."

"So was I—tho I mayn't look it. Well, when you filled the cider press with apples, did you ever stop to worry about whether the juice was going to come out of the spout? I guess not. So many apples, so much juice. If it didn't come right away, it was because the press wasn't squeezing very hard; but there'd be all the more, later on, to make up for it. Well, it's that way with life. Whatever you put in is bound to come out in some sort of results—so what's the use of worrying about that part of it? You'd better spend your time keeping the cider press full of apples."

Martin pondered. "That sounds very well in theory—but—in practice——" he paused doubtfully.

She gave a sigh of resignation. "I guess you're hopeless, Mister. You must have inherited this job. All I know is that if I keep my nerve by me and don't get discouraged, somehow I land enough orders to satisfy the landlady and keep ahead of the fashions, besides."

"Well," he suggested, "let's take a representative case. Take my—that is, take the case of my chief clerk. That fellow works like a dog, ten hours a day—sometimes more. He has brains, yet I get him for a nominal salary—just enough to keep his family alive."

"Serves him right," she asserted.

"Why?" Despite his role, Martin spoke with some asperity.

"Because he's spending all his time trying to squeeze cider out of an empty press—doing a lot of work with no initiative to make it count for something."

Martin blinked. This required assimilation.

"Really now," she threw in for good measure, "you ought to fire him just to wake him up. But it wouldn't be any use."

"Why not?"

"Because that kind don't ever wake up. It'd take a ton of dynamite to make an impression on 'em, and if they don't take enough interest in getting ahead to blow themselves up, nobody else is going to do it."

"You mean—" he leaned across the desk in his earnestness—"you mean that the man's got to wake himself up—that he's got to do something desperate and lift himself out of the rut, because every one else would just as soon he'd stay there?"

"That's about it—but he'll never do it."

Martin sank back in his chair. "I don't agree with you—you're right in principle, but I've got a hunch that this clerk is going to prove the rule by being the exception. I know he is; why——"

"Well, I hope he does," she observed, resuming her professional manner. "You'll probably be able to pick up another clerk; but now—these books—you'll never get another chance just like this. You can pay cash, or you can pay by installments at——"

"Would they be likely to tell a man who had fallen into a rut how to climb out of it?" he persisted.

"I don't know—they ought to." She laughed frankly. "I never read 'em. But the binding is mighty swell, don't you think?"

Martin felt strangely exhilarated. He rose and strode to the door of the inner office. The key was in the outside of the old-fashioned lock. He nonchalantly turned it, then walked back to

"I Guess You Are Hopeless, Mister. You Must Have Inherited This Job."

the desk, where the book agent regarded him a trifle apprehensively.

"I think I'll just take a chance on your books," he said jauntily, "and make a present of a full set to this chief clerk of mine. Here's his address——" he scribbled the street and number on a card and handed it to her. "I'll give him a check and his wife will have it ready for you when you call tomorrow. What did you say were the terms?"

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars—that is, if you pay cash."

Martin gasped. The price rather staggered him, but now that he had taken the initial step, he would see the affair thru. The more bridges he burned behind him, the less fear there was of his weakening. An ominous sound of activity in the locked room urged need for haste.

"It's all right," he assured her. "I can't stop to sign anything now, but I'll guarantee the order. You've done me a lot of good by this visit—more than you'll ever know, perhaps. Wish you success—you deserve it."

He led the way across the room, while speaking, and managed to hustle the bewildered young woman outside, just as a thunderous attack on the panels announced that Blaisdale had discovered the locked door.

Martin took a long breath, then turned the key.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Blaisdale, wrathfully bursting forth.

The clerk backed away—but he backed toward the chair he had just vacated—the president's chair.

"Sit down," he suggested.

Stunned by the impudence of his hitherto spineless employe, Blaisdale obeyed, only to bounce up again.

"What do you mean?" he insisted, "by turning a key on me and then talking as if you had the right to give orders here? I demand a——"

Martin was trembling, but there was a deadly earnestness in his manner.

"Mr. Blaisdale," he said, "I advise you to keep quiet and let me explain."

"Let you—! Why, you impudent puppy, I insist that you explain. Of all the confounded cheek——"

"Then let me assure you," Martin interposed impatiently, "that I have acted only in your interests. I locked the door because the consequences, if you came out too soon, would have been serious."

"Serious—what the——"

"Perhaps you may recall that your last instructions to me were: 'Tell her you're Blaisdale, if you like—only don't bother me.' Rather unthinkingly, I acted on this advice. She seemed disappointed, having evidently expected to see quite another person. Without intending to encourage her, I must have assumed a sympathetic attitude, for she broke down and sobbed out the whole story."

Martin paused so impressively that his employer, staring, repeated: "The whole story?"

"Yes, sir—the whole of it. Then I realized the truth—that she was on your trail for a fact. It was the notice of your engagement in the New York papers that brought her here. To prevent the chance that she might see you before I could get rid of her, I locked the door. Fortunately, she came to your office first, instead of going at once to Miss——'

"D—n you, man—who was she? Do you mean to say you let her go—to carry her tales to—Lord knows who?"

The clerk maintained a reproving silence for a moment, then:

"I have been trying to make clear to you that I convinced her of my own identity as Stuart Blaisdale. She thinks now that it is a case of identical names. I have her address, of course, but I don't intend to use it, unless I am forced to do so."

"Forced!"

"Yes, sir. I believe it is a part of your business policy, Mr. Blaisdale, to 'get something' on the other fellow. I seem, quite by accident, to have 'got something' on you."

The President stared for a moment at the transformed clerk. He moistened his lips and spoke slowly.

"I see what you mean, of course. And I guess you've got the goods—you wouldn't have the nerve to face me, if you weren't d—d sure of it. Tell me, was she blond or——"

"She was very good looking," said Shryock dryly; "I have no doubt the office boy will bear me out in that statement. But beyond this I have nothing to say. I shall never repeat her story. A man of the world like myself—" he straightened a little at memory of his own youthful escapade—"understands these matters. I do not think the worse of you for what I have learned; there is a passage in my own life that I would not care to have Mrs. Shryock become acquainted with. But—" he paused significantly—"to a young woman brought up as Miss Newbridge has been——"

"Oh, I get you," interrupted Blaisdale testily. "Come to the point. What do you want—a cash payment—a raise in salary—what is it?"

"Mr. Blaisdale, I asked this morning for a raise in salary—merely a decent raise—a fair raise, considering that I have a family to support and that my position is a responsible one. You turned me down—and I consider the matter settled. As for cash—I need immediately a check for one hundred and eighty-five dollars, to repay a person who has done me an important service. But this is a side issue. My main demand—I'll be very moderate, considering the circumstances—is for a one-fifth interest in the canning factory and the position of assistant manager."

Blaisdale stared a moment, then he laughed unpleasantly.

"You're raving! Take a thousand dollars and get out. Keep your job—if you want it—at ten—fifteen—a week increase. But that's the limit."

Martin stood his ground. "I think not, Mr. Blaisdale. I believe that—looked at merely from the cold, unromantic business standpoint—it's worth more to you than a few thousands to marry Miss Newbridge. I know that you've been planning to appoint an assistant, and I'm sure I can make good, if I have a chance. I stand by the original demand."

"Get out—you make me tired!"

"I suppose you realize that a small fraction of the story your visitor of this afternoon can tell your fiancee will forever kill your chances——"

"Send her there—and be d—d to you! I am looking for an assistant manager, but I wouldn't be blackmailed into considering you, if there was a million at stake. On second thought, I won't pay you a cent in any form. You had your chance and overreached yourself—now get out. You're fired—and you can do your worst!"

Martin stood for a moment uncertainly, then, after a glance at Blaisdale's set features, he turned and walked slowly toward the door. His head was held defiantly erect, but his spirits were abjectly humbled. His monstrous bluff had failed. Tho he had succeeded beyond his expectations in convincing the other—materially aided by a guilty conscience—the unexpected streak of obstinacy in Blaisdale's make-up had wrecked his plans. Now, out of a job, almost penniless, he had not even in prospect the satisfaction of the revenge his ex-employer supposed him capable of inflicting.

At the threshold he halted. Blaisdale had emitted an exclamation of surprise, and the next instant sharply called his name.

Slowly, Martin returned to the desk. The president held out a thin, garishly-bound volume.

"Where'd this come from?"

"I—I——" Shryock stammered, then was dumb, as he recognized the sample book which the young woman agent had allowed him to examine.

"This wasn't on my desk when I left a few moments ago," snapped Blaisdale. "How'd it get here?"

Martin made no attempt to answer. What did it matter that his ruse was discovered—it was all up with him anyway?

"Sit down," said the president, after a moment, then: "I don't often size up a man wrong—but if you had the cheek to frame up all that about a woman who trailed me from New York, on the strength of a book agent's visit, I'll—well, it don't go with my estimate of you. The only trouble is, you lack experience—it was a good bluff, but you overshot the mark. I'm hanged if I'll take you in as assistant manager—but I will give you a chance to show the stuff that's in you. You know the conditions in our Rangeville branch factory. The labor element there's a tough proposition to handle—they've got Harley, the last man I sent down, bluffed clean off the map. Say the word, and I'll give you his place—and if you make good inside of a year a good chunk of stock goes with the job. What do you say?"

Martin did not answer. He stood gazing into a space not bounded by the walls of the room.

"Well?" Blaisdale prompted impatiently.

"I was thinking," said the ex-clerk slowly—"thinking what a fool I've been all my life. I'm not a coward, Mr. Blaisdale, but I've always hung back because of the idea that I might fail. Today—well, I'd reached the point where I didn't care what happened, so long as I made a stab for something better. I expected to fail, and I did. And now, come to find out, it isn't the result that counts—it don't seem to matter whether a man succeeds or fails—just so he puts up a stiff fight. If I'd only known this earlier! If I only had—say, when do I start for Rangeville?"

A Poker Chip and a Parrot

Upon These Two Trivial Things Christopher Poe Based His Solution of a Most Mysterious Crime.

By Robert Carlton Brown

"IF THERE'S anything wrong it's an inside job, that's sure," commented the police sergeant left in charge with three of his men while the burglary insurance inspector, who had received the alarm from the Manhattan National, rushed off to summon a superior officer who held keys to the front door of the bank.

Ten minutes later the burglary insurance manager arrived, blown, in a taxi. The door was unlocked and the men filed in. Lights were turned on, but no skulking figure showed itself. There was no sudden explosion of a revolver, no crash of glass, not a single familiar incident to make the men feel at home. There was not a movement, not a sound, not another person in the big banking room besides the group that had just entered, unless the limp bag of bones by the safe door could be counted.

The inspector approached the body and turned it over with his toe, revealing the terror-fixed face of Summers, bank watchman.

The officers and inspectors huddled together about the safe, staring stupidly from the body to the open masonry door. The sergeant stooped to look thru the heavy stone doorway opening into the vault which contained the safe proper.

"What's that?" he cried, as he caught a quick motion and a glint of light in the dim interior. His gun flashed as he leveled it and he was about to fire when the burglary insurance manager knocked up the iron, crying, "That's the safe itself. It's one of the new whirling safes. The light that startled you was reflected by the spinning steel, the safe itself; it whirls like a top after it is wound up and set to stop at a certain hour in the morning. It's absolutely burglar-proof. Even the motor that runs it and the time-lock regulator are inside it. We can all be mighty thankful the safe is still whirling. That shows she hasn't been opened."

"What's the dope?" queried the puzzled police officer, looking up distrustfully. "I never heard of a spinning safe."

"It's a new invention," the manager hastened to explain, examining the intricate lock on the vault door to see how it had been opened. "It's just been installed here. You see, the safe is completely inclosed in this vault of masonry. In the old days a good gopher man could melt any steel safe door with an electric current or a forced draught lamp, if he could get to the door itself. This whirling safe you see has a motor inside to keep it whirling so your gopher man can't keep his electric drill or blower directed on any one spot. Hence it's impossible for him to melt or bore his way in."

"There's no way of stoppin' it then?" queried the police officer, poking his finger in toward the revolving mass of metal.

"Here!" the manager jerked the officer's arm back by his sleeve. "You've heard of people having their fingers neatly nipped off by electric fans? Well, this safe will do the trick, only a thousand times as well. You've got to be——"

"Look! Here's where they got him!" came an interrupting cry from a burglary insurance call man who had been examining the body of Summers.

"And here's——" a police officer who had been scanning the floor lurched heavily forward, blood rushing to his apoplectic face as he stooped to pick up a small object from beside the safe. The thing was mottled red and green, badly discolored; it was about three-quarters of an inch square at the top and two inches long. At the bottom clung clotted blood.

"A finger, huh?" grunted the burglary insurance manager, jumping to his feet and thrusting his eager face over the policeman's shoulder.

"Yes. It's a thumb!"

"Look!" cried the call man, on his knees beside the night watchman's body. "Summers' thumb's gone!"

"Bit off, prob'ly," said the inspector, stooping to examine the hand the call man held up. "Plucky guy, that Summers! Prob'ly put up a stiff fight 'fore the petermen got him." He pushed the corpse of the watchman musingly with his broad toe. As he did so a bunch of keys came to light. The manager pounced on them.

"What's Summers doing with keys to the vault that contains this safe?" he cried.

The inspector's jaw dropped and he looked dazed; the call man let the thumbless hand fall back to the floor in his astonishment.

"I said from the first it was an inside job," remarked the police sergeant with intense satisfaction.

"That's how he lost his thumb," added the manager, deftly fitting the keys in the vault door. "Got his hand in the way of the safe; it clipped the thumb off. He should have been more careful, considering the fact that he was clever enough to make keys to fit this door."

"But he couldn't have undertaken the job!" cried the call man. "Here's a hole in the back of his head, it's where they hit him with a pipe or a gun, or some tool."

The manager kicked a heavy, smashed bull's-eye that lay near the dead man's head. "It's his own lamp," he said; "when his thumb was cut off in the whirling safe he fell back in the surprise of it and landed square on his own lamp. That's what did for him."

"Then what's this trail of blood?" cried the call man, pointing to a scattering of red drops across the floor in a wavering line to the Burglary Insurance Company's signal switch set in the wall.

The manager shrugged his shoulders. "Summers did the job," he said with finality, waving his hand about the big banking room. "If there'd been anybody else in it with him where are they now? They wouldn't disappear in the air, you know, and they weren't blown to atoms, because there was no soup used. Talk facts!"

Facts were talked until early morning and all of them pointed straight toward the guilt of the night watchman—the duplicate keys to the stone vault found beside his body, the severed thumb, the facts that all the windows were secured and the bars in place, and the street door untampered with.

The cashier of the Manhattan National had been informed at once of the watchman's attempt and his death. He arrived about seven o'clock, heard the detailed story and quite agreed that Summers was guilty. He relocked the vault door and dismissed the police in an effort to hush up the matter, as the safe had proved an efficient guardian of the funds in its trust and there was no loss to the bank except the lucky one of a dishonest watchman. But the story had leaked out already and a newspaper extra came out around eight o'clock.

At nine a square-chested gentleman of medium height, in a soft gray suit cut Oxford style, stepped into the bank and asked for the cashier, who came to the door of his private apartment; he glanced at the visitor with an anxious frown and suddenly his face lighted in relieved recognition. He bowed slightly, with deference, and pushed open the door.

"How do you do, Mr. Poe," he greeted. "I was on the point of calling you up to see if you could suggest some way for us to muffle the clamor about this disagreeable business. Just a dishonest watchman, but the stories in the paper may cause us the loss of public confidence."

"Yes, I feared that," answered Christopher Poe, who was a director in the bank. "I've read the accounts, but please tell me all about it. May I look at the safe, too?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the cashier quickly, leading the way to where the vault stood. Poe walked behind, his vivid violet eyes moving deliberately, calmly, beneath heavy brown eyes as he took in every detail of the room. Observation had become instinctive with him in the many years he had privately represented the Bankers' Protective Association, solving mysteries and running down criminals purely to please himself, and without the knowledge of any but a few old cronies.

The cashier having recounted all details of the discovery with minute exactness, Poe asked to see the body of Summers and was led to the president's private room, where it had been carried.

He scanned the corpse in a quick, comprehensive glance and asked, "Where's the missing thumb?"

"Oh, here!" answered the cashier, pointing to a heavy piece of wrapping paper on which lay a group of objects taken from Summers' pockets, and the severed thumb. Poe turned the thumb over, looked closely at the nail, made a superficial observation of the rest and turned to the cashier:

"Kindly send a messenger with this digit to Dr. Robinson, on Thirtieth street and Fifth avenue. Please ask him to cleanse it thoroly, restore the skin where it has been bruised, and put some of his liquid glass mixture on it, so it can be handled and examined. Tell him to send it to my apartment within two hours."

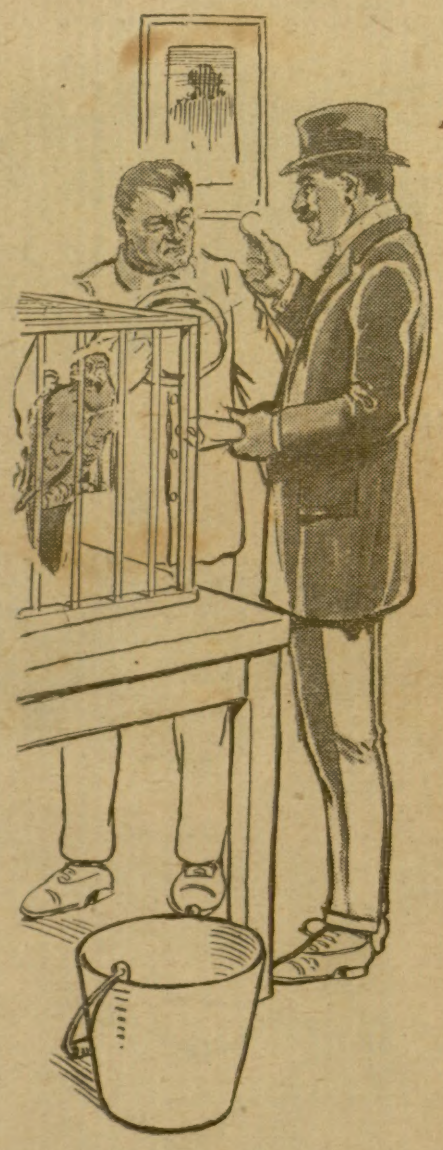
Poe made a casual inspection of the personal effects taken from the dead man's pockets. There was nothing unusual among them. Two pencils, a handkerchief, a worn leather notebook, some matches, a quill toothpick, an odd button, and a few miscellaneous papers; nothing that a night watchman should not carry.

As the cashier returned, having dispatched the messenger, Poe asked abruptly:

"Where's his watch?"

"I don't know," answered the cashier vaguely. "Somebody asked if he had a watch, but it was decided that he wasn't carrying one. He had his roundsman's clock."

"It's no matter," replied Poe, "but he did have a watch, and it's gone. See," he gingerly pulled out the lining to Summers' vest pocket with the remark, "It's chamois, his wife sewed it in—see where the weight sagged it and the wearing blackened the skin?" He stepped to a corner wash basin and rinsed his hands. "Now," he said, "if you will be so good as to ask the janitor to bring



Poe Held It Up to the Janitor.

me his longest ladder I will see if I can crawl thru the middle ventilator back there, the one with the glass cut out completely."

"What?" cried the cashier, gazing at Poe with wide eyes and then rushing thru the door into the open banking room to stare up at three narrow slits of windows in the rear, twelve feet above the top of the bookkeeping cages. The windows were secured with bars and the cashier at first glance could see no difference between the middle ventilating window and the other two. All were of the same size, twelve inches high and twenty inches wide.

Poe had stepped to the cashier's side and remarked, "Don't you see, there's no glaze on that middle window; it looks dull compared to the others? I noticed it as I came in. The pane has been cut out around the edges with great precision so no warning wires should be interfered with. Where's the stepladder?"

The cashier went off to hurry the janitor and when he returned Christopher Poe stood inspecting the slight trail of blood extending from the vault to the Burglary Insurance Company's signal box.

"Nobody could have crawled thru one of those windows," cried the cashier anxiously as he returned. "They're too small. It would be impossible. Besides, look at the bars."

Poe made no reply, but climbed the ladder quickly. When he reached the top he rubbed his fingers along the edge of the sill and pulled in his lower lip reflectively. He ran his free hand thru his upstanding brush of brown hair and then flattened his palm against the ornamental bars that covered the aperture. As he did so the grating of bars fell out and he thrust his head quickly thru the hole, looking down to the ground twenty feet below. He endeavored to thrust his shoulders thru the window frame, but they were too broad. Glancing up at the bank roof, he found it quite as impossible that any one could have reached the ventilator from there as from the ground. The only chance was that the window had been gained from the adjoining building, a vaudeville theater, twenty feet away, which made it seem impossible.

Wriggling back thru the window, Christopher Poe descended at once to the floor of the bank. The cashier and several clerks stood in an astonished group, evidently awaiting an explanation from their eccentric director. But they received no satisfaction. "See you later," Poe nodded to the cashier and strolled out.

Turning the corner, he followed the sidewalk which led him to the rear of the bank. He stepped into the twenty-foot gap between the bank and the vaudeville house and picked up the steel grating which had dropped from the window frame. "Rotten," he commented, twisting out a corroded bolt. "Been there twenty years without attention. Too small a thing to be worth looking after."

He threw the window grating down disgustedly and glanced up at the wall of the theater opposite. There was a fire escape jutting out about two feet beyond the line of the building, almost opposite the middle ventilating window in the bank and only two feet lower down, but eighteen feet away. The flicker of an idea flashed in his violet eyes; he entered the lobby of the theater and with some difficulty obtained permission to explore the seldom used fire escape.

Standing in the narrow landing, outside a second-story window, he learned that the fire escape was of the self-adjusting, counter-balance order, an arrangement devised so the lowest ladder would connect with the ground only when actually needed. The iron stairs formed a ladder about fifteen feet long, which jutted straight out from the fire escape landing and was balanced by weights in such a way that when a person stepped out on the horizontally placed ladder it went down with the weight and reached the ground, readily righting itself again.

Poe tested the working of the extension stair-ladder and calculated with a quick eye that if an agile man were to run out rapidly, not giving the ladder much time in which to descend with his weight, he might, if he were wonderfully dexterous of limb, fall flat forward from the end of the descending ladder and catch at the ledge to the middle window in the bank opposite, thus spanning an apparently unbridgeable gap of eighteen feet.

Having assured himself that this was possible, Christopher Poe climbed the four flights of fire-escape stairs and finally emerged on the theater roof. Then he inspected the door leading below and found it securely locked from the inside. Then he made a circuit of the roof space, searching everywhere for certain traces he hoped to discover, but finding nothing. He seemed disappointed in this and made a second careful search, but that, too, proved fruitless.

Without further loss of time he hurried down the fire escape, entered by the window that had been opened for him and asked the janitor to take him up the inside stairway. The man did so and Poe examined the padlock on the trap door opening to the sky. "Is that used much?" he asked his guide.

"No. My woman opens it Mondays to hang her washing out up there, and when there's a parade sometimes the boss takes his friends up."

"I see. You live in the building then?"

"I'm superintendent here. There's my room," replied the man, kicking open a nearby door and pointing into a bare hall with three or four rooms leading off it.

As Poe looked in a harsh voice cried: "Hello! What are you up to?"

Tracing the raucous voice to a huge wicker cage setting in one corner, the banker saw a sedate, grim-faced parrot blinking at him from it.

"Make a good watch dog, that parrot," he observed.

"Oh, I ain't much need of him here for that. It's quiet. There's only a few people in the buildin' an' none of the lofts is rented."

"By the way, I was going to ask where you keep the key to that roof door?"

"Oh, right here," smiled the janitor in reply to the abrupt question, pointing to a nail on the kitchen door on which hung several keys. "It's the top one; them other two is misfits. My

woman keeps it handy to hang out her clothes."

"I see," answered Poe, stooping before the corner cage to say, "Hello, Polly!"

"Hello yourself and see how you like it! Oh, you kid!" Polly hurled back.

"Don't pay no attention to him, sir," said the janitor nervously. "He don't mean nothin' by it. Some of the boys teaches him that talk."

"The boys? What boys do you mean?" asked Poe.

"Oh, there's some always hangs on behind the stage, sir. There's Billie that used to do a song an' dance an' Professor Hertz that walked on with an animal turn one time an' the Human Frog—all old friends of mine in a manner of speakin'. They belong to the buildin' as much as I do; most of 'em seen better times an' they can't get away from stage props. They sometimes comes up here for a can o' beer an' a little friendly game of pinochle. It's a happy-go-lucky place, sir."

"I see. Play poker, too?" asked Poe, taking out his pencil and working a white poker chip along the bottom of Polly's cage, toward the wires. Polly insisted on snapping at the chip with her beak, but finally Poe managed to extract it and hold it up for the janitor to see. Polly screamed, "Hello! What are you up to?"

"No. They ain't none of 'em plays poker here;" the janitor scratched his head and looked at the chip. "Don't know where she could a picked that up. It weren't here yesterday. That's the trouble of keepin' birds where folks goes an' comes as they please."

"You're sure that chip wasn't there yesterday?"

"Yes, I cleaned her cage."

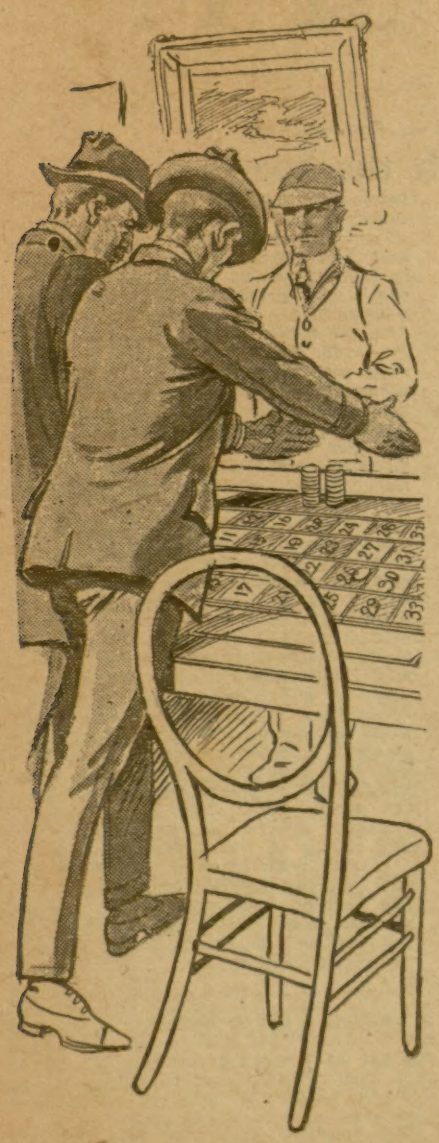
"Do any of the 'boys' you speak of play poker elsewhere?" queried Poe quickly.

"Oh, I s'pose so. Some of 'em ain't got nothin' else to do—the Human Frog, for instance, he ain't had an engagement in twenty years."

"All right, thank you," replied Poe, stepping to the door and making a mental note of the relative position of the parrot's cage and the key hanging on the wall. He slipped the janitor a half dollar, turned and hurried abruptly down the stairs.

On the street again Poe walked up Broadway and entered a saloon near Forty-Second street, well known as a rendezvous of the sporting fraternity.

"Slivers!" Poe beckoned aside a flaccid faced man with a confidence-begetting iron gray mustache who was leaning against the bar chewing a toothpick. Slivers, a "picker-up" for a gambling house in the neighborhood, bowed and hurried to Poe's side, glancing up at him in the swift, anxious manner of a fortune-follower scenting something in the shape of oblong money. Poe extracted the poker chip he had rescued from Polly's cage and held it toward



The Left One Was Incased in a Black Glove.

Slivers on the palm of his hand. It was quite a distinctive counter, thick and substantial looking, with three minute rings of red in the center.

"What house uses this style chip?" queried Poe.

Slivers took it in his hand and looked at it a highly conservative, formal and judicious length of time, to assure Poe it was quite a balanced professional verdict he was forming. "They use those at the Judge's an' Doc Layman's," he answered finally. "Most likely this came from the Judge's; I think there's only one ring on 'em at the Doc's; they ain't as good, they're seven pennyweight or so lighter and cost about 50 cents a box less. Why? Thinkin' of openin' a little quiet hotel game? Don't want the services of an A. Number——"

"No, thanks! I'm in a hurry. You've saved me some trouble. Buy the boys a drink," replied Poe, pocketing the chip and slipping a small bill into the thirst-trembly hand of Slivers.

Hurrying over to his rooms just off Fifth avenue and Fifty-Fifth street, Poe found a small, neat package awaiting him. It was the thumb from Dr. Robinson, the bruised skin nicely replaced and the whole covered with a glass-like material which made it easy to handle and much less disagreeable.

Poe dropped down before a study table and turned on the strong electric light above. He held the glass-incased thumb in his fingers and studied it carefully, finally tracing an outline of the digit on a piece of paper and turning thru a great index of photographs of thumbs and other fingers, comparing several drawings, prints and copies in the volume to the sketch he had made of the specimen under observation.

Below the drawing he made a few notes as follows, before adding it to his collection of reproductions:

Classification: Clubbed thumb.

Characteristics, on comparison:

Willful, brutal, unreasoning, uncontrollable temper, vicious, lack of reasoning powers—paralysis, unbalanced, partial insanity.

He leaned forward over the glass-covered thumb and the poker chip; his eyebrows held high and two deep wrinkles joining the corners of his nostrils and lips.

"The Human Frog! Let's see," he mused.—Stepping to a low bookcase he removed a thin, neatly bound volume labeled "Vaudeville, Burlesque and Music Hall Performers with Eccentric, Unusual Acts." Glancing thru the carefully indexed pages he stopped finally at the sobriquet of "The Human Frog." There were only a few words about this man's act, then the note stated that the Frog had rapidly descended thru the theatrical firmament like a falling star and landed at last as a dime museum entertainer. At the final entry in the Frog's history Poe dwelt for a full minute, reading it over twice: "Won $5,000 lottery in Texas '92. No good since. Often seen in low dives; So. Clark, Chicago; Ursulines St., New Orleans; Water St., Milwaukee; Canal St., Buffalo; Lower 2nd Ave., N. Y. Tall, thin and light on his feet."

Closing the book abruptly and dropping the thumb and poker chip into a loose outside pocket he remarked aloud to himself, "Yes, he's a negro all right. It ought to be easy," and strolled out of the house, crossing to Broadway and walking down as far as Forty-Third street. Just west of Broadway he came to a row of typical brown-stone fronts, most of them cheap theatrical boarding houses. At a dirty-windowed, apparently vacant four-story dwelling covered with weatherworn signs "For Rent" and "For Sale" and looking on the outside as tho it had been without a tenant for ten years, he stopped and turned into the basement entrance. He rang a seemingly useless bell and waited until a tiny peephole in the door had been opened and his face had been recognized by the lookout.

Then the dilapidated looking door slid open and Poe stepped in, the lookout greeting him deferentially as "Mr. Hardy," the name Poe used in his dealings with the underworld, where he was known as a sporting man and spender.

From the bare cellar, unfurnished but for two broken chairs, an ashbarrel and tangles of cobwebs, Christopher Poe went upstairs where things were different. There a deep-napped carpet caressed the feet and low-voiced darkies brought seductive liquors to lash jaded palates and kindle the fire of the betting passion. Nodding to a group of men playing poker at a round table beneath a bright light, Poe went on up to the second floor, where there was a roulette layout with eight players already seated on high stools along the table, opposite the croupier, three of them "cappers" for the house. The banker had just caught up his little marble and given it a whirl against the revolving wheel, singing out "The double birdie!" as the marble landed in the green 00 pocket.

Poe took a seat on a high stool at the extreme end of the table beside a thin man bent over a small stack of chips, his greenish eyes glinting continually back and forth between the pile of white chips he had placed on the red space before him, and the bouncing marble.

"Black wins!" cried the croupier.

The thin man uttered a vicious oath

The Human Frog Was Too Dexterous for Him.

and turned his haggard, vice-lined, chalky-face toward Poe, glinting his eyes at him as he remarked in a cold, clammy tone, "Better not sit near me, I'm a Jonah! Had thirty dollars when I came. But I got a slim stake left now—d—n 'em—and here it goes!" He clapped down five white chips, representing 25 cents apiece, this time on the black.

Poe bought some chips and scattered a few about among the straight numbers.

"Black wins!" cried the man at the wheel again.

The ghoulish-looking fellow beside Poe gave a grunt of surprise and jerked out both hands to pull in his slight winning, then changed his mind and made a parlieu, leaving all the chips on the black.

Christopher Poe noted in the flash of a second before the greedy hands were pulled back that the left one was incased in a glove and that the man sunk his gloved hand deep in his coat pocket immediately afterward and did not remove it again.

Half an hour later he of the unhealthy, blanched countenance lost his last chip, and with another vile oath pushed back his stool in savage disgust. A watchful waiter came softly behind him and asked in a soothing tone what he would drink "with the proprietor."

"Tell the proprietor to go to hell!" shouted the thin man, smashing his ungloved fist against the tray in the waiter's hands. As it crashed to the floor one of the cappers swung round and caught his arm.

"That stuff don't go here, Frog! Come back when you feel better," he warned with threatening emphasis.

"I'll go when I get d—n good and ready!" the dead-faced gambler shouted in a high-pitched tone, snatching his arm away and flinging himself down again on the stool, his treacherous face knotted and glowering with passion.

No one paid the slightest attention to him after that. The wheel rolled on. Poe won and lost with the others—mostly lost, and turned his attention to the man on the other side of him, a wobbly-chinned youth, evidently a "flat," possibly a defaulting clerk, surely a very injudicious player.

At length Poe's stack of chips grew very low, a waiter came to him with a sandwich and a glass of beer, he pushed back his stool and looked on idly as he ate his sandwich, chatting meanwhile with the young fellow beside him, whom he finally advised to cease playing for a few minutes until the run of luck against him should be over.

Picking up a twenty-five cent chip from his stack, Poe turned to the young fellow and remarked in the manner of a typical sporting man: "A little white chip just like this, with the same three circles and all, saved a man's life once."

"How was that?" asked the young fellow, languidly interested.

"The man I'm speaking of was a sport," began Poe, moving back slightly to make sure that the dead-faced man at his left could hear quite plainly and slipping into the vernacular easily. "He started as a boy turning handsprings, crawling thru sewer pipes, wriggling out of straitjackets, bending his head back to pick a handkerchief off the floor behind him and things like that. He got so good he went on the stage as a contortionist." The man at Poe's left shot a quick glance from beneath his mangy lashes and tried to pretend he did not hear.

"Well," continued Poe, "his success went to his head. He won $5,000 in Texas in a Mexican lottery. He was a crazy sort of guy. Booze got him. He dropped down till he was just a hanger-on behind the scenes at a vaudeville house where he used to act, and at a couple of gambling dumps where he got a chance once in a while to make a little coin as a capper. He did a bit of stealing, too." The blanch-faced fellow was now leaning toward Poe and listening openly, blinking his sickly, greenish, red-rimmed eyes at each sentence; much more interested than the fellow Poe addressed.

"Finally," Poe continued, "he got an idea. Somebody suggested that he rob a bank. He'd never tried anything that big before, but this pal sold him the keys and the combination to the safe." Poe felt the frog-faced fellow at his left start at this. "He failed in that, but on account of his ungovernable temper succeeded in committing a murder." Poe saw out of the corner of his eyes that the thin, pale gambler hunched on the stool beside him was trembling and had turned his pallid face away. "Well, he escaped thru the door to the roof of the

vaudeville house where he used to hang out. When he went to replace the key he had stolen from the rooms of the janitor there was a parrot in the room where the key was to be replaced——" Great drops of perspiration stood out on the pasty forehead of the man beside Poe. "In the excitement of his escape after the murder the man had remembered to replace the rotten grating from the bank window, he had remembered to replace the key—but he had forgotten the parrot. The bird heard him steal into the room and started to holler 'What are you up to now!'" At that the perspiring man beside Poe caught in a sharp breath and clinched his moist, shiny hand in a frantic grip.

"Quick as thought," Poe continued, "the murderer reached into his pocket and pulled out the first thing his fingers struck; he pushed it into the cage to distract and silence the foolish bird he had overlooked. It happened to be a poker chip; Polly may have taken it for a cracker and——"

"You're a liar!" screamed the frog-faced man, leaping to his feet in a burst of trembling rage and crashing his fist on the table, setting a stack of chips rocketing back and forth.

Christopher Poe stood up, smiled, reached into his outside coat pocket and drew out the chip he had rescued from Polly's cage. "There is the identical chip I was telling you about," he remarked, looking straight at the Human Frog, "and you are the murderer I referred to."

The Human Frog staggered back from Poe in horror, slipping his ungloved hand behind his back. Then with a yell he lunged at Poe, jerking a razor from his hip pocket, the bare edge of the wicked blade gleaming in his grasp.

The banker-detective side-stepped and caught the madman's wrist. But the Human Frog was too dexterous for him—with a sudden twist he slashed the razor thru the fleshy part of Poe's arm.

Poe leaped for his throat, but before he could reach it two powerful arms had been locked around his own neck from behind and he was dragged to the floor.

The Human Frog, eyes aflare, thick lips chafing madly, wielded his weapon demoniacally and struck at Poe's prostrate form; the second blow did not land, for the croupier and two cappers had hurled themselves at the Human Frog simultaneously, toppling him back. But they were not enough for him, the Human Frog thrashed and thumped his body about with the elastic strength of an alligator's tail. He wriggled and fought like a great, frantic, twisting eel. He slipped from their grips with incredible suppleness and slashed, slashed, slashed—everywhere, with his razor, but could not win his way to Poe, who was struggling against two men in an effort to regain his feet and help hold the Frog.

The doorkeeper and three "bouncers" from below dashed up, finally secured wrestling grips on the Frog's slippery, skin-creeping limbs and at last managed to wrest the murderous razor from his hand, floor him fast and keep him down.

The proprietor had been summoned from his favorite cafe across the street and by the time he arrived on the scene the Frog was down and order was being restored.

"My Gawd!" he yelled, taking in the cause of the trouble in a flash. "Is the Frog loose again? Who worked him up? What's the matter? Who in——" The proprietor was straining toward the climax of towering rage when Poe caught his arm firmly and spoke low in his ear, telling him that the Human Frog had murdered the watchman at the Manhattan National and that he wanted to get him out of the place as soon as possible.

The owner turned and glared at Poe, cutting him off in the middle of his sentence with, "Where's your proof that Frog's a murderer?"

"Here," said Poe coolly, stepping back out of range of the proprietor's whisky breath, taking from his outside pocket the glass-coated thumb and dropping it into the gambler's pink palm.

"Ouch! D—n it!" the owner dropped the thumb like a red hot coal. "What're you tryin' to do? This ain't your house! What in h—l's got into you, Hardy? You ain't turned stool pigeon?" The veins in his neck swelled malignantly and he glared down at the thumb which lay at his feet, his gaze fixed on it in horrible fascination.

"But what does that prove, anyway?" he blustered in an effort to recover his doughty dignity as a man with better nerves and conscience picked up the hideous exhibit and displayed it on his palm.

"Remove the glove from his left hand and you'll see—but be careful he doesn't bite you," replied Poe, pointing to the Human Frog, a trifle spent, but still managing occasionally with a sinuous twist to loosen the hold of one of the eight strong arms that held him.

A fresh fight followed. The Frog's loose flesh began to creep across his bones again as he coiled and buckled like a frantic venomous reptile, the whole slippery length of him. They were unable to move the glove until the owner stepped over and delivered a deliberate, sense-snuffing kick coldbloodedly with his heavy heel, directly in the fear-frozen face of the Human Frog. While the poor devil was recovering they snatched off his glove and exposed a big bandage in place of a thumb. The proprietor ripped that off with a brutal jerk and disclosed an unsightly wound, freshly dressed.

"It's his thumb all right," agreed the gambler hesitantly. "But how does that prove he did for the Manhattan National watchman this morning? I read that the watchman lost a thumb, too. What's the dope?"

Poe took the proprietor aside and with a shrewd wink explained quickly, in order to maintain his character as Hardy, spender and sport: "I'm doing this to keep my stand in with one of the Manhattan directors, see! Poe, his name is, queer guy, doped out this theory about the Frog an' sent me over to get the Frog out of here without making any trouble, see!"

"Are you on the level, Hardy?" asked the puffy proprietor suspiciously.

"I'll give you the straight of it as that friend of mine doped it," said Poe convincingly. "He said from the first nobody but a regular eel like Frog here could wriggle thru a little window in the bank he found the glass cut out of. I was there when he climbed a ladder, rubbed his finger over the sill of the window and found little threads where the rope had rubbed. He said Frog used two ropes, one tied high up on the fire escape next door, which he used to swing back to the theater on, and the other to hold the grating and glass in place and give him something to hold on the while he slipped down to get Summers, who was probably half asleep." Poe spoke in the character of Hardy with such vigor that the proprietor drew him into a chair and leaned close in intense interest.

"This director found the watchman's ticker gone and marks as tho he'd been tied up. The Frog went to work and opened the vault door with the key and combination which he had bought from a friend, as I just found out by leading him on with a pipe story at the table here. There was one of the new whirling safes inside that vault an' the Frog in his surprise probably pushed in his hand to feel for a door and got his thumb nipped clean off."

"But the paper said it was Summers' thumb that was taken off," said the gambler. "Was there two thumbs took off?"

"Sure! Listen! At the same second that the Frog's thumb is taken off the watchman works loose from the ropes and turns in a burglar alarm in the wall near by. Frog catches him, crashes in his skull with the butt of his gun, drags him back to the safe and does some tall thinking, helped out by the pain in his thumb. He sees he was handed a lemon by the crook that sold him the keys and combination, so it comes to him all of a sudden to make it look like Summers did the work. He takes off the ropes, smashes the bull's-eye and puts it by the watchman's head. Then, to make it even surer, as he hears the cops outside, he sticks the dead man's thumb into the whirling safe, it's nipped off neat and drops at his feet. It all worked fine except that when he groped around on the floor to pick up his own thumb to keep it out of evidence he got Summers' by mistake, and left his own in his hurry to make his getaway, pawn the watch he had stolen from Summers and get here to gamble away the thirty dollars."

"He was a sure enough fool," said the proprietor disgustedly. "I always did say the Frog was crazy; of course, any good detective could trace a crook by his thumb; it's even better than a thumb print."

"A good deal, according to this friend of mine," said Hardy, looking anxiously to where the Frog was being held awaiting the proprietor's orders for his disposal. "He's studied thumbs and things and got a pretty good description of the fellow just from the fact that he had what's called a clubbed thumb. He said the skin under the nail was bluish brown, showing that the fellow was full of nigger blood, but had white skin on the outside."

"That's goin' some," said the proprietor. "A fellow was just telling me the other day that the Frog had a nigger mother and his hair was kinky till he had it straightened by a machine and his face enameled. What do you want done with him?"

"Give me a man and we'll take him out quietly so your place won't get a bad name and wake up the lieutenant of this precinct or somebody else to make a costly raid," Poe winked significantly in his character as Hardy and the nervous little proprietor gave an abrupt order. The Human Frog was rushed thru a secret door into the adjoining house and from that innocent dwelling Poe phoned for a taxi and took the Human Frog to police headquarters, where he easily found a detective willing to claim the honor of having ferreted out the Manhattan National mystery and arrested the criminal, according to details furnished him by a sporting man who had done it for a friend, a director in the Manhattan National, and wished both names kept entirely out of the case.

This Installment Winds Up the Exploits of Keeneyes in

IS SHE A GERMAN SPY?

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

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CHAPTER XIII.

CONFESSION.

IT WAS only about 9 o'clock. When the automobile stopped before the hotel door, the landlord, Mr. Juddy Heigh, came out upon the sidewalk.

"Good evening, Mr. Heigh," said Keeneyes, descending from the car. "Permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Lindenwait."

The landlord, a large, good-humored man, looked at Keeneyes from over his spectacles. "What, Mr. Japes! I thought you had left us."

"Only temporarily," smiled the detective.

"But I certainly understood Mr. Bliggs to say so—Mr. Bliggs is our night clerk; or, rather I should say, he was our night clerk."

"Was?" the detective repeated, somewhat disconcerted. "You don't mean to tell me that your night clerk has skipped?"

"Skipped?" echoed the landlord with a look of reproval. "Of course he has not 'skipped,' as you call it. But he has resigned his position here, and that accounts for my waiting upon the guests this evening."

"Oh, I see. Well, Mr. Lindenwait is almost dead for sleep, so if you will kindly show him to my room, I'll wait for you in the lobby, because I wish to have a word with you."

The landlord took the Inventor upstairs, his brain bewildered by the turn of affairs. All X—— was in a turmoil over the mysterious murder of Ormsby, the Government agent, yet here was Lindenwait the Inventor, the man Ormsby was supposed to be guarding, traveling about with the curious "Mr. Japes," whom the landlord had never understood. Mr. Juddy Heigh tried to draw some information from Lindenwait on the way upstairs, but the Inventor was too overcome by weariness to make the slightest attempt at response, and when he was shown into the detective's room, he threw himself upon the bed, dressed as he was, and fell asleep.

Wnen Juddy Heigh came downstairs, he found the detective waiting, and as he had no intimation that the mysterious "Japes" was a detective, he felt more than usually suspicious on discovering that Keeneyes had withdrawn to a remote corner of the room, to avoid being overheard by the casual saunterers thru the lobby.

"A private word with you, landlord," Keeneyes said in a low voice. "You will remember that Mr. Lindenwait and I drove up before your door in a touring car. Well, that auto belongs to some rascally traitors to the American Government who tried to murder Mr. Lindenwait, and would be mighty glad to get me as well. I don't know whether they'll come for the car or not; I should think it unlikely. But if they do, please call me, so I can chat with them. I've fixed the car so it won't go off in a hurry. In fact, they couldn't get it away without using considerable time, so you'll have plenty of opportunity to rouse me up."

The landlord stared at him incredulously. "What is all this you tell me? Traitors to the American Government?

Read This First, Then Go On With the Story

KEENEYES, a famous detective, has been sent by the United States Government to assist the Federal agent Ormsby in guarding a great scientist, who, concealed in the little town of X——, is working on an invention—the "Government Secret." Ormsby at once orders Keeneyes to shadow a beautiful girl, named Margaret Barley, who Ormsby asserts is a German spy. Keeneyes trails the girl out into the country to a rendezvous with a couple of movers—Jack Daws and a girl they call Lucile. These "movers" imprison him in a subterranean chamber under a deserted barn. He escapes and makes his way back to X——, to the house in which Ormsby and the Inventor are quartered. Under a window of the house Keeneyes discovers a lighted bomb. He extinguishes it and reports the matter to Ormsby. The latter is agitated, and on learning that Keeneyes has allowed Margaret Barley to escape angrily denounces the detective and dismisses him. Keeneyes returns to his hotel. The Inventor, Lindenwait, having overheard the interview between Ormsby and Keeneyes, calls on the latter at his hotel. Keeneyes points out his reasons for suspecting Ormsby of treachery, and disguising himself, he returns with the Inventor to the latter's house. In the course of the night he comes upon Ormsby in the front yard in conference with the hotel clerk, Bliggs, in which the latter warns Ormsby that the man in disguise is probably Keeneyes. On Bliggs' departure, Keeneyes promptly takes Ormsby prisoner. By a peculiar mirror test the detective discovers that Ormsby has given the Inventor's notebook of formulas to his confederate, Jack Daws. Keeneyes and the Inventor leave Ormsby for a moment, while they go to destroy the Inventor's working-materials, preparatory to a removal of themselves from the premises. They return to find Ormsby murdered. A bloody handkerchief embroidered with the initials M. B., and a slipper point to Margaret Barley as the murderer. The hotel clerk also fastens the guilt, by suggestion, on this girl. While the sheriff and his crowd are headed toward the hotel to arrest Margaret Barley, Keeneyes leads the Inventor away to Jack Daws' deserted barn, and leaves him there, concealed in the loft. Soon thereafter Margaret Barley enters the barn. The Inventor falls in love with her on sight. She tells him that she seeks her sister Lucile, who has come under the influence of the German spy, Jack Daws, and that if he will help her to find Lucile he will also find his stolen notebook. The Inventor trusts her innocent face and goes along with her. They are overtaken on the road by four men in an automobile. The men recognize the girl with an expression of gratitude, and then seize the Inventor. The girl protests her ignorance of their plans, and begs the Inventor's forgiveness. The spies carry him 60 miles away to the bank of a river, where they bind his hands and tie a weight about his neck. He is then given his choice of death or the surrender of the formulae in his notebook. He chooses death and leaps into the river. In the water he succeeds in freeing himself from the rope and the weight. At a nearby farmhouse, whither he goes to dry himself out, he again falls into the hands of a pro-German, who tries to kill him with a bomb. The Inventor now sets out for X—— to find Margaret Barley, whom he still believes to be an innocent girl. He comes to a deserted cottage, in the weed-grown yard of which he sees the automobile in which he was carried off captive. He lies in the weeds until next night and then proceeding to investigate finds himself trapped in a dark room with the kidnapers, asleep on the floor, and Lucile rapidly approaching the door by which he has entered. He hides in a farther room, where he finds Keeneyes also spying on the sleepers. They overhear Lucile tell the men that Jack Daws has handed the notebook over to Bliggs, the hotel clerk. Keeneyes and the Inventor escape in the automobile and return to the hotel in X.——.

If you wish to read the story in full you may obtain back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 14, dated April 6.

I don't know what you mean. Everybody in this community is an American, or so I class 'em. I don't know whose car that is, but nobody in X—— thinks about such things as traitors."

"That's all right, Mr. Heigh. All I'm asking of you is to let me know if the owners come to claim that car."

"Certainly, I am willing to do that."

"Good. And now a word about your night clerk: Do you classify Bliggs as a good 'American,' like the others of your acquaintance?"

"Certainly. Bliggs is a fine young fellow, and he and his folks have lived in these parts ever since I came to X——, and that's a long time ago."

"Why has he resigned as your night clerk?"

The landlord shook his head impatiently. "It isn't for me to pry into his personal affairs. He said he was ready to quit, and I was sorry enough to lose a good man. He must have found work elsewhere. But I don't consider that any of my business."

"Oh! Then you only interest yourself in your own business, Mr. Heigh?"

"Certainly."

"Dear me," murmured the detective, "what a dull world this would be if every one followed your example! And what a very selfish world! It would certainly put an end to missionary work, and evangelistic campaigns, and reforms, and orphan asylums, and the Red Cross, and your night clerk."

"I don't know what you mean. I think it is every one's duty," he added with much heat, "to attend strictly to his own business."

Keeneyes shook his head gently. "But if we all did that, sir, your night clerk would certainly come to grief. Pardon me for asking, but do you like Mr. Bliggs?"

"I've told you he's a fine young fellow. Of course I like him."

"Then you wouldn't want him to come to grief, would you?"

"I fancy he can take care of himself. Is this all you wanted to say to me, Mr. Japes?"

"I suppose there is no use to say more, since you're resolved to attend to your own business alone. If you cared for Mr. Bliggs' business, I might say something further. But as you don't want to help him—altho you say you like him—yes, I suppose I have finished my remarks."

The landlord frowned in bewilderment. "Of course," he said, trying to understand the other's drift, "I'd do what I could to help Bliggs if he were in trouble."

Keeneyes smiled. "He's in trouble all right!"

"I was not aware of that."

"Neither is he. That's one of the main pins in his trouble."

"Mr. Japes, you are an enigma. Tell me how I can serve Bliggs."

"Thank you; now we are getting down to business. You can serve him in this way: Should he come back to the hotel tonight, as I imagine he will, repeat, as nearly as you can, the conversation you and I have just been holding. And when you have finished to the last word, then tell him that I told you that I am a detective; that when I first came to this hotel I called myself 'Mr. Appleday,' but later passed myself off as 'Mr. Japes.' And that my real name is Richard Zellers; and that I am known to fame as 'Keeneyes.'"

Keeneyes bowed and went upstairs to his room, where he found the Inventor sound asleep.

Keeneyes had lost as much sleep as Lindenwait, and nature sought revenge against that intrepid mind which had disregarded her claims. The detective, however, was a man who, however soundly he might be asleep, awoke at the slightest unusual noise.

He had been lying upon the bed several hours when a tap came at the door; a light tap, but sufficient to rouse him.

"All right," he called, even before he had opened his eyes.

He slipped to the floor fully dressed and, without waiting to rouse his companion, switched on the light and unlocked the door.

In the dim light of the corridor stood the night clerk, pallid and nervous, with none of that sleepy, drawling manner he had exhibited on first acquaintance.

"Come in, Mr. Bliggs," said Keeneyes cordially. "Walk right in and take a seat. Excuse the informality of my friend. He's asleep and I see no use to wake him up. Do you? I hope you won't mind if I lock the door after you and slip the key in my pocket. It isn't anything personal to you, and whenever you want the key, pray ask for it and it shall be handed right over. Do you want it now? Possibly you'd feel more at ease if you kept the key in your own possession. Do take it, Mr. Bliggs."

And Keeneyes proffered the key with a bow. The night clerk took the key and looked at it as if it were an object of curiosity. But the fact was, it was Keeneyes whom he found the object of curiosity.

"Why should I keep the key?" he retorted, slipping it, however, into his pocket.

"For this reason," the detective explained. "If you suspected intentions on my part of overpowering you in this room, it would interfere with the even flow of your confidences."

He Crashed Thru the Window and Fell From Sight.

The night clerk sat down heavily and moved his feet restlessly on the straw matting that covered the center of the room.

"Mr. Heigh has just told me, sir," he began, "that you are really Mr. Appleday; and now that I examine you closely, I can see that it is really true. Shall I call you Mr. Appleday or Mr. Japes?"

"It is immaterial, quite," responded Keeneyes brightly.

"Let me ask," said Bliggs, "why you wanted the landlord to tell me of your conversation with him?"

"I don't like to talk about a man behind his back, unless afterward I let him know what I have been saying."

Bliggs strained his memory. "But I can't remember that you said anything against me, sir."

"I didn't."

"Yet a moment ago you spoke as if you expected me to confide something to you."

"Just so."

"What sort of confidences do you anticipate, sir?"

"My dear Mr. Bliggs, it is not for me to dictate to you what you should confide in me. There are several matters you might confide; and I assure you that it will be to your advantage to confide everything. But you are quite free. Remember, the key is in your pocket. You shall confide everything, or only a part, or nothing at all, exactly as it suits you."

Bliggs thrust his hands into his pockets moodily. It was evident that he suffered from a tremendous mental strain. Was he determining to make a confession? Was he deciding just what to confide and what to keep hidden? Or was he resolving to tell nothing and, possibly, convince the other that he had nothing to tell? One of his hands was upon the key. Was the other upon a weapon? The detective did not remove his eyes from his hands for an instant.

The heavy breathing of Lindenwait filled the silence of the room.

At last Bliggs looked up and drew both hands empty from his pockets.

"Mr. Detective—Appleday or Japes—I am sorry things have happened exactly as they have."

"The fact is," Keeneyes murmured, "nothing in life happens precisely as it would have happened if we had the power to whittle events out of a block of wood; and that's why I always feel that we must take things as they come. Do you know, my friend, that makes me tolerant both toward events and toward people. I had nothing to do in making you, Mr. Bliggs, or in causing you to do what you have done. Thus relieved of all responsibility, I can gaze upon you and your doings as I may contemplate an abstract principle or an example in lower mathematics. I do not say 'higher mathematics' because, if you will pardon me, you are not sufficiently complex for a publisher's key. You solve yourself, as it were."

"Everything that you have said," Bliggs exclaimed, bewildered, also with a resentful flash, "is Greek to me. I don't know what you mean. But I was about to say that I am sorry things have happened just exactly as they have, and I will tell you why. I purposed coming to you to make an explanation before the landlord told me you had been talking about me. I wish you hadn't talked to him about me. As it is, you will think I have come on account of that. You'll imagine he frightened me; that I am here because I've found out you are Keeneyes. As a matter of fact, I was coming to you anyway—or to be more precise I should say, I meant to go to the authorities. I have a secret to confide, just as you imagine. But you imagined I wouldn't confess it unless you made a sort of veiled threat. And that's what I resent. I am going to make a confession; but I should like for it to appear voluntary."

"You may depend upon me not to report it as a forced confession. Go ahead and make it, Mr. Bliggs."

"It is simply this: Of course Lindenwait has told you that somebody has stolen his notebook containing valuable information concerning his inventions. Now, I did not steal that notebook."

"Of course I know that. Ormsby took it."

"He did."

"And Ormsby turned it over to a fellow known as Jack Daws, whose mission it was to carry the notebook to Washington and place it in the hands of Von Bernstorff."

"That was the plan," the night clerk admitted, much astonished at the other's knowledge.

"And you went to Jack Daws," pursued the detective, "and told him the conspirators had changed their plan, and that you had been commissioned to carry the notebook to Washington because Daws was needed here on the job."

Bliggs, too amazed to speak, could only nod his head.

"You have the notebook in your pocket," Keeneyes went on easily.

Bliggs thrust an agitated hand into his pocket.

"And as soon as the landlord told you I was Keeneyes, you decided to deliver that notebook to me," the detective went on.

Bliggs drew a notebook from his pocket, and handed it over to the detective, who was perched upon the edge of the bed.

Keeneyes shook Lindenwait vigorously.

"Mighty sorry to wake you up, old man, but you're needed in a little matter of identification."

Lindenwait blinked his eyes, gasped, then sat up abruptly. "Hello!" he exploded at sight of the visitor on the chair.

"Never mind about polite observances just now," said Keeneyes. "Cast your eye over this and tell me——"

Lindenwait caught sight of the notebook, snatched it toward him and rapidly fluttered the leaves. Then he sprang to the floor, as thoroly awake as he had ever been in his life. "It's it," was all he could cry.

"Just as I thought," Keeneyes smiled pleasantly. "And I'm I. That's the reason that it's it—because I'm I. I fancy nobody but Keeneyes would ever have been able to recover that precious little book!"

Lindenwait looked from his notebook to the night clerk, then at the detective. He said:

"I placed this notebook in my private drawer at the old Judge Thompson place, among my private papers. I know it was not mislaid. It was in that drawer."

Keeneyes remarked, "Yes; and you'll remember that by the mirror test we discovered that Ormsby, who took the book from the drawer, gave it to Jack Daws."

"I remember," the Inventor responded hesitatingly, "that you claimed that his breath on the mirror told you this."

"Just so. And now Mr. Bliggs comes to tell us that he obtained the book from Jack Daws."

"I did," the night clerk affirmed. "Jack Daws was to have taken it on to Washington. I went to him and informed him that the men over us had changed their plan, and that I was to take the book to Washington."

"But, as a matter of fact," Keeneyes said, "this that you said was not a matter of fact, eh, Mr. Bliggs?"

"It was a strategy," Bliggs responded. "It succeeded. I was able to convince Jack Daws, and he surrendered the book to me."

"I should like to know," Keeneyes remarked musingly, "just what you intended to do with that notebook."

"I intended to restore it to its owner."

Lindenwait looked doubtful, but said nothing.

The detective reseated himself upon the bed and nodded to the other two men to resume their places. Bliggs sat down in his chair, but Lindenwait, fondly turning over the leaves of his notebook, continued to stand. From some nearby house came the sound of a clock striking the hour. When the chimes had ceased, Keeneyes said, turning half round toward Bliggs:

"If you care to explain, the road is open. But you needn't say a word if it suits you to remain discreet. We have the book; and if you want to tell us good-by, you shall depart in safety."

Bliggs looked at him suspiciously and said, "If I went away without making an explanation, I imagine I'd get myself in pretty bad with you."

"My dear Mr. Bliggs! You are already in quite bad with me. It is simply a question of whether or not you desire to extricate yourself from the mud."

"I will explain myself," Bliggs declared resolutely.

"I am glad to hear you say that, for your sake."

Bliggs slightly smiled. "I fancy you want me to explain on your own account."

"And why so?"

"That you may be posted up on important facts."

Keeneyes laughed. "My dear fellow, do you imagine you are going to tell me any facts that I do not already know?"

Bliggs moved restlessly in his chair, and Lindenwait slightly frowned.

Lindenwait spoke:

"Really, Mr. Detective, tho you may be so wise, I am not; I hope you'll let him tell us everything he knows and explain his own actions in taking the notebook from Jack Daws."

"Of course I'll let him tell us, if he chooses. But he has shown such a skeptical face that I am greatly tempted to tell him what he is about to tell us. In other words, knowing as I do all he is going to say, I feel like anticipating him and telling it first."

"You are a marvelous mind-reader," Bliggs scoffed. "I should like for you to try the experiment."

"Very good. Then I will. And you shall interrupt me the moment I go wrong."

"I think it would be better," Lindenwait interposed, "to have his confession in his own words."

"But I can tell it in so much better words. No, no, Lindenwait, please indulge me. Now, this is what Bliggs would say to us:

"He was clerk at the hotel when the German spies swarmed down here; he was clerk even before that—when you came to the old Judge Thompson place with your mysterious invention. Of course, he didn't know you had an invention. He didn't know why you were there. And that annoyed him. It chafed him. Always accustomed to living in a little hole like X—— where every one knows everybody else, he felt bad about it. Then Ormsby, pretending to be a Government agent, but really bent upon accomplishing your ruin, this Ormsby discovers what a gullible ignoramus this Bliggs is, how vain, how silly, how inquisitive, a man without principles, tho not naturally a bad man—in a word, a man without any sand. He soon finds out that Bliggs, like a great many other men in rural communities at the beginning of the war, is not interested in the matter—hardly knows his country is at war—and is resolved not to know. Having no sense of patriotism, Bliggs is

easily enlisted on the German side, partly from sheer obstinacy, also from a love of danger and adventure, and from his inordinate curiosity. He takes up the idea that it would be great sport to play the spy. It seems to him thrilling. He doesn't tell himself that he is a traitor. To his mind, the war is all on the other side. Here in America, everybody is safe, and a fellow ought to have a chance to get some thrills out of the conditions. You may say that this Bliggs is a mere pin-head of a fellow, and you would be right. But you see why it is better for me to tell the story than for Bliggs to tell it, for it might pain Bliggs to confess what an ass he has been, while it refreshes me."

Keeneyes paused to look at the night clerk, but Bliggs, whose eyes were fixed on the ceiling, neither spoke nor moved.

Keeneyes resumed, smiling at the astonished Lindenwait:

"In this way, quite gradually, and almost innocently, Bliggs wakes up one fine morning to find himself one of the band of German conspirators. He has made his own trap and is caught in it. To betray his companions means the loss of his comparatively worthless life, but to keep their secrets is to live in perpetual danger. The thing begins to prey upon his mind. He is afraid to cut loose from the net, and he is afraid to stay in it. At last the notebook is stolen. Bliggs knows of it. He was in the plot, and knows that Jack Daws is to take it to Washington. Bliggs says to himself that if he can get his hands on this notebook and deliver it to its owner, he will thus reinstate himself with all good Americans. Even if he confesses to his past association with the scoundrels, the yielding up of the precious document will make things square. So he lies to Jack Daws, gets the book, and waits for a chance to give it to Lindenwait. I succeed in giving him the chance, in fact, I almost force the chance upon him, and —here is the notebook, and here is Bliggs. He has now proved that tho he has been wandering in forbidden paths, his heart is in the right place, and he is for the Fourth of July and the Stars and Stripes."

There was silence. Lindenwait felt that the detective spoke too flippantly to be in perfect good taste, but Bliggs did not seem to notice it.

Keeneyes said, "Have I read your riddle right, Mr. Bliggs?"

"All that is just as it happened," Bliggs agreed. "You are a little hard on me, but I deserve it, after all. You might have added that it was Miss Margaret Barley that led me into the whole thing. She is a mighty pretty girl and has a way of speaking like a lady, and all that. I couldn't imagine she was capable of committing murder and all. To think of her killing Ormsby! Well, she talked to me by the hour, and got me at last to agree to join their plot against the Inventor."

Lindenwait groaned, "But I can't think that Miss Barley is a spy!" He turned to Keeneyes abruptly—"Is she a spy?"

"You have just heard Bliggs make the charge."

"A spy?" cried Bliggs violently. "Why, she is the heart of the whole villainous complication! Her sister Lucile was Jack Daws' partner and she was Ormsby's. They played it two and two. But Ormsby fell in love with another woman, back East, and Margaret Barley found out about it. I tell you, she was a devil when the news came—she killed him in his bed, or I should say on his couch, where you had his arms and legs tied. Think of that—killing a helpless friend trussed up like that! Oh, Margaret Barley is awful—awful—awful!"

Keeneyes groaned out, "What is the world coming to!"

Bliggs looked at him suspiciously.

Lindenwait persisted, "Margaret Barley hasn't the countenance of a criminal."

"You can't always tell by countenances," Keeneyes remarked. "To look at our friend Bliggs, you would simply conclude that he is a fool. But you would be wrong. He is in fact a dangerous criminal. I have told you, Mr. Lindenwait, the explanation he had to make before he could tell it himself. You must admit it is a reasonable explanation. Of course he has agreed that I have represented him truthfully. In other words, the confession I have made for him is the confession he would have made. And yet most of it is false."

Bliggs started violently, and grew white.

"I don't understand," Lindenwait faltered.

"I'll explain. As soon as the landlord delivered to him my message, he knew he must clear himself at once or it would be too late. He couldn't clear himself with the truth, for the truth would condemn him. Therefore he resolved upon a bold lie. I have anticipated his lie, that is all."

"Then he did not come here to restore me my notebook?"

While Lindenwait was asking this question Bliggs was shifting his position very carefully in his chair, in order to bring one of his hands to the region of his hip pocket.

Suddenly the detective made a spring toward him, and threw himself upon the right arm of the night clerk as it tried to bring a pistol into a level position. As the detective clung to the desperate arm, Lindenwait snatched the pistol from the impotent hand.

"Now," cried Lindenwait triumphantly, "I don't believe one word that he has uttered against the good name of Margaret Barley!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEARFUL LEAP.

BLIGGS, the night clerk, slumped in his chair, looking furtively at the detective, then at the Inventor. Lindenwait, still holding the night clerk's pistol, stood over him threateningly, repeating his conviction that Margaret Barley was not a spy. Keeneyes had returned to his chair, and had resumed his quiet manner.

It was the night clerk that broke the strained silence.

He said: "What are you going to do about it?"

"That," replied Keeneyes, "no longer depends upon you, sir. You had the opportunity to make a full confession and throw yourself upon our mercy. Instead of that, you invented a story to mislead us, pretending to have renounced the Germans because your conscience had been aroused, whereas it was simply a matter on your part of being driven to make some sort of explanation."

"I tell you," the night clerk cried out fiercely, "any fellow with spirit would try to protect himself. All you've got against me is that I tried to draw my gun just now. And why did I try to draw my gun? Was it to hurt either of you fellows? Of course not. You ought to know I'd not shoot here in the hotel to bring everybody in the house running to put me under arrest. No, sir, I had returned your notebook to you, I had told you all I had to tell, and I thought, by putting up a bluff, that I could get away and have an end of the whole miserable connection."

"You are a guilty man, Mr. Bliggs," Keeneyes said quietly.

"I don't see why you say that," whined Bliggs, suddenly greatly depressed. "If I'd been a guilty man, I'd have carried that notebook to Washington and I'd have gotten my reward from Von Bernstorff. The fact that instead of reaping this reward I turned the property back to its owner shows that I'm a good American. I'll admit I went wrong for a time, but my better nature was aroused. And when my better nature asserted itself, I came straight to you."

Keeneyes did not answer, and Lindenwait, finding the night clerk altogether subdued, returned to the side of the bed. After an uneasy pause, the night clerk exclaimed querulously:

"Why don't you say something? Why don't you do something?"

"I will say something," Keeneyes responded, "if you will not annoy me by your useless denials. I resent your attempting to pull the wool over my eyes. I am Keeneyes. I resent the idea in your poor, muddled head that you can deceive me. I resent your self-satisfaction in telling me a glaring falsehood, expecting me to swallow it. In short, I resent every word that falls from your lips. If you will keep quiet, I will certainly say something."

"Go ahead," the other growled morosely. "I'll not interrupt. For I can't stand this suspense, and I want to know what to expect."

"Jack Daws was commissioned to carry the notebook to Washington," Keeneyes spoke steadily. "You went to him saying that Bremmer desired to scrutinize the book before he set out with it, and that you had been detailed to take the book to Bremmer. Lucile Barley was present at the interview. Jack Daws believed this lie and surrendered to you the book. You had resolved on breaking from the gang, and acting on your own hook. You would take that notebook to Washington your own self, and get the reward. Jack Daws waited for the book to be restored to him, but of course he waited in vain. He grew suspicious. He searched for you and discovered you on the eve of running away with the notebook. There was a conflict of some sort. Either that, or you slipped up behind him and killed him before he knew of your nearness. You would do a thing just that crazy. You had already done something equally wild. You were in the yard when Mr. Lindenwait and I had Ormsby tied on the couch. You heard us trying to extort a confession from him. Knowing that if you were in his place you would tell everything to save your neck, you naturally supposed he would reveal the fact that you belonged to the band of spies. While we were gone in the yard to bury the evidences of the Great Invention, you slipped into the room and knifed the defenseless prisoner as he lay with bound legs and arms. That is what you could do, then return to the hotel and manufacture clews to make it appear that Margaret Barley was the murderer! So of course——"

Keeneyes shrugged his shoulders. "Of course you wouldn't hesitate to murder Jack Daws. His body, I dare say, is to be found in the hole under the deserted barn, where you must have stowed it away, thinking the secret of the place known only to the conspirators. Probably you've tried to make it appear that Daws committed suicide."

Lindenwait stood aghast at these dreadful charges preferred against Bliggs, but Bliggs appeared almost insensible of them. He was crouched down in the chair with his eyes on the opposite wall, pallid but not trembling. At last he said in a low voice, "It would be rather hard for you to produce proofs to uphold your beautiful theories."

"Oh, I don't mind a little hard work," Keeneyes returned. "It should be a simple matter to prove that the dagger that slew Ormsby was yours. Mr. Lindenwait and I were both there at the time, and I was a witness in the dark when you came to the old Johnson place and rapped on the door to call Ormsby out. I heard your conversation, and saw him as he stood by the bushes, and saw you as you told him the important news that Keeneyes had come to town, and that it must not be suspected that you and Ormsby were friends. No, it shouldn't be very hard work to convict you. At least, I am willing to tackle the job."

Bliggs had drawn his legs up under him; his arms were hanging over his knees, his neck was stooped forward. He was the picture of impotent guilt. But this attitude had behind it a very definite purpose. Suddenly he made a tremendous leap that landed him full upon his feet and two-thirds of the way across the floor. Lindenwait whipped up the pistol. Keeneyes shouted to Lindenwait, "Don't fire!"

Even while he spoke, without a pause, Bliggs made another gigantic spring, crashed thru the window, carrying the sash with him, and fell outward and from sight. Lindenwait and the detective, who had risen involuntarily, heard from the pavement a dull thud. At the same time the voices of several men in the street were raised in horror.

Keeneyes led the way from the room at the top of his speed, dashed down the stairs followed by Lindenwait, and burst from the lobby of the hotel. Already a group had begun to form about the motionless figure of a man lying upon the sidewalk.

The night clerk was dead.

CHAPTER XV.

ROMANCE.

THE crowd that had collected around the body of Bliggs was crazed with excitement. As the Inventor and Keeneyes edged their way thru the throng, a name was passing from lip to lip, a name that brought the two men to instant attention.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Sammy Cook, the small son of the country sheriff. "My dad's sure got 'is hands full now. Two women spies and a whole lot of men in the jail. I been in to see them already. And now here's another mystery. I expect if Pa keeps on arrestin' spies and murderers an' things, Ma'll have to let 'im lock some of 'em in the cellar—the jail's gettin' so crowded."

Keeneyes listened sharply to the little fellow's excited comment, and then he met the anxious gaze of the Inventor's horrified eyes.

"Good God, Zellers," Lindenwait mut-

The Eyes of War

Like a gauzy speck in the pearling dawn,
We drift thru the silent skies.
Over No Man's Land where the smokeballs spawn
And the deadly gases rise.

We mark the spot where the battery stands—
Where sappers toil on the trench-scarred height,
We map each mile of hostile land.
Where millions writhe in the battle blight.

No silver bugle to speed our flight.
Nor the flutter of banners gay;
Not a warsteed's stamping for the fight.
As we rise at break of day.
Only the song of the wind in the planes—
A thrill that lives in the daydawn's glow—
A shifting vision of country lanes,
That wave like ribbons below.

—CHAT PITT *in Everybody's.*

Platinum Patterns

On Approval Charge Account

All fashionable jewelry is platinum set. Gold is out of date. Expensive pieces are seldom, if ever, worked in gold nowadays and platinum costs seven times more than gold.

These three exquisite examples would cost from $90 to $200 in the real. We duplicated them in a platinum **finish, sterling silver.** An expert must test scientifically to tell the difference. ***One-Tenth the Cost—$10 Instead of $100***

Simply can't be detected from the genuine on the wearer. The most fashionable women wear platinum finished masterpieces. No one dreams they are not real. In such a setting the stones have all the fire, life and brilliancy of genuine first water diamonds.

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Special Offer— to prove our fine quality: These fine Pants for Dress or Business, choice of many handsome styles, guaranteed for 18 months solid wear and satisfaction or MONEY BACK, absolute $5.00 value—while they last, one pair to a customer. Express prepaid for only . . . **$1.95** PANTS

No Extra Charges

No charge for big Extreme Peg Tops or Cuff Bottoms, nothing extra for fancy Belt Loops or Pocket Flaps, no charge for Open Welt Seams or Large sizes—all novelty features Free — no extra charges of any kind.

Cash Profits to you for taking measures of relatives and neighbors. Young George Gekovich made $66.16 in one day. Write for FREE samples today.

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"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

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Harry A. Hyatt, of Boreas River, New York, writes: "About four years ago I received my Motor Attachment, and wish to say that I am satisfied with it in every way. It has certainly given me good service. For anyone wanting a Motorcycle or Attachment, I recommend the Shaw Mfg. Co."

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tered under his breath, "do you suppose they have locked up that lovely creature in a cell?"

With one accord the two men wheeled and started almost on the run for the sheriff's house. It stood on a corner opposite the courthouse square—a large, old-fashioned, red-brick house, joined at the rear to the jail itself. A vigorous double ring of the door-bell brought the sheriff himself to the door, hatted and booted as if he had been about to go out.

"Some more trouble for our quiet little burg, they tell me," said he, stepping outside as if he hoped he would not be stayed by his visitors.

"We have just come from there, Mr. Cook," said Keeneyes courteously. "Bliggs leaped from the window of my room, in fact. May I have a word with you in reference to the matter? It is most important that I should."

"Sure," said the sheriff, and quickly led the way back into his office—a bare, but sunny, room at the front of his house, opening from a long corridor, at the gloomy end of which heavily barred doors shut off the house from the jail proper.

Keeneyes ordinarily would have amused himself at the expense of the simple country sheriff, as he so loved to do with all his associates in the profession or the victims of his skill, but the Inventor's evident horror over the plight of Margaret Barley dissuaded him. He spoke rapidly and quietly, with a sureness of address that carried instant respect, if not conviction.

"Bliggs is the murderer of Ormsby. He has also, I am quite sure, put Ormsby's confederate, Jack Daws, out of the way. I suggest that you search the premises of the deserted barn to the right of the Clear Lake road about two miles out. You have in custody a number of men?"

"Yes. We've picked up three suspicious-acting birds that have been hangin' out in an old house not so far from that barn, by golly, that you mention. There was four of 'em—the fourth feller was shot in the fracas. But the other three we got locked up here."

"Very good. I shall have something to say about them too, later. Now, may I ask, Mr. Cook, have you—is it possible that acting on that scoundrelly Bliggs' suggestion you have arrested a Miss Margaret Barley?" Keeneyes' indignation over the hotel clerk's utter lack of honor disturbed the smooth flow of his discourse.

"Yes, we've got her and another gal she calls her sister. Yes, sir, we got the whole outfit locked up, and pretty quick work, if I do say it."

An oath escaped the Inventor, who looked at Keeneyes with wild entreaty in his fine eyes and then, unable to stand further waiting, got up and walked the floor. Finally he addressed himself to the sheriff:

"May I see these pris—these young women?"

"Certainly. We don't allow visitors except on Thursdays and Sundays as a regular thing, but I'll be glad to make a favor of you."

The sheriff got up to take them to the cells, but Keeneyes remained seated.

"I will await your return, Mr. Sheriff," he said. Catching a last entreaty in the eyes of the Inventor he nodded and smiled encouragement. Then he spent the interval until the sheriff's return in marshaling his evidence, should the sheriff prove more contrary than he expected.

"Well—" began that rather kindly gentleman as he came back to Keeneyes, "I feel kinder sorry for them gals—they're right innocent lookin' things—but the law is inexorable."

"They not only look innocent, they are innocent, quite."

"Eh? But we've got a slipper and a bloody handkerchief belonging to the older gal—the good lookin' one—found almost beside the murdered man's bed. What more evidence do you want?"

"Bliggs put them there," returned Keeneyes calmly. "Bliggs stabbed Ormsby, Bliggs murdered Jack Daws, Bliggs confessed these crimes when he leaped from my window head first. He had the stolen notebook in his pocket—the Inventor's notebook, the object of this whole spy business—and this book he handed back to the Inventor at my order. Mr. Cook, you have a fine record here for quick, sure work. Don't sully it by fastening any absurd charges on two innocent girls whose only fault is that they are strangers in your midst, come in like hundreds of others in the course of earning their livings on the road—a fact that this worthless Bliggs has used to cloak his own foul deeds and purposes. I am going to ask you to turn these girls over to me. I give you my word as an agent of the Government that we both serve that I will see they are returned home to their father without harm either to themselves or others."

The sheriff had been fascinated by Keeneyes' magnetic, cleancut address, and the detective's position and high favor with the Governmental authorities also had their influence.

"All right," he said, yielding somewhat reluctantly, "I'll take your word for it, Mr. Zellers. I have a great deal of respect for your work, I don't mind telling you."

Keeneyes was at once on his feet.

"Thanks. Now for the prisoners." His smile was winning.

Their feet echoed along the corridor. The sheriff rattled his great bunch of keys and finally separated the one that unlocked the heavy doors. Then Keeneyes found himself in a continuation of the corridor on the other side of the doors. On each side of this runway were the iron gratings of cells. In the first of the cells on his right he heard the sound of a woman weeping, bitterly weeping, and the kind voice of a man speaking low words of comfort. It was Lucile, mourning for her lost lover—the ill-fated Jack Daws—and Lindenwait. As Keeneyes and the sheriff stepped into the little cell, Margaret raised her head from beside Lucile's, which rested against her shoulder, and looked at them, her face, all the more delicately lovely because it was pale, with violet shadows about her great eyes. She had not been weeping, but there was an unutterable weariness in her eyes, as she looked at them. The Inventor watched her, with a longing that was all the more poignant because he felt that in her sorrow he was of no avail—the sorrow of a sister's woe.

"Well, young ladies," cried the sheriff jovially, "here's your knight of deliverance. There, there, now, just put on your bonnets. The real culprit's where he can't do any more damage—thanks to you, I guess, Mr. Zellers."

Then the sheriff, who was a soft-hearted man at bottom, went off talking to himself about fathers that let their daughters go trapsin' around the country in all kinds of places, not that X—— was a wicked town in ordinary time, et cetera, et cetera.

A few moments later an automobile sped out of the little town of X——, headed for M——, a city forty miles north, where Margaret and Lucile were to catch the Pennsylvania Limited for their home in Ohio. Margaret's arm still held her sister close in its protecting and comforting embrace. With her free hand she touched the Inventor's arm beside her, and leaning toward him in a way that would have melted the heart of a priest, she tried to find words in which to tell him how deeply indebted to him she felt herself and her sister to be.

"You are all I believed you to be when I first met you—you remember, in that terrible place—you are an American gentleman. I wish——" her lovely mouth quivered like a child's saying penitent things—"I wish you'd say that you trust me, now, despite all the evidence."

"Lovely girl, I not only trust you——" He broke off, and after a grave thought or two, went on: "I am happy that my services to my country have brought me, however perilously, the joy of serving you—if—" he smiled inscrutably—"if I may go on serving you and my country with equal honor to all."

The End.

From a Dad Who Cares

THEY say that Dad doesn't care. Who said he doesn't? Why, it means just as much for him to give up the boy he loved, as it does for his mother. Take me, for example.

About twenty-two years ago I was sitting beside my baseburner waiting. The doctor came out of the next room and handed me a bundle, wrapped up in a large towel and said:

"Here, Bill. Here's your boy. Keep him warm till we can tend to him."

Now, believe me, Ed, I was so tickled I could hardly believe it, and to make sure that "the Doc" was not kidding me about "it being a boy," I peeked. And, say, Ed, up till then I had not been much of a success at anything, but the vows I made and the plans I laid for that kid just made me different. Everything since then just had to come my way and it has. For the man who could not get thru grade school saw that kid go thru the grades; saw him thru the high school; saw him win honors in the oratory contests; saw him go thru three successive years at the university, and the only disappointment he caused me in all that time was that he did not make the football team, but we both shared that together. He did his best, tho.

Well, Ed, yesterday I saw him march with hundreds of others to the depot for the camp. I would not have had it otherwise if I could, but when the depot gates closed and I saw his smiling face and gleaming eyes, as he waved to me from the last car, "Good-by, Dad. Be good to mother," I was just a little bit touched, for I did want to see him graduate next year. When we got home some kind friend called up his mother to ask how she felt and you about know the answer given. And how is father taking it. "Oh, he takes it all right. It doesn't seem to bother the men any. No. I guess they are all alike." She then hung up, Ed, and went to her room and closed the door, and I knew what was going on, and it was no place for me, just then. But do you know the man whom no school bully or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could ever make shed a tear went into the kitchen, locked the door and sobbed his old head off. I cannot tell where all those tears had been stored, but they came.

I wish some of these women who think "the men don't care," could know what I felt when I saw my boy leave. Maybe they'd change their minds.

Chance to Escape.

DURING the week certain members of the flock had been paying overmuch attention to sampling the local whisky, and the "meenister"—this is a Scotch story—took advantage of his position in the pulpit to administer gentle reproof.

"An' I tell ye, one an' all, ye're on the way to perdition!" he cried.

At that moment a fly settled on the book before him. He raised his fist.

"Ye're gaein' tae the bottomless pit!" he shouted. "And ye'll get there just sae sure as—sae sure as I ding the life out o' this fly."

His fist crashed down as he uttered the words. Then he looked to see the results of his handiwork.

"Missed!" he ejaculated. "Ah, well, maybe there's a chance for some o' ye yet!"

A Warm Welcome.

F. I. KENT, vice president of the Banker's Trust Company, said in New York the other day:

"When the Germans invade the foreign markets after the war, they'll get the kind of welcome the little boys gave Santa Claus.

"Two little boys, brothers, lay in bed on Christmas Eve.

"'Did you put that tub of water in the fireplace?' said the first little boy.

"'Yes,' said the second, 'and I fixed the scuttle of coal so that it will tumble on his head when he opens the door.'

"'What is surest to catch him, tho,' said the first boy, 'is the steel trap in my stocking.'

"Then they went off to sleep happy in the thought that they were at last going to see Santa Claus."

A Misnomer.

LITTLE WILLIE, taking a long walk with his dad one day, saw a sign, "Painless Dentist."

Said Willie, "Dad, what is a painless dentist?"

"A painless dentist, my son, is a liar."

THIS is Richard A. Oldham. He earned $2200.00 in four months with a Haywood Tire Repairing outfit. For 20 years he was telegraph operator on the Illinois Central Railway. He is now 58 years old. He answered my advertisement—quit his job—bought a plant and opened a business. He just wrote me "I have made more in eight months than 2½ years as operator." There are now 500 stations where tire repairing is neglected.

I Must Have 500 Men

To Fill These Positions

I have a Big Interesting Book to send you. It tells all about tires—gives inside figures and profit. Send for it! What Oldham and others are doing You can do. $2500.00 to $4,000.00 per year is conservative. Like Mr. Oldham—One machine will start you. Then open a shop. You can see business all around you. Put out a Haywood Sign and business will come to you. Now get started. Send for the Big Book and start making money.

M. HAYWOOD, Pres.

Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.

920 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free**, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$35 to $50 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

and **besides** that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely **Free**, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates to choose from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and postage prepaid.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 351 CHICAGO

$5 to $10 A DAY EASILY EARNED

TAKING ORDERS FOR OUR HIGH GRADE SOAPS, TOILET PREPARATIONS AND FOOD PRODUCTS

Our Goods Are Well Known Everywhere. They Have Been Nationally Advertised and Used in Millions of Homes for Over 30 Years.

FRIENDS FOR 30 YEARS

When a firm can hold satisfied customers and agents for 30 years, it proves the goods are of the highest quality. We want men and women who desire a business of their own.

SALESMAN'S $2.00 OUTFIT FOR ONLY $1.00

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

That you may see and test some of the products before you send for a large order, we will send you the $2.00 outfit pictured above, which contains a few of our best selling products. (See list in this advertisement.)

The total retail value of this outfit is $2.10. We send it to you for only $1.00. With this outfit you can take orders from your friends and neighbors for these products and easily earn $5 to $10 a day profit.

I am enclosing an order for $100.00 worth of goods. The goods are all sold. I am delighted with the way your goods sell.
MRS. MAXWELL, Minnesota.

Write your name and address in the coupon and we will send the outfit to you at once. Do it now—be the first in your community to get the agency for our money-making products.

CROFTS & REED CO.,
DEPT. 357-C, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENT'S OUTFIT No. 5 PRICE $1.00 Sent Postpaid	
1 Cake Fragrant Bouquet Soap	10c
1 Cake Spring Blossom Soap	10c
1 Jar Witch Hazel Cream	25c
1 Carnation Talcum Powder	25c
1 Pink Face Powder	25c
1 White Rose Cold Cream	25c
1 Jar Rose Shampoo	25c
1 Tube Tooth Paste	25c
1 Caramel Pudding	15c
1 Pkg. Black Pepper	15c
Retails for	$2.10
Costs you	1.00
Your profit	$1.10

CROFTS & REED CO.,
DEPT. 357-C, CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: I would like to secure the Agency for your products in my community. Kindly send me your Salesman's Outfit, No. 5. I will pay $1.00 upon receipt of it.

Name.....
P. O.....
State.....
St. No. or R. F. D.....

What Women Are Doing in the War

Lonely Job for Her.

INSTEAD of collecting nickels on the street cars or running an elevator in some large city building, Miss Alice Henderson of Gardiner, Maine, has decided to be a fire watcher in a lookout station on Mount Kineo, Moosehead Lake.

For several summers Miss Henderson was employed in camps around the lake. Last summer, during one of her long walks in the neighborhood, she came upon the watch tower on the top of the hill, and there and then she decided that she wanted the job of watching for fires in the great Maine forests. But there were difficulties in her way.

The commissioners hesitated. It seemed a difficult position in which to place a slip of a girl. But in countless instances war has furnished women their opportunity. The man who formerly served in the station at Mount Kineo soon goes to a soldiers' training camp. Somebody must watch for forest fires and in view of this, coupled with Miss Henderson's eagerness, Commissioner Colby began to relent a little.

Still, there were difficulties. Mount Kineo is a Federal station. But assurance came from the proper authorities in Washington that it would be permissible to appoint a woman, and the question was settled.

Altho it will be a very lonely occupation, Miss Henderson is not at all timid. She cares not a straw for the presence of a possible bear or wild cat and laughs at thunder storms, which are sometimes terrific in the Kineo section. She is well acquainted with the Moosehead Lake territory.

If it should turn out that the season should be particularly dry and conducive to the forest fires, another young woman may be sent to her assistance.

Miss Henderson will have about two and a half miles of telephone line to look after. She must learn how to repair any breaks. The telephone line will keep her in touch with the various game wardens in her district, and between the top of the mountain and the hotel it will be her duty to see that the lines are kept intact.

Every fair day, from sunrise to sunset, she must spend in the tall steel tower watching for forest fires. Should smoke arise, a map tells her which fire warden to warn of the danger.

She will have an opportunity to leave the mountain only on days when it rains, and then she will take the two and a half or three mile trail to the hotel for supplies, or she may occupy herself in the cabin at household tasks or tend the flowers which she plans to plant and also a small vegetable garden. She will be obliged to cut her own wood for fuel.

Miss Henderson feels that it will be necessary to acquaint herself somewhat with firearms and she will leave shortly for the home of her cousin in West Sidney to take up gun and revolver practice on the farm.

She's a Draughtsman.

MRS. KATHRYN NEIL, brown-eyed bride of Pay Clerk Ray Neil, United States Navy, never wanted publicity. Yet because her work is unique, and there is no camouflage about the value of it to Uncle Sam, it furnishes a real inspiration for women all over the country.

Mrs. Neil, who before her marriage some few months ago, was Miss Willan, is engaged in helping the Governmnet build wooden ships. She is the chief draughtsman—or woman—of the big Meacham & Babcock wooden ship building plant located on Salmon Bay; she is the only draughtsman of her sex in the ship building industry on the Pacific coast, if not in the entire United States, and she is young.

Her hair is dark, her eyes soft brown, and she is as pretty as a picture. Four mere men work under her direction in the draughting-room of the company. It was only five months ago that she entered the employ of the company. Two months later she was promoted to chief draughtsman; at the same time she got married, but because her husband will soon put to sea, she continued her work.

Mrs. Neil is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, from which she was graduated in 1915. Ever since childhood mechanical engineering attracted her, and during high school and college days, she specialized in it. It is by sheer merit that she holds her position as chief draughtsman, and her employers consider her the best draughtsman they have ever had for the position.

Her duties consist of originating and supervising the hull drafting of the plant. That is, she builds the ship on paper, then the men in the yards build the vessel in the ways. If necessary she can lay out the ship's lines on the mold-loft floor, a job which she is soon likely to tackle. Altogether, Mrs. Neil is doing work that is of immediate help to her Government in its hour of need.

Here Our Wounded Are Recovering in a New York Hospital

A scene in the courtyard of a hospital somewhere in New York where boys from our own Army and Navy as well as members of the British forces are recovering from wounds.

Women Are Brave Under Shell Fire

SHELL fire holds few terrors for the women who live in the devastated regions of France, be they peasants who have their homes in the ruined villages, or high-bred, delicate Frenchwomen and Americans, reared in the lap of luxury, who are devoting themselves to the care of the wounded. Few men are braver when under shell fire, and none are more stoical or indifferent to peril than these women.

Many are the tales of their bravery and the good work that they do for the soldiers that are holding the lines, only a few miles to the rear of them. For instance, in the little village of Dugny, where a certain American Ambulance Section is parked, there was Madame Laurent, who continued to operate her little cafe despite a certain German battery that made it a habit of dropping in on the village every afternoon at teatime with six 105 millimeter shells, never more, never less, always fired at exactly the same hour, with the same one-minute interval between each shot.

The boys of the section had many reasons besides the hot coffee with which she furnished them for blessing the memory of Madame Laurent. She sewed buttons on their clothes, and performed miracles of finding eggs and milk in abundance when any one fell sick, but the thing that won her the greatest respect was the remark she made one afternoon, when a big shell exploded in her cabbage patch and one of its fragments whizzed thru the open door to imbed itself in the wall above the open hearth where she was kneeling.

"Ah, those Boches," she sighed as she went on poking the fire, "but it's all right provided they don't turn over my coffee pot."

Can you think of a man saying anything like that under similar circumstances?

Yet she wasn't alone in her devotion to her native village. There was her neighbor, Madame Trouille, who had remained there with her little girl, so that the child might take her first communion in the church in which she had been baptized. The church in question was only a few miles away from the railway station, which was the objective of enemy artillery, and only parts of its steeple were left standing. But one bright morning, Mme. Trouille dressed her little gosse as a bride, in accordance with the French custom for first communion, and the child knelt beside the altar. The only witnesses of the ceremony were the black-robed priest himself, the mother and a few soldiers stationed in the village.

More tragic in its ending is the story of a woman who lived in a suburb of Verdun, and who, following the attack of the Germans in 1916, fled to safety. In her flight, she forgot to rescue a beloved image of the Virgin Mary, and decided that nothing would keep her from removing it to safety. She therefore went back one night, along the shell-torn roads to find the plaster Madonna. They found her the next morning with a cruel gash in her breast, the image clasped in her arms like a baby. She was dead. They buried her beneath a wooden cross with the image of the Virgin in her arms, and inscribed on the cross the following words:

"Sainte Marie, priez pour elle." (Blessed Mary, pray for her.)

Yet these French peasants are not alone in their bravery. American women working side by side with the men, show unflinching courage in the face of danger. Salvation Army lassies, who were just back of the first lines, during the early part of the Germans' great offensive, refused to seek safety, but went on with their duties, until the Germans came into the very villages where they were stationed, and they were forced to flee to escape capture. Red Cross nurses forgot themselves in their efforts to bring relief to the men fallen in battle. Many of them were seen on the first lines, ministering to the wounded. Not a few of them were wounded, or suffered from the poison gas which was wafted across No Man's Land from the German trenches. And there were hundreds of others, ambulance drivers, canteen workers, well known writers like Gertrude Atherton and Jane Anderson, who exposed their lives many times under terrible shell-fire on the front. And this with a display of bravery and coolness unexampled among the men. The history of their sacrifices and their supreme devotion is as inspiring in its way as that of the men in the trenches.

Is a Watchmaker.

WOMEN all over the United States are truly keeping the home fires burning. Witness the work of Miss Bessie M. Austin, the only woman watchmaker in the city of Boston. Thousands of persons who travel daily on Boylston street over the Boston & Albany Railroad bridge near Massachusetts avenue, have only to glance into a tiny show window in the pointed end of the building which fills the angle made by the railroad and the roadway bridge, to see a small head, topped by fluffy blond hair, bending over the workbench, carrying on the work which her brother left to join the forces of the American Army overseas.

Almost twenty years ago, Miss Austin insisted on becoming her brother's assistant in his work, and she soon learned to be an expert and efficient watchmaker. She is pastmaster, today, of the innermost workings of the most intricate watch made. No work requires too much patience or skill for her to tackle. And while her brother, Lieut. W. W. Austin, is in France fighting the Huns, Miss Austin sits at her workbench carrying on his work, until her brother shall come home a victor.

Miss Austin makes a specialty of repairing, and old clocks take up most of her time; among the treasures on her walls are an old Aaron Willard, Jr., clock, and a Lyre clock, both of which are now more than a hundred years old. In them her interests center, when she is not thinking about her brother in France, and another one in the coast defense service. Only she and her sister are now left in their little home, but the women do their best to keep up their spirits and their work. They feel that they must both keep in trim for the time when the brothers return, so that they may give a proud accounting of their stewardship.

The Corn Girl.

GLEN ELLYN, Ill., boasts of a girl farmer who raises superior sweet corn, which she sells in the open market. The young woman is a college student, and pays all her incidental expenses with the proceeds from her small farm. She has only an acre under cultivation, but she makes it yield a tidy sum of money.

The garden was started some two or three years ago; the first year, was a period of experimentation, in which this young woman discovered that the Metropolitan variety of sweet corn was the most satisfactory for marketing in the green state. Accordingly, our corn girl has devoted herself to this variety. She saves her own seed corn. When, in picking, an especially perfect ear is found, a blue ribbon is tied on it for identification, and it is left to ripen for seed.

The "Blue Ribbon" corn girl follows a unique scheme in assuring a constant supply of good sweet corn for the market. She plants the corn in series two weeks apart. She picks the corn herself and ships it every day regularly. Because of the superior quality of her product, she receives a much higher price for her product than the ordinary variety commands. The corn averages from seven to ten inches in length, and is sweet and tender. It finds its way into some of the largest and best Chicago hotels and restaurants. Women living near a large town or city might do well to follow this girl's scheme for earning extra money.

Smaller Doses.

Mrs. Frippery wasn't an expert cook and even the mention of cooking roused all her fighting qualities.

"Did you make these biscuits, dear?" asked her husband, of course meaning no harm.

"I did," said his wife, preparing for a skirmish.

"They're smaller than usual, aren't they?" said hubby.

"They are," said his wife. "That's so you will have less to find fault with!"

Ignoring Advice.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup if I were you," said the little boy at the pump. "That is Bessie's cup and she has just been drinking out of it."

"Oh," said the gay young man from the city, as he drained the cup, "I don't mind. I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Who is she, your sister?"

"No, sir; my dog."

A King of Ability.

"Is Bliggins what you would call an able man?"

"Yes," replied Growcher. "He is able to collect a large income without working hard or getting into trouble."

The Man She Loved in Secret

By Clarissa Macrie

LITTLE Miss Cricket toiled up the long flight of stairs to her hall bedroom on the third floor back. Once inside its narrow confines she closed the door and sank down upon the small bed that sagged in the middle.

"Oh, dear, I am so dreadfully tired," she sighed as she pulled out her hatpins and smoothed back the gray-brown hair from her forehead. "It must be perfectly lovely to have a home of one's own and somebody to earn the money. I'm so tired of sewing, sewing, sewing—and coming home to this!"

There came a knock at her door.

"Come in," she said as she stood before the mirror. "Oh, good evening, Miss Brown—is supper ready?"

"I guess it is—the bell rang five minutes ago; just button my waist for me, will you, Miss Cricket? Say, hasn't it been an awful day?"

Miss Belle Brown, who worked in a hairdresser's shop, turned her broad shoulders encased in a crisp white waist and Miss Cricket stood on tiptoe to reach the top buttons.

"I had a ride home tonight—Mr. Dickson came along in that funny little red car of his and brought me up in a jiffy. Saved carfare, and I tell you every nickel counts, don't it?"

"Indeed it does," sighed Miss Cricket; "there, Miss Brown, that's the last one."

"Thanks. You're not anywhere near ready, are you? Can't I help you do your hair? It's pretty, so thick and wavy—say, you've got some gray hairs! We've got some stuff at the shop that'll fix that in no time; but I don't know as I'd touch it; that little bit of white along your temples is mighty becoming—there goes the second bell; I expect Billy will be cross as two sticks. There, I thought I'd make you laugh. You oughter laugh more, Miss Cricket, it's so becoming to your pretty teeth and it shows your dimples!"

Nancy Cricket laughed all the harder at this last sally, for she knew very well that the dimples which had been one of her girlish charms must be entirely absorbed in the creases of time, but perhaps the cheap mirror in which she had viewed her face so many years had distorted her interesting little face.

"There, you look as cute as a kitten in that blue dress—I always did like it," said Miss Brown [illegible] as they turned out the stingy gas flame and groped their way down the dimness of the stairs to the basement where Mrs. Beeks was waiting for them with the cold smile which she invariably bestowed upon late-comers.

The Beeks' boarding house was so thoroly respectable that its inmates endeavored to endure its increasing shabbiness as the years went by and the monotony of its plain, but substantial, home table.

The dwellers on the second floor who occupied the larger and more comfortable rooms had been there for many years and Mr. Benjamin Dickson, who kept a stationery store on the main street of the large city, was unquestionably the "star boarder" of the establishment.

There were never any frowns for Mr. Dickson even if he did appear late at his meals, nor was his especial liking for a particular cereal overlooked in the morning.

Miss Brown and Miss Cricket found all their fellow boarders gathered about the long table. There was the usual assortment of workers in stores and offices and among the older women there was an inclination to rivalry for the favor of Mr. Benjamin Dickson.

"Scrambled egg night!" hissed Miss Brown in Miss Cricket's ear as they sat down. "I can always tell because we have stewed apricots and gingerbread at the same time—ugh, just think of eating stewed apricots, when fresh berries are in the market!"

Miss Cricket smiled wearily and attacked her lukewarm scrambled egg with small appetite. A good cup of tea would have been refreshing, but the black, acrid brew that Biddy placed beside her was nauseating.

It was really remarkable how Mrs. Beeks could take perfectly good tea and make it taste exactly like bitter medicine! The boarders all discussed this talent of Mrs. Beeks' and Miss Finnegan, the milliner, said that Biddy had told her that Mrs. Beeks put the dry tea into the pot with cold water and let it come to a boil to draw out all the strength, and no one doubted Biddy's word, for Mrs. Beeks was capable of any experiment in the direction of economy.

Mr. Benjamin Dickson looked across the table at Miss Brown and Miss Cricket. He was a quiet, middle-aged man, with a handsome face and kind brown eyes. Mr. Dickson was always immaculately clothed and on one finger of his left hand he wore an old-fashioned ring that had belonged to his mother.

Mr. Dickson noted that while Miss Belle Brown complained of her food she ate heartily of everything within her long-armed reach, while Miss Cricket said nothing, but pecked daintly at her food.

When the meal was over the boarders gathered in the front basement sitting-room, with the exception of Miss Cricket, who started upstairs to her room. It was a very surprising thing to find Mr. Dickson standing in the front hall at the foot of the stairs and apparently waiting for her.

"Good evening, Miss Cricket," he said rather diffidently. "I was wondering if a breath of fresh air wouldn't be good for you this evening."

Nancy Cricket caught her breath. Never before had Mr. Dickson invited her to ride in the little red car, altho once, several years before, he had taken her to a lecture.

"Oh, thank you but——" she was saying when Mr. Dickson stopped her with a frown.

"No 'buts,' Miss Cricket! I'll wait for you down here."

Nancy darted upstairs to her little room, quite unconscious that she had been looking pretty as a picture in the eyes of Benjamin Dickson.

Unknown to Nancy, Belle Brown had dressed the luxuriant, gray-brown hair in another fashion, and her skilful fingers had transformed the appearance of the little over-worked seamstress.

Without a glance in the mirror, Nancy pinned on her Sunday hat and brought forth with trembling fingers an automobile veil of pink chiffon which she tied over her hat and about her throat in a great fluffy rosy bow that lent color to her pale cheeks.

It was a secret of her own that Nancy had bought that veil at the same time Mr. Dickson had purchased the red car — she never knew when one would be invited to ride—and altho she had waited many weeks for the invitation it had come at last!

"Ready? Ah!" Mr. Dickson, looking very youthful in his linen duster and gauntlets, with a cap in his hand, handed Nancy into the car while his admiring eyes rested on the transformed little woman.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten ride for several reasons. First, Mr. Dickson had been silent for a very long time when he suddenly asked in a queer voice: "Are you a suffragette, Miss Cricket?"

And Miss Cricket much surprised had gasped: "Mercy no, why should I be?"

"So many women are nowadays," he murmured in a relieved tone.

Miss Cricket was silent again—she did not want to spoil this wonderful drive by talking—besides, there was a note in Mr. Dickson voice that disturbed her strangely; it caused her heart to beat in a most unaccustomed manner.

Around and around the park they glided in the procession of automobiles that wound in and out along the perfect roads. They listened to the band concert and at last when it was over they stopped at a pavilion and Mr. Dickson brought her out a plate of ice cream. They sat in the little red car and ate ice cream and listened to another band concert.

At last they left the park and turned back to the city. The little red car went around a corner, chuckled along a quiet side street and with a derisive snort stopped in front of an old stone church with its vine-clad rectory close by.

"What is the matter?" cried Nancy Cricket, shaken out of her dreamy abstraction.

Mr. Dickson was on the ground, looking under the car. Presently he arose brushed his knees, and leaning against the car looked up at Miss Nancy perched on the seat.

"This has happened," he said deliberately, and the masterful tone sent delightful thrills thru Nancy Cricket. "I came out to ask you to marry me, Miss Cricket, and I couldn't summon courage to do it—but this blessed little car of mine has paved the way. It stopped right in front of the church and the minister's—and that's the question, Nancy. What is your answer?"

In one blinding flash the future was revealed to Nancy Cricket—to marry Benjamin Dickson, whom she secretly loved; to have a cozy little home where she would have nothing to do save to make it comfortable for him and to ride in the little red car whenever she liked. It was too much!

Nancy bowed her head, and, quite regardless of the fluffy pink chiffon bows, she cried softly.

Mr. Dickson was holding both her hands in his when the door of the rectory opened and the rector's rotund form came down the path of the gate.

"Good evening," he said, pleasantly. "Have you had a breakdown? Can I be of assistance?"

"No thank you—not this evening," said Benjamin Dickson heartily, "but we are going to be married very soon and then we will need your help—how soon Nancy, tomorrow?"

Nancy laughed a shaky laugh. "One month from now," she said firmly, and with that decision Mr. Dickson had to be content.

The rector bade them good night and the little red car chuckled again, and then buzzed home just as if it had not contributed to make this a wonderful evening for two people.

* * *

The Traveler Learns.

IT DOESN'T pay to take it for granted that the native Londoner has no sense of humor, as one American officer of the newly organized engineers found out. This man went into a barber shop for a shave and fell to bragging about the United States of America.

"Why in America," he declared, "we all specialize. You should stick to one thing and master it completely."

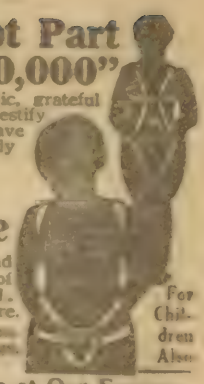
The barber, who meanwhile had been lathering his customer's face, nodded assent, but said nothing. He then left the American and sat down to enjoy his newspaper.

"Why don't you shave me?" inquired the American.

"Oh, we only lather here," coolly replied the barber. "You must go next door to be shaved."

"I Would Not Part with it for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life *first*.



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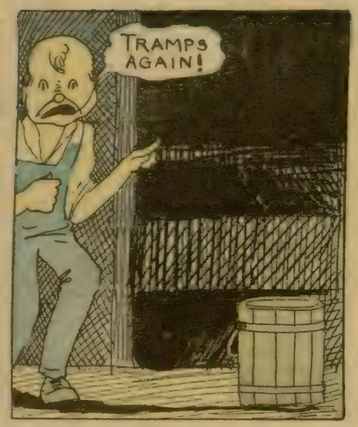
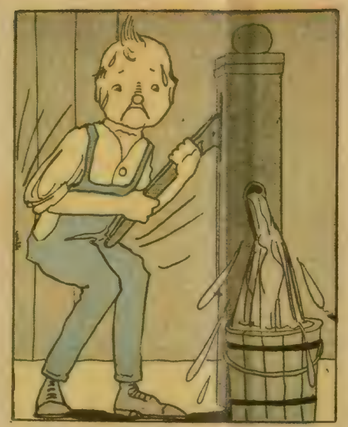
How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....





ON THE FARM — Pete, horrified, saw two bright sparks in the haymow. "Tramps again," he muttered. Pete snatched up a bucket and ran to the well, inwardly cursing all hoboes. He hurriedly pumped. water fearing the mow would be in flames ere his return. Panting for breath and sp as he ran, came our anxious P ucket of water on the fiery nds were heard. And Tabby, the house cat, leaped from the mow. "I forgot cats' eyes shine," gasped Pete.

Exhausted Resources.

Alas for the tragedies of humble life! Jim Shepherd has been covered with gloom of late.

"What's up, old chap?" queried his lifelong chum, Fred Elliott. "The lovely Laura decided she can live without you?"

"Woman," says James profoundly, "is a delusion and a snare. The worst of it was she never said 'No' till I'd spent all my cash on her."

The despair in his tones was real and deep.

"Never mind," said the cheerful Frederick. "There's as good fish in the sea you know, as ever were caught."

"That's true enough," said James, "but"—he breathed a dreary sigh—"what's the good of that when you've used up all your blessed bait?"

The Wrong Diet.

A desk sergeant in a Chicago police station was recently approached by a rather respectable-looking young man who asked him if he knew where he could obtain a situation. "I have tramped this town for three days without finding any work," said the man down on his luck.

"I understand that they want help at the stockyards. Have you applied there?" asked the sergeant.

"What at the stockyards? I wouldn't work there if I were starving."

"Why not?"

"I'm a vegetarian."

The Reason.

"Do you know why money is so scarce, brothers?" the soapbox orator demanded, and a fair sized section of the backbone of the nation waited in leisurely patience for the answer.

A tired looking woman had paused for a moment on the edge of the crowd. She spoke shortly.

"It's because so many of you men spend your time telling each other why, 'stead of hustling to see that it ain't!"

Why He's Saving.

Bacon—"Have you noticed how seedy Mumps is looking nowadays?"

Egbert—"Yes. He's doing his bit."

"But his wife looks just as stylish as ever."

"Sure. That's what he's doing his bit for."

"Did your husband claim exemption when he registered, Mandy?"

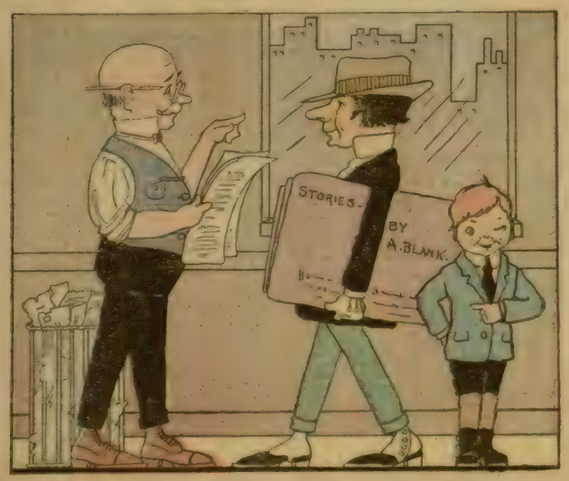
"Deed he did, mam. He done told dem officers that if he was taken to war A'd have nobody to take home the washings."

Nothing Cheap About Him.

"You're a low swindler."

The food pirate smiled.

"Call me a swindler if you like," he said, "but leave off the 'low.' My operations run into the millions."



"In writing a short story," said the editor to the literary aspirant, "you should always emulate the ——"

"In what way?" asked the aspiring one.

"Never permit the interest to lag," replied the editor.

The Last Word.

A lawsuit had arisen out of a dispute about a right of way, and the counsel for the landlord, who was the defendant, was cross-examining a venerable laborer who had testified that to his personal knowledge there had been a right of way over the disputed land since he was a boy 5 years old.

"And how old are you now?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty-five."

"But surely you can't remember things which occurred when you were a boy of 5, eighty years ago?" said the lawyer, in affected incredulity.

"Deed, an' I can, sir! I can mind a year afore that, when your father—auld skinflint, as we used to call him——"

"That will do. You may go," said counsel, reddening, as a titter ran thru the court.

"Got an awful wallopin' frae Joan MacIntosh——"

"That'll do!" roared the lawyer wrathfully.

"For cheatin' her 2-year-old lassie——"

"Do you hear? You can go, I say!"

"Out o' the change o' a thruppenny bit!" concluded the venerable witness triumphantly, as he slowly left the witness box.

Camouflaged.

Bessie is a bright one. The other day her teacher set her and her schoolmates to drawing, letting them choose their own subjects. After the teacher had examined what the other children had drawn she took up Bessie's sheet.

"Why, what is this?" she said. "You haven't drawn anything at all, child."

"Please, teacher, yes I have," returned Bessie. "It's a war picture—a long line of ammunition wagons at the front. You can't see 'em, 'cause they're camouflaged."

Opening an Account.

She had taken her place in line with the eager throng who were anxious to buy Liberty Loan Bonds, and she approached the clerk at the window in this fashion:

"I would like to open an account at this bank, if you please."

"Very well, madam, we shall be pleased to accommodate you. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Deposit?" she reiterated. "Oh, but I mean a charge account, such as I have at the big dry goods stores."

Hard Work.

Andrew Carnegie has had to stand for a lot of stories, so this little one blamed on him won't add but a trifle to his conscience:

"Speaking of the obstinacy of the Scotch," said the Laird of Skibo, "I once knew a Scotch minister who told me of a parishioner who prayed as follows:

"'Lord, O Lord, keep me from going wrong, for You know how hard it is to do anything with a Scot when once he has made up his mind.'"

Still Waiting.

Matsby—"I used to think I would know just how to manage my wife when I got her."

Bowles—"Has your system proved to be a failure?"

Matsby—"No; the system is all right, so far as I know. She has never let me try it."

Fred Was Right.

"Fred is so poetical. When I accepted him he said he felt like an immigrant entering a new world."

"Well, there's sense as well as poetry in that. Wasn't he just landed?"

The Comeback.

"Isn't this too absurd?" said the hostess, as she read a letter the maid had handed to her. "I sent Marie Burns the loveliest of bags for Christmas. It had been given to me, I knew, and I had so many I saved it to give away. I suppose we all do those things." The guest nodded.

"Well, here's her letter of thanks, and listen to what she says: 'Dear Grace: When I gave you that bag three years ago on Christmas I was so fond of it I could hardly bear to part with it. So I thank you most heartily for remembering me this Christmas with my own gift, I parted with so unselfishly. Cordially yours, Marie Burns.'"

His Idea of It.

The regimental sergeant-major was on parade and spotting the recruit, who as usual kept making a hash of things, started on him in a compassionate tone:

"Say, son, if your body was one long fuse, and your brain all gunpowder, and if they burnt you, there wouldn't be a big enough explosion to blow your cap off."

And the regimental sergeant-major then turned away in disgust.

One Gain.

"Do you find your expenses lessening in any way?"

"Well," replied the man who tries to be cheerful, "since I took up this food control idea I don't have to buy nearly so many dyspepsia tablets."

Revelations.

The Bride (soon after marriage) — "That person who said you are wedding ring sadly overcharged you."

The Groom — "The scoundrel! And I have bought four engagement rings, plus dressing himself up. He'll need all the fee he can get is Palestine."

Lip Service.

"The Germans talk about their love of peace, but such talk is only from the lip," said Senator Lodge at a dinner in Boston.

"When I hear a German talking about his defensive war, about this war which was forced upon him, I am reminded of the married man whose wife said one evening to him sadly:

"'George, you do not speak as affectionately as you used to do. I fear you have ceased to love me.'

"'Ceased to love you?' growled George from behind his paper. 'There you go again. Ceased to love you? Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the football dope.'"

Needed.

They sat together in the palm shaded conservatory and he laid his all at her feet.

"I cannot entertain the idea of marrying you," she replied coldly. "My heart is with a brave boy fighting in Palestine."

"It's a good thing for the boy," he rejoined grimly, pilot dressing himself up. "He'll need all the fee he can get is Palestine."

A Future Problem.

"Here's an article declares German babies born during the war have shrunk considerably from the standard size.'

"Dear me! Then what is the militarism of the future going to do about its infantry?"

"Mike?"

"Pleas'?"

"I was just thinkin' after we get out o' the trenches an' back home again how nice an' peaceful that old boiler factory will sound to us."

The Task.

"There goes Miss Bullion, the heiress. It is said that a German duke once drank champagne out of her slipper."

"Possibly so," answered the caustic young woman. "Some of those foreign noblemen have an astounding capacity for wine."

Cause for Rejoicing.

Two elderly gentlemen both decently clothed in sober black, were sitting side by side in a motor bus. Each was reading a morning paper. Suddenly one of the men uttered an exclamation of pleasure and the other peered at him over his spectacles.

"I see here," explained the first with a beaming face, "that Mr. Grewson, who died last week, has left his entire fortune to various charitable enterprises. This will be a surprise to his many relatives. It is to me a most welcome, in my case, for I am the minister of a church to which he has left £2,000."

The other man looked at the newspaper and his face, too, became wreathed in smiles.

"Bless him!" he exclaimed heartily. "All to charitable institutions, in spite of his relatives! Ah, sir, I like to see money left like that—I do indeed!"

"Are you also a minister?"

"No, sir, I am a lawyer."

Why Keep It?

Bertie's eldest and most prosperous brother had invited him for a motor trip in his new car. As they were alighting from the car upon their return home Bertie said in a tone filled with intense longing:

"I say, Fred, I wish I had an automobile."

"H'm," returned his brother, "you couldn't afford to keep it if you had it."

"No, I guess the petrol," sighed Bertie, sorrowfully, "but I could afford to sell it."

Beneath Them.

A rather raw servant girl was told to order the family vegetables at the grocer's. After booking what was asked for, the tradesman queried:

"Will your mistress want any bananas today? Some just in, nice and fresh."

Tossing her head, Mary Jane said:

"No, indeed; we want no such thing, I know. My master keeps a motor car."

Obliging Waiter.

Master Walter, aged 5, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast, and piled the crust on his plate.

"When I was a boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."

"Did you like them?" inquired his offspring cheerfully.

"Yes," replied the parent.

"Then you may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.

Not What He Wanted.

"Now, here is a showcase," said the dealer, pointing to a peculiar looking specimen of his wares, "that is bound to become popular. It magnifies everything put in it to double its natural size."

"Can't use it in my business," replied the prospective customer. "What I want is a case that will seemingly reduce the actual size of its contents fully one-half."

"What is your line?" asked the dealer.

"My specialty is ladies' shoes."

Etiquette.

First Tommy—"You didn't 'arf be'ave bad at the feed yesterday, you did."

Second Tommy—"Garn! What did I do?"

First Tommy—"What didn't you do? I'll jest give yer a couple o' instances. Ter begin wiv, I ain't sure if it's exactly form ter light yer fag when the dessert comes on, but I do know that it ain't right to strike yer bally match on the blomonge!"

Their Classification.

"America is composed of three classes of men: First, those who have succeeded; second, those who haven't."

"Yes? And the third?"

"Oh, they're the fellows who write articles for the magazines telling the second class how the first class did it."—Life.

She—"You brute! Where my head was when I consented to marry you I can't imagine."

He—"On my shoulder, my dear."

PUZZLES

Diagonal Puzzle.

27

H
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * S

This puzzle is solved by filling in the blank spaces with the words indicated by the following sentences. The first row, both horizontal and vertical, spells the same word; both the second rows are the same, etc.

1. Part of the body.
2. One older in age.
3. Unburnt brick.
4. A puzzle.
5. A lock of hair.

Novel Zigzag.

28

* * * * 1
* * * 2 *
* * * 3 *
* * * 4 *
* * * 5 *
* * * 6 *
* * * 7 *
* * * 8 *
* * * * 9

The zigzag, 1-9, spells the name of a famous leader of a rising against Roman power. The primals spell his occupation.

Crosswords: 1. Sports. 2. Lights. 3. A place for contests. 4. A daily record. 5. A waterway. 6. A book of maps. 7. A garment. 8. Used to call boats. 9. Circles.

Common Cats.

29—1. What kind of a cat has wings?
2. What cat goes on the water?
3. What cat is an arranged list?
4. What cat lives in the water?
5. What kind of cat attacks the nose and head?
6. What cat always brings disaster?
7. What cat eats clover and hay?
8. What cat has more than one tail?
9. What is the cat's favorite plant?

Imps We Have Met.

30—1. An imp that is growing better.
2. A saucy imp.
3. A royal imp.
4. A faulty imp.
5. A hasty imp.
6. A wicked imp.
7. A pretentious imp.
8. A rash imp.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

23. Diagonal Puzzle.

A C I D S
C O R A L
I R A T E
D A T E D
S L E D S

24. *Ar* *Ar* *Ar*.

Dare Hard Wars: Bard, earl, care, dark, cars, cart, mare, carp, farm, garb, fare, dart, mart, tars, bark, oars, tarn, part, earn, warp, rare, warm, mark, ears, park, warn, jars, hark, harp, ward, hare, hart, harm.

25. Endless Chain.

1. Andes.
2. Estop.
3. Opera.
4. Raven.
5. Enemy.
6. Myrrh.
7. Rhine.
8. Negro.
9. Roman.
10. Angel.
11. Elfin.
12. Inane.
13. Never.
14. Error.
15. Organ.

26. Metamorphoses.

1. Band-land-lane-tane-tone.
2. Head-heat-feat-feet.
3. Boy-bay-may-man.
4. Cold-cord-word-ward-warm.
5. Wood-wool-cool-coal.
6. Fore-ford-fond-find-hind.
7. Wild-wile-tile-tale-tame.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

It is a difficult task to fathom a shallow mind.

Nothing resembles yesterday as much as tomorrow.

A man's temper improves the more he doesn't use it.

Discretion has a greater commercial value than valor.

The chief burden of a woman's life is her neighbor.

It's a coastwise steamer that manages to avoid the rocks.

The pace that kills causes few demises among the messenger boys.

A husband in hand is worth two that are beyond control.

Some men are born with black eyes and others acquire them.

When a tramp sees an ax it gives him a splitting headache.

The wise man gives words, but keeps his thoughts to himself.

A man's second love always owns more property than his first one.

Genius may compel a man to like the disagreeable things he has to do.

Don't get too self-important. You may be as wise as an owl—exactly.

The letter "e" is in the beginning of everything and in the end of every one.

What this country needs is a barometer that will indicate decent weather and keep it there.

An old toper says he envies the acorns, because they always remain in their cups until they drop.

Perhaps some people ask us foolish questions because they think they are the only kind we can answer.

When a man does something mean to you that you had thought of doing to him it warps the golden rule.

Perhaps, after all, babies do understand the language women talk to them—and stay awake nights to get even.

After reaching a ripe old age some men have nothing to do but sit around and nurse their frost bitten aspirations.

If a man possess the rudiments of wisdom he will formally decline to write his name on the back of a note as a matter of form.

A man in order to be great must be good, says an exchange. Great criminals and great rascals and William Hohenzollern please note.

An ancient but jaundiced philosopher once said: "There are only two good men; one of them is dead and the other is not yet born."

Your Kitchen in War Time

A Wheatless Triumph.

THREE sponge cakes, and not a dusting of wheat flour used. Impossible, you say? Not at all. It all happened one day late in March. A conference was on in the office of the U. S. Food Administration, and the subject was wheat. In the midst of this solemn debate a triumphant cook came on the scene, bearing before her the evidences of her triumph—three delicate sponge cakes, one of corn flour, one of rice flour and one of barley flour.

The American woman had conquered again. The cook who made them followed the directions known to our mothers, that is the weight of the eggs in sugar, and half the weight in flour. Here are the recipes by which she achieved her success. Proceed carefully; either weigh materials following the old-fashioned rule for sponge cake, or use a measuring cup. Sift the flour before measuring, and measure lightly.

BARLEY SPONGE CAKE—Barley flour, 1 1-3 cups; sugar, 1 cup; eggs, 4; lemon juice, 1 tablespoon; salt, ⅛ teaspoon.

CORN FLOUR SPONGE CAKE—Corn flour, 1 cup; sugar, 1 cup; eggs, 4; lemon juice, 2 tablespoons; salt, ⅛ teaspoon.

RICE SPONGE CAKE—Rice flour, ¾ cup; sugar, 1 cup; eggs, 4; lemon juice, 2 tablespoons; salt, ⅛ teaspoon.

DIRECTIONS FOR MIXING—Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks until light, add the sugar, the salt and the lemon juice. Fold in alternately the flour and the stiffly beaten whites.

These cakes are all very nice and light, texture and color good. Barley has characteristic flavor. The corn flour cake is especially tender and all are of good texture. The extra lemon juice is used with rice and corn because these flours have a slightly starchy taste.

Canned Food Myth.

THE popular belief that canned foods will spoil and even be dangerous if left in the tin after opening has been made the subject of a technical investigation by W. D. Bigelow, chief chemist of the National Canners' Association, whose results are reported in the American Food Journal. Canned milk is usually kept in the tin until used up, sometimes for days, and shows no deterioration, and the result of laboratory tests demonstrated that a tin can differs little from a tin dish for keeping such foods, so far as wholesomeness is concerned.

Cans of tomatoes, corn, string beans, sauerkraut, apples, pineapple and pumpkin were opened and allowed to stand from one to three days, when the contents were examined chemically for increased acidity and the presence of tin and iron, as well as taste and odor. The increase in acidity was very slight in most cases, and the amounts of tin and iron infinitesimal, while taste and odor were in most cases normal.

Dr. Bigelow concludes that on general principles keeping canned foods in open tins is not good housekeeping, because the can with its jagged edge is not an attractive dish, and food emptied into another dish can be kept to better advantage in cupboard and refrigerator. So far as wholesomeness is concerned, however, keeping such foods in the cans in which they are packed after opening is not harmful in any way.

Points About Meat.

MEAT can only be perfectly stewed if the water is kept just below the boiling point.

Meat loses one-fifth and upwards of its weight in cooking.

Cooking reduces the digestibility of meat—raw meat taking two and roasted meat four hours to digest.

Meat is really nothing but muscular tissues, and its constituents are protein and water.

The tenderness of meat which has been hung is due to the development of certain acids—chiefly sarcolactic—which make the flesh tender and digestible.

The addition of apple sauce to pork, mint sauce to lamb, lemon juice to veal and horseradish to beef, are all dietetically sound, and check bad results.

The best meat preservative is a pan of charcoal in the larder.

Hints for Housewives.

HOT dripping must never be poured into a vessel containing cold drippings, or it will turn musty in a very short time.

TO REMOVE FAT FROM HOT SOUP—Pour the soup thru a cloth that has been rinsed in cold water, and the fat will remain in the cloth.

TO TURN OUT JELLIES—The following method of turning out jellies quite whole from the mold will be found an excellent one: Grease the jelly molds with butter, and when the jelly is to be turned out, plunge the mold into hot water and remove at once.

Keeping Recipes.

BY THOSE who have tried cook books, scrap books and cards for keeping recipes systematically in the kitchen the card system has been found to be by far the best. It is easy to see that one soiled page in a cook book spoils the whole book, while in the case of a card it can simply be thrown away and a fresh one put in its place. Recipes in book form are so much harder, too, to follow when cooking from them—a card is much less clumsy. Cutout recipes, tables, etc., are very conveniently pasted on the blank fresh cards kept in readiness for the purpose. Complete card systems, boxed, can be bought.

Windshield for Range.

THE draft from an open door or window is often disastrous to the flame of an open gas burner. A windshield may be quickly made by slipping two clothespins, heads down, into the grating of the stove top and placing in them a piece of heavy cardboard or even a folded newspaper. By sawing the openings deeper the shield will be brought closer to the base, making it still more effective.

To Dry Scrim Curtains.

TO AVOID ironing scrim or net curtains after washing them, hang them up on the curtain rods while they are still wet. Slip a flat stick thru the open lower hem and stretch down.

Two nails driven below the window sill will hold the rod in place, keeping the curtains stretched. When the curtains are dry remove the stick. The curtains will be perfectly straight.

Eggless Brownies.

ONE-THIRD cupful of shortening, one-third cupful of sugar, one third cupful of molasses, one cupful of flour, three-quarters cupful of chopped nut meats, one beaten egg, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, two squares of melted chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream the shortening, add the molasses, then the beaten egg. Next add the dry ingredients, sifted together, and the chocolate and the flavor. Drop the mixture.

Barley Baking Powder Biscuits.

TWO cups barley flour, one-half teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, two tablespoons fat, two-third cup milk. Sift the dry ingredients together, rub in the fat, and add the liquid until a soft dough is formed. (Dough should be softer than for wheat flour biscuits.) Roll to about three quarters of an inch thick, cut with a cookie cutter and bake in a hot oven.

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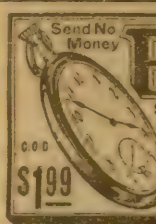

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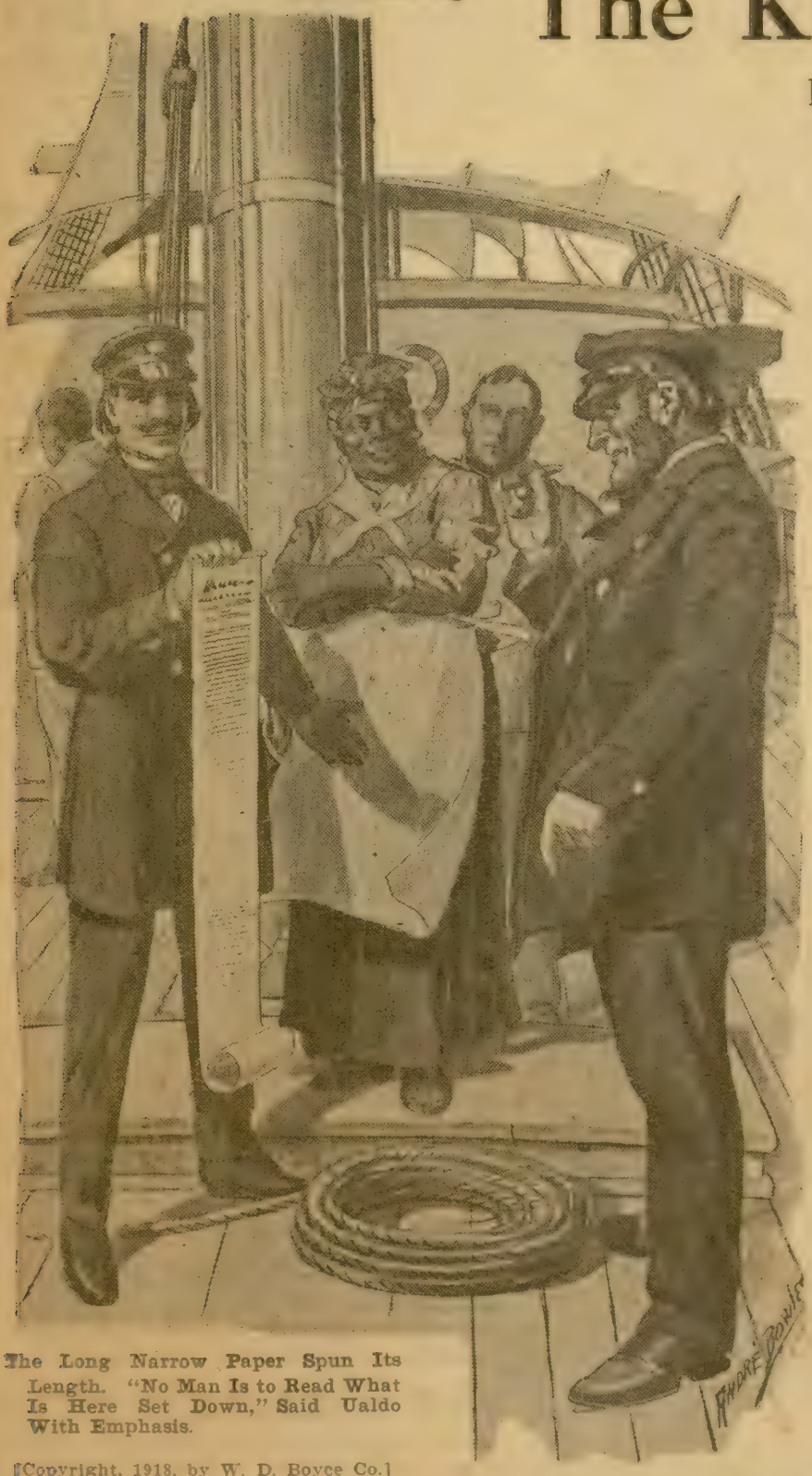
Concluding

The Kidnaped Feudists

By William H. Manning



The Long Narrow Paper Spun Its Length. "No Man Is to Read What Is Here Set Down," Said Ualdo With Emphasis.

Events in the Story Up to Now

ZACHARIAH CRAGGE and Isaac Skarlott are the respective leaders in a family feud in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. Captain John King of the ship Lady-for-Me, is a boyhood friend of both men. He takes it into his head to end the feud by kidnaping the principals and holding them on board his ship at sea until they shake hands. He has called on his two sisters, Magnet and Jewel, to assist him, under the chaperonage of their high-bred aunt, Miss Ruhamah King, in making peace between the mountaineers—a task they have entered upon with considerable vim, being well along toward their thirtieth years. On the first night out the second mate is struck a terrific blow under the chin by a human fist. He is unable to find any clew to the identity of his assailant except that a tall slender man has been seen once during the night, prowling about in ghost-like fashion. The only tall, slender person known to be on board the ship is Miss Ruhamah King. Zachariah and Isaac at their first meeting solve their embarrassment by affecting not to be aware of each other's presence—Zachariah paying elaborate attention to Magnet, and Isaac to Jewel. The tall, slender assailant of Kenyon reappears as a burglar who enters Zachariah's stateroom and carries off a pair of boots, which he later returns. Papers on Captain King's desk have also been disturbed. Finally, two days out, a mysterious schooner, the Don Jose, signals the Lady-for-Me to stop and on her refusal fires a warning shot. Then the captain of the schooner boards the Lady-for-Me with his men, all armed with rifles and escorting in their midst a huge negress, whom they introduce as Susan. This Susan they propose to swap for the man cook of the Lady-for-Me. Zachariah and Isaac interrupt the proceedings with a sudden attempt to arm themselves with the strangers' rifles. In the free-for-all fight that ensues Captain King is felled, the feudists are flung into the sea, and the visitors get away with the object of their visit—the man cook of the Lady-for-Me. Susan, however, proves to be an excellent cook and the feudists are rescued from the sea. Then one night a terrible storm comes up and the mountaineers, foiled in the rifle fracas, covertly dare each other to go on deck when the gale shall be at its height, and each silently accepts the challenge. During the storm a sailor sent in quest of Captain King is unable to find him on board the ship. Then King himself presently appears, rather damaged as a result of an encounter with the mysterious man who haunts the ship. As the night wears on, the storm grows furious and at its worst the two feudists seek the deck to have a look at the sea. Knocked down and rolled about the deck, they finally bring up to find themselves clinging to the same shroud, in peril of their lives. In that moment they cannot restrain an impulse to exclaim on the fury of the storm. The feud cure has begun to work, tho when each is safely back in the cabin he swears to Captain King that the feud is forever. So now the Captain banks everything on Magnet and Jewel. In return for their gentle influence he has promised Aunt Ruhamah another season for them in Richmond with a view to marrying off the girls to a Jefferson or a Randolph of Virginia. To every one's consternation, the schooner that had outraged the Lady-for-Me now again appears on the horizon, and sends a cannon ball across the bows of the defenseless Lady-for-Me.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 15, dated April 13.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A TALE IS TOLD.

CAPTAIN KING looked at the hostile schooner with cold unconcern. If the Don Jose had been a mere rowboat, he would not have been more composed outwardly. Then he addressed the mate.

"Mr. Hunt, bring the Lady-for-Me to at once."

The mate looked relieved. He was far from being a pronounced coward, but the bow-chaser of the schooner worried him. As had often been pointed out, a shot from the big gun would sink the merchantman. While he proceeded to obey orders, the captain turned to Oliver Kenyon.

"And you," he continued, "get busy in another way. It is certain that Captain Ualdo intends to board us again. What he wants I don't know, but if it's a small matter we will let him have his way. We can't afford to waste a life in this ship to humor our tempers. On the other hand, if the fellow out there tries to misuse us, we'll fight. This is the time to make ready."

"Give us weapons, John!" cried Isaac Skarlott.

"Arm us to the teeth!" added Zachariah Cragge.

"You will be upset when you see the only sort of weapons I can furnish, gentlemen. Mr. Kenyon, rouse out every belaying-pin, and everything belonging to the carpenter that is worth while, and also small spars—all things that will serve to hammer enemy heads——"

Oliver had started promptly, but the captain called him back and enumerated the list again, and more fully. The matter had been in his mind for days, and to old-time experience he had added his latest ideas.

In a short time the ship's topsail was backed and she lost headway, but before this was accomplished the more alert Don Jose was so near to a stop that her men were waiting to lower away the boat they had swung around on the davits.

Captain King awaited results with his mind so intent on the strangers that he gave little heed to matters in his own ship, except to make certain that the makeshift weapons were properly gathered and placed for use.

These implements were regarded by Zachariah and Isaac without enthusiasm. For men who had been born in Tennessee cabins with a rifle within twenty feet, and who had used that mighty weapon by day and slept alongside of it by night for almost forty years, clubs of iron and wood did not seem like good substitutes.

When the schooner was at a full stop, her boat was lowered, and men entered and pulled for the Lady-for-Me. Captain King eyed them thru his glass.

"Four hands at the oars," he muttered, "and one steering, and one who sits idle. I should say—yes, the steersman is Captain Ualdo. The wound he got when aboard of us before didn't kill him. Worse yet, he looks upright of body and in bounding health. The idle man—say, Kenyon, do you recognize that fellow?"

The question was asked with some excitement, and the captain passed the glass to his mate. Oliver looked and then whistled softly.

"Seth Bitley!" he exclaimed.

"So I call it. They are bringing our own cook back to us. Now, what does that mean?"

"Maybe they don't like his cooking."

"You and I know that Seth is all right as a cook."

"Certainly, sir, and my remark was a feeble joke. So they are bringing Seth back to us—or have they taken him along so that we could not fire at them without hitting him? That question implies that they may erroneously suspect we have firearms."

"Your guess is not a bad one, sir. Well, we will wait—wait——"

The captain fell to muttering aimlessly, but the wait was not long. With the sailors rowing steadily and Ualdo steering calmly, the boat was brought hard by the ship. Then the hostile captain spoke to his men, who lay on their oars, and he hailed the Lady-for-Me.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" called King, wasting no words.

"Probably you remember us," Ualdo continued.

"I have reason to remember!" was the intemperate retort.

"We have, as you will see, dropped around again. Your good servant, Mr. Bitley, is in excellent health, and I trust that Miss Susan is the same. I and my men are recovering beautifully from the wounds you gave us in the little tug-of-war we had on my former visit. No doubt you have worried lest our aforesaid wounds might trouble us. No, my dear sir, no! We are feeling brisk. Now, to drop frivolous talk——"

For the first time Ualdo smiled, and under his black mustache white teeth gleamed amicably, or so it seemed, but King was wary.

"Let me come to business," added the strange captain. "Sir, before we previously boarded you, did I not tell you I would not steal money or goods from you, and did I not keep my word?"

"Yes," was the reluctant admission.

"Heed me, then, when I say that, on this visit, I will not steal from you, nor shall one of my party go below your deck. We will not annoy you in any way if you comply with our requests, and what we ask of you will be as simple as on our other visit."

"Possibly," said King, with sarcasm, "you want to swap cooks with us again?"

"That is just what we do want," returned Ualdo composedly. "We will exchange the excellent Mr. Bitley for Susan. That is all we want."

Captain King gasped audibly. The men of the Don Jose had been mysterious enough from the start, but the new proposal, coming after the former events, seemed absurd. Rallying, he sent his answer.

"If that is all you want, pull alongside, and when you are under our channels we will lower Susan to you and hoist Seth up. There will be no occasion for you to board us."

"Pardon me, sir, but in this you err. When the exchange of cooks is made, I have one question to ask Susan. If her reply is satisfactory, and I'm sure it will be so, we will promptly leave you. All told, we need not be on your deck more than five minutes. Just a single question of Susan. Is it good, Senor Captain?"

King unconsciously wet his lips in helpless anger, but his eyes were boring away at Ualdo's face and his ears weighing the words he heard. From the first he had expected that the strangers would come aboard, so he did not have that matter to dwell upon.

"Lay alongside of us and we will lower a ladder. I'm going to trust you, but don't forget that we now have weapons and will make ourselves mighty deadly if you cut up any antics."

"There will be no quarrel, sir, and we will not vex you."

Once more Ualdo smiled, and at a motion from him his oarsman pulled to the ship. The ladder had been lowered as promised, and when the boat was made fast the strange leader came up lightly, followed by Seth. It required only one glance at Bitley's well-colored face and his expansive smile to believe that he was in health, so nobody gave further heed to him then. One of Ualdo's sailors ascended far enough to have the deck under his survey, and then, his feet on the upper part of the ladder, he hung on the bulwark and watched and listened, subject to his officer's will.

The master of the Don Jose nodded good humoredly.

"Now, Senor Captain, if you will produce Susan, we will soon have this new exchange over with. If Susan—ah! here she is."

The corpulent negress appeared from somewhere with a readiness that told clearly that she had been alert. She looked quite as happy as Seth, and her smile was broader.

"Well, Senorita Susana?" questioned Ualdo.

"All is well, Senor Captain," she replied.

"Excellent!" he commented. "Now we will go away. Captain King, it has been a matter of regret to me that I have necessarily inconvenienced you, for I dislike to annoy anybody, but need knows no law. Yet, I beg your pardon heartily, and wish you freedom from vexations in the future. May all good attend your coming days and years. Yes, we will go. My good Susan, prepare to descend the ladder and we will say an eternal farewell to our kind American friends——"

"Not yet!" exclaimed Captain King stoutly.

"Beg pardon?"

"Like you, I desire peace, but it is our due that we know what all this means. Some days ago you held me up on the sea by firing a cannon ball to tell me I must stop or be sunk. Now, the process

is repeated. On the first occasion you insisted on swapping your cook for mine. Now you insist upon swapping back again. It is my right to know what this means. If it is no more than exchanging cooks, it is ridiculous, but it is more. You have twice fired your bow-chaser my way, an act of piracy unless it can be explained away——"

Captain Ualdo spread out his hands eloquently.

"My dear, dear sir!" he cried, his manner that of one greatly grieved. "I again beg your pardon, and tho the bow-chaser is still bearing upon you and you are defenseless, I am more than willing to make all clear. On mature thought it seems to me it's your due. Susan!"

"Senor master?" she replied, smiling.

"You have it—it?"

"Yes, master."

"Here!"

From the folds of her blouse she produced a rolled paper and handed it to Ualdo. He deftly untied a white ribbon and the long, narrow paper, unrolling as he held it properly, spun its length to his feet, a strip four feet long. Those who looked sharpest saw a hundred or more lines of writing in ink at its topmost part, and below were many autograph names in double columns.

"No man is to read what is here set down," said Ualdo with emphasis, "but I will give you a suggestion of the purport of it. Down in South America many men of many countries have formed a great purpose for future days. Do not think it is anything so cheap and common as governmental revolutions or any phase of politics—no, no! It is greater, vaster, all embracing, and the names of great men are heard in its councils. Their names are here!"

He tapped the paper with a long, slender finger.

"Their names are here," he repeated, "tho to set them here was to risk death. Because of this danger the paper could not be kept on land in any country in South America, so it was given to me to carry to—but I must not tell to what place. After putting to sea in the Don Jose I discovered that enemies knew of the paper, and that hostile warships were out to intercept every South American vessel and get it away from whoever had it. I saw no hope of making a landing before being happened upon by some such ship. It seemed necessary that I should get rid of the paper for a while. Studying the subject, I found a way and a keeper."

Ualdo paused, looked at Susan and removed his hat.

"All black skins are not the skins of slaves," he said, his voice quivering slightly. "This lady, whom I have seen fit to call Susan while dealing with you, has a loftier name in her own sphere in life, and she is as true as myself to the great cause. Knowing that ships that hailed elsewhere than from South America would not be searched, I formed the plan of forcibly exchanging cooks temporarily with some such vessel, and tho Susan was never a cook save in her own household, she agreed to help my plan along."

"And," said the black woman, smiling, "I never had a sister at Cape Town, nor was I ever a dweller in Jamaica. I told you many fictions, Captain King."

"Loyal Susan!" murmured Ualdo. "Well, sirs, my scheme was carried out and I swapped cooks with you. Later, I was twice stopped by warships and searched, but the paper was not found. You know why. It was here, in Susan's keeping, and it has been saved. You will see now why I exchanged cooks with you. Senor Captain, knowing to what port you were bound. I have never been far from you. Even in the gale I tried to cling somewhere near the course I knew you would sail. I was waiting until I could be sure warships would not molest me further. That day has arrived and, even as I arranged at the beginning, I've come to recover Susan and the paper. I have come as a friend, and wish to depart as a friend. Now, Senor Captain, I am ready to go."

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

HALF an hour later the two vessels were under way and each laying a different course. The Lady-for-Me was heading southeast, while the Don Jose was thrusting her bows into the sea toward the west. Captain King stood by the rail of his ship and watched the schooner recede with a puzzled expression on his face.

"I can't understand such people," he admitted. "My sailings have taken me all over the world, and I've seen all sorts of foreign people, but some of them are past my comprehension. Take that Captain Ualdo for instance. He resorted to a certain way to save his precious paper. Suppose we had searched the black woman he forced upon us?"

"The fact that we didn't search her seems to show that the captain reasoned right in thinking she would be safe from such a search," argued Miss Ruhamah.

"Um-m-m! Well, to swap cooks he pretty near turned pirate. Fired a cannon at us, and then compelled us to swap with him."

"Would you have done it except under compulsion?"

"Well, no, and doubtless he knew that I wouldn't. It was compel us or not make an exchange. Maybe he proceeded naturally enough, but, in spite of your reasoning, I still think he was a mighty odd stick."

"I shall be interested," declared the lady, "in watching events in South America, in the days to come, in order to learn what enterprise Ualdo is connected with, and what that paper with many signed names was."

"My dear aunt," Captain King replied, smiling broadly, "you may have to wait a long while. The Latin-American countries are full of plots, enterprises and general doings that are not clear to Anglo-Saxon minds. Many of these enterprises die early, nipped in the bud by some cutting frost. Possibly we shall never hear of Ualdo again."

"That would be a misfortune."

"Just now, it will be fine. I shall be glad to walk this deck without having fits of peering into the distance, w ed by the dread lest that armed schooner should show up again. We've seen the last of Ualdo, so your troubles are now all over with."

Sanguine predictions are often dangerous, but for two days after the Don Jose disappeared in the far distance, there certainly was peace in the Lady-for-Me and her captain enjoyed the hours fully.

On the third day, contrary to his usual custom, he had a nap after dinner. Good Seth Bitley was outdoing himself as a cook since his return, and he had furnished a pudding of peculiar enticement, but with drowsiness in its train, so Captain King indulged in a nap. Rising, after sixty minutes of happy unconsciousness, he yawned, smiled in indulgence of his weakness, and then walked out of the stateroom.

In the cabin he found four persons seated near the table, almost as if they had been waiting for him or for something else. On one side of the board Zachariah and Magnet were so near each other that their sleeves touched, and on the other side Isaac and Jewel were equally near. No sooner had the skipper thrown the door back than the two men rose.

"Captain King, sir, we have been waiting for you," said Mr. Cragge, with firm but somewhat ponderous dignity.

"So we have, sir," added Mr. Skarlott, with equal dignity. "Waiting for you."

The captain glanced from one to the other and then back again. He sensed the fact that something unusual was afoot, but failed to see further.

"Well, gentlemen," he replied, "I'm here, as you see. Whatever you have to say I shall be glad to listen to."

Jewel and Magnet exchanged glances.

"Thank you, John, thank you," Zachariah continued. "That's a good and pleasant word from an old friend, and it reminds me of earlier days alongside of Josephus Knob."

"Very much like old times in the Cumberland," supplemented Isaac.

"I see," said the captain, tho he did not see. "Proceed!"

"Sir," resumed Mr. Cragge steadily, "a few days ago you told me that single life was a dwarf sort of existence and advised me to marry."

"And," put in Mr. Skarlott, "you also advised me to marry."

"We both recognize your wisdom in such matters, John, and feel decidedly inclined to be guided by your advice," said Zachariah. "Such being my sentiments and yours, I hereby respectfully ask your permission that I may marry your sister Magnet."

"And I, John," said Isaac, "feeling that I can have no authority better than you, now ask that you will give me your sister Jewel to be my wife."

Captain King gasped and stood silent. Before him were four earnest persons, the two girls somewhat timid and anxious, but the mountaineers steadfast and undisturbed. The master of the ship was utterly confused and dumfounded. Of all the things possible on earth or sea he had least expected this. Unable to dispute the evidence of his own ears, he stared blankly, filled with consternation.

"We have admired your sisters from their babyhood," Zachariah enlarged, "and since we have been with them in this ship we have learned to love them dearly."

"To love them passionately," Isaac coincided.

Power of speech suddenly returned to the captain. Just then he had an apoplectic look, his face being over-red and his eyes disturbed, but words broke thru the barriers of his dismay and dumbness.

"Wh-wh-what's that?" he shouted. "You want to marry my sisters? You dare to come to me and say it? Who gave you liberty to love them? The idea of your talking about marrying them——"

"You advised us to marry," interrupted Isaac firmly.

"Did I say marry my sisters? Sir, and you, too, sir, you have taken base advantage of the hospitality of my ship to steal my girls. Yes, you have violated sacred hospitality."

"Did we knowingly come aboard your ship or did you bring us?" asked Mr. Cragge patiently.

"It makes no difference how you came. My sisters are not to be carried off so by storm. They shall not marry men who live to kill each other in barbarian feud."

"Brother," said Magnet mildly, "Zachariah and Isaac have buried their grudge forever. Their feud is at an end."

"It is not!" cried King excitedly. "They will break out again. They will butcher each other——"

"No!" corrected Mr. Cragge. "No, John, for Isaac and I have made friends again for all time and for all places. We have sworn lasting good will."

"Be that as it may, your base deceit will not prevail. Marry my sisters? Never, never! You have outraged my hospitality. You have—you have—you have stolen my girls! I will never, never permit this infamy to take place."

Magnet and Jewel again exchanged

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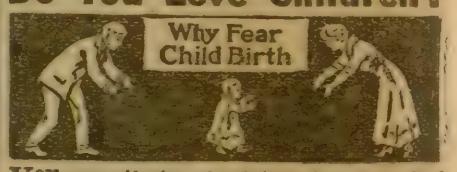

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glances and then they swooped down upon their tempestuous brother. They would have clasped him in their arms, but he retreated.

"John, dear John!" pleaded Magnet, "think well over this before you speak——"

"Why didn't you minxes do some thinking, yourselves?"

"We did. Yes, a lot of it. You advised Zachariah and Isaac to get married——"

"Yes," interrupted Jewel, "and, even before that, you wanted us to give particular attention to them. You besought us to use our utmost influence to cure them of their inclination to the feud. That was it—you said you relied upon womanly influence to cause them to make friends. We have used our influence."

"I should say you had!" groaned the captain.

"After a Cragge has married one sister and a Skarlott another, there will be no more enmity alongside of Josephus Knob. The feud is dead already, but all the Skarlotts and the Cragges shall hold a love feast when we return to the Cumberlands."

"We have decided," added Magnet, "to be married when the ship reaches Cape Town."

John King flung up his hands, passed the four persons with long steps and hurried up the companion way. He longed to be free from human company, free to breathe the air of the heavens alone, and the deck seemed to be the proper place for such bliss.

He reached his destination, and looking up, saw Miss Ruhamah sitting by the rail. His first inclination was to avoid her, but he changed his mind and gathering fresh impetuosity, hurried to her side. She turned her head, revealing a stony, gloomy face.

"Don't speak!" she said somberly. "I know the whole, shocking truth. Those mind-wrecked girls have told me. They have fallen in love with the reformed feudists, and my most fervent entreaties have failed to turn them from their madness. They will marry Cragge and Skarlott, they declare. Oh, oh! and they are of the King family!"

"They are crazy, crazy!" rumbled the captain.

"Your feud cure has succeeded too well, John."

"Crazy, crazy!"

"In common justice I must admit that Cragge and Skarlott are very worthy men of their rank in life," Miss Ruhamah proceeded, "but think what marriage with them would be! The Kings carry the blood of the Randolphs, the Jeffersons, the Monroes, and many other Old Dominion families of the highest social position. Yes, we are of the first families of Virginia. What are the Cragges and the Skarlotts?"

The captain groaned.

"To whom," continued the lady, "are they related? Nobody that is known in Virginia! They are ordinary mountaineers. I admit they are worthy men, but social rank—oh, oh!"

"Worthy men!" snapped the captain. "Would worthy men steal the affections of my sisters?"

"Let us remember that you brought them here against their will, and directed Magnet and Jewel to use their arts upon them to end the feud. Alas! those poor, misguided girls did their work too well. Now they will marry the mountain men——"

"Never!" King shouted intemperately. "I'll not have it. I'm a citizen of the sea, but I can still use the rifle. Ike and Zach will find that it's so. They shall pay for their perfidy with their lives. I'm their bitter foe."

"Mercy!" gasped Miss Ruhamah. "A new feud!"

CHAPTER XV.

FEUDS AND FOEMEN.

CAPTAIN KING regarded his kinswoman with profound satisfaction.

"Yes," he agreed, "a new feud. Zach and Ike shall bitterly repent their outrage against me. I will invoke the spirit of the Cumberlands, which breathes of the old doctrine, an eye for an eye, a life for a life, or words to that effect."

"But, nephew, I thought you did not believe in feuds?" remonstrated Miss Ruhamah faintly.

"Not without due provocation. This time the provocation is intense and unbearable. Cragge and Skarlott shall meet their just deserts."

"The rifle is the weapon of feudists, and you have none on board."

"Rifles may be purchased at Cape Town, or—well, possibly I shall decide to maroon the two men on some desolate island. Of course I cannot, in honor, slay them in my own ship, but my grudge will keep."

"Nephew, I beg that you will forego your sanguinary purpose——"

"Never!" cried the captain hotly.

"But you have always proclaimed against blood feuds——"

"Until now, I never knew of a case that justified such enmity. But to think that anybody should presume to want to marry my sisters—that is, anybody that I disapprove of. Why, that is past endurance."

"If Mr. Cragge and Mr. Skarlott only had Randolph or Jefferson blood it would be different!" sighed Miss Ruhamah.

"Pass that by. What enrages me is that I brought those men here to do them good, and this is the way they repay me."

"Suppose that we can influence Jewel and Magnet so they will give their mad folly up, and drop these men who have never moved in polished society?"

"No!" the captain declared. "No King ever gives up a purpose, and our girls will maintain theirs. And yet—and yet, that is foolish for me to say. We will argue with them, and, meanwhile, Zach and Ike will await their punishment. I cannot slay them right here in my own ship, as I've just mentioned to you, but I shall never speak to them again until I notify them that they may expect the fatal blow at any time. Now, let us drop the subject."

At the last word the skipper walked away, his face wrinkled into a scowl and his expression forbidding.

The feud of King versus Cragge and Skarlott was in force.

In the several days that followed the cabin of the Lady-for-Me was not a place of joyous harmony. The captain kept his threat and did not once speak to either of the mountaineers, while Magnet and Jewel received only cold bows and a few icy words. The girls tried zealously to soften his anger, but without success, and the half-hearted peace suggestions of Miss Ruhamah were no more effective. King was loyal to his wrath, and loyal to his proclaimed feud.

Such was the situation one evening when the captain turned in at his usual hour. Lying down, he lay for some time brooding over his troubles. It was his belief that trouble should never enter such a perfect ship as the Lady-for-Me, so he took all difficulties more seriously than was natural to his firm nature. Now, it was bad enough that Zachariah and Isaac were the same as dead in the friendly phase of his life, while it was bitter ill fortune that his sisters had cast their lot all wrong.

An upset, topsy-turvy world John King was now finding it.

Presently he fell asleep and some hours passed. His awakening was more distressful than the drop into sleep. Screams were ringing in his ears as he opened his eyes, and he came out of the berth with a bound.

"My women!" he cried. "What's wrong there? What's scaring them?"

It was his purpose to get into the cabin without delay, but in swinging out of bed he had unconsciously taken a blanket with him. Now, his foot caught in a fold and, tripping, he fell heavily. When he tried to rise, the unexpected happened and the blanket still snared him strangely, but he finally flung his way clear, came to his feet and tore the door open. Before him was the lighted cabin—and more.

At the door of their stateroom Jewel and Magnet were standing together, half-crouching, and embracing each other in fright, but the central scene was nearer.

Zachariah and Isaac were holding a struggling man down on the floor, a man Captain King had never seen before. He was fighting to get free, but his strength was as nothing when opposed to that of the two mountain men.

"What's this? What's this?" shouted the captain.

Magnet darted forward.

"That man!" she cried, pointing. "He entered our room, and he had a terrible knife in his hand, and he stood right over us, ready to strike, but the light from the cabin shone on him and I saw him, so I screamed and flung a pillow at his face, and that delayed him just a little."

"Yes!" interrupted Jewel. "It delayed him, and we both screamed, and Isaac came——"

"And Zachariah came——"

"They both came, and they saved our lives!"

"And they attacked that dreadful knifeman, and they flung him to the floor, and there he is now. He would surely have murdered us if it hadn't been for Zachariah and Isaac."

"But who is he?" cried the Captain. "We have no such man in this ship, and nobody can have boarded us unseen. Who is he? Speak out, Zach! Speak out, Ike!"

"We don't know who he is, John," Mr. Cragge replied. "All I can suggest is that you ask him. He's a total stranger——"

"Why," interrupted King excitedly, "he must be our mysterious stowaway, the tall, slender man who has been cutting up antics in this ship. Aha! so the fellow is caught! A mighty good job! Thank you, Zach! Thank you, Ike! You snared him right smart. Now, let's see——"

The stranger had stopped struggling and was looking fixedly at Captain King. The latter knelt and was on the point of beginning a close catechism when the stowaway forestalled him.

"You are the scoundrel!" he growled.

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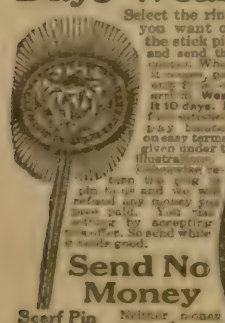

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"What?"

King had listened blankly to the flood of words that flowed from the man's lips. Now, he wanted information, but was too confused to seek for it logically.

"Did you say what?" scoffed the stranger.

"I certainly did," the captain replied. "I want to know——"

"You shall know, but you will wish you had remained ignorant. Monster in human form, I am named Lucas Schotter, and I am a detective in South Carolina, an expert unraveler of crime. I arrest you!"

"A detective, eh?" scoffed the captain. "Gammon!"

The man threw back the lapel of his coat, revealing a cutting of silver.

"A detective's badge!" he explained stoically.

King bent and peered.

"Who here is familiar with such things?" he asked.

Oliver Kenyon pressed forward.

"My brother in Charleston is a detective," he said. "I know what his badge is like very well." He took a careful look. "Yes, this man is right, and his badge is certainly what he says. More than that, I have heard my brother speak of a companion detective named Lucas Schotter, tho I think that man is not in active service just now."

Kenyon stepped out of Schotter's line of vision, attracted King's attention, and then touched his forehead suggestively.

"Crazy?" demanded the captain, in a whisper.

"Deranged for three months past, I was told."

"That accounts for his odd doings in our ship."

The speaker turned to the man on the floor.

"I admit, Mr. Schotter, that you are what you claim, but I need more information. Of course, you came on board this ship before we sailed, but where have you kept yourself? We have not been able to find you, anywhere."

Schotter chuckled in an unnatural way calculated to add force to the claim that his mind was not right.

"Do you know who built this vessel?" he asked.

"No. It belongs to Carwing Brothers of Charleston, but as for its builder—no, I never heard of him."

"The builders were D. & W. T. Learing, and she was designed for a revolutionary party in Mexico, but their rebellion collapsed and she was never delivered. Being so designed, she had one oddity, a secret room fit to stow money or documents in, and for a man to sleep in."

"Impossible!" King explained.

"When you hunted for me, if you had taken a tape measure and tried your distances you would have found over beyond the steward's room a space four feet by seven for which you could not account. It was the hidden room, but it has a secret door and, for air, a slit near the deck-beams, and it's so well disguised, and that secret door is so obscure, that no searcher would find it. I'll show you that tiny room later, but I cannot rise now for you are my prisoner."

King blinked fast, unable to see the force of the last statement.

"I am a detective," Schotter went on. "Discovering that you were taking men on board this vessel who were drugged into unconsciousness, I knew that a terrible crime was being committed. I determined to unmask you. I cunningly conveyed food and drink aboard, unseen, placed all I wanted in that hidden nook of a room, and myself entered it. I have been there ever since, spying upon you. Twice I was obliged to knock some of you down, but I escaped your hunt and regained my room all right. Yes, I've spied upon you, and I know just what your crime is. Listen, scoundrel. You have designed to teach these two innocent gentlemen"—he pointed to Zachariah and Isaac—"to teach them, I say, to become sea pirates. You, sir, I fully recognize—you are the black-hearted Captain Kidd!"

The maligned shipmaster looked at Kenyon and nodded.

"Mad as a March hare!" he admitted, his voice low.

Schotter held his hand behind his ear.

"What did you say?" he asked, suddenly taking a new tack. "Oh! I dare say you want to know how I was acquainted with that secret room. Easily told! My father was a carpenter here when the Lady-for-Me was built, and I was often all over the ship when she was being put together. That's how I learned of the hidden room. Don't think, Captain Kidd, that there is space enough in that nook for you to pack your whole crew when hard pressed—but come with me and I'll show you the room."

He struggled to rise, and King gave him a helping hand. For the time he had forgotten that he claimed to arrest the skipper, and his unbalanced mind was wholly on the secret place he wanted to exhibit. The captain paused to whisper to Kenyon.

"Get a couple of sailors and handcuffs, and we'll fix this fellow so he will do no more harm. He's crazy, just as you explained, and we must keep the poor chap under restraint until we can ship him back to South Carolina."

Schotter was passing near Jewel and Magnet, but he stopped, stared blankly and rubbed his forehead.

"I don't exactly remember why I wanted to kill you two girls," he added, "and there is no haste about it. Drop around at my office, any day, and I'll attend to the business."

Captain King spoke soothingly, and the afflicted detective was conducted toward his hidden quarters. The captain was away half an hour. When he returned the three lady members of his family were with the Cumberland men in the cabin.

"Everything is all right!" he exclaimed. "We have seen the secret room, and it's just as he said. Our stowaway ghost has been laid, and he is under mild but safe control. He will be kept so until we can transship him. Since his mental malady took a murderous turn it was very fortunate that we found him when we did. He almost took the lives of my sisters, and that he failed is due to——"

Turning more fully to the mountaineers, he clasped a hand of each simultaneously and pressed hard.

"It is due to you, old comrades," he added. "Thank you, Zachariah, thank you, Isaac! God bless you both! You've been my true friends tonight, just as you have always been in the past. Bless you! I can never repay you properly, but I love my sisters dearly, and as you have saved their lives I owe you one more debt of gratitude——"

He stopped short, his face fell, and he unloosed the hands he had been pressing so warmly.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "I had forgotten that I had sworn a feud against you two men. A feud, and now I'm taking you figuratively to my heart. Well, well! This beats my log-book record."

His gaze roved from face to face, and he grew even more crestfallen.

"It looks to me," he abruptly resumed, "as if that detective is not the only crazy man in this ship. Or shall I say we have had a weak-minded skipper aboard? Anyhow, reform is the best policy for me. Girls, come here!"

They came obediently, and, suddenly brightening up, he linked Magnet's hand with Zachariah's and Jewel's with Isaac's.

"Take them, old friends, take them, for I know you are worthy of them. It needs good men and steadfast to be fit for my sisters, but, Zachariah and Isaac, you are all of that. In coming years I shall be a proud man when I take occasional trips to the mountains and meet my sisters, living with such fine husbands. You shall be married when we touch at Cape Town, and return home just when you please."

Miss Ruhamah pressed forward, smiling at the captain.

"Nephew," she said, well satisfied, "in conversation with Mr. Cragge and Mr. Skarlott, last evening, I learned that they are both direct descendants of Pocahontas. I need not say that such ancestral blood is admirable, and much favored among the first families of Virginia."

'Good blood is a fine thing," replied the captain, "and the human body is the proper place for it. Blood should never be shed. That reminds me that the Lady-for-Me has helped to achieve a great feat. A trim ship and salt water breezes have enabled me to prove that the sea is the right place to accomplish a feud cure!"

In later years dwellers in the Cumberlands were wont to say that the region alongside of Josephus Knob was the most peaceful section of East Tennessee. Nearly all residents were Cragges or Skarlotts, and the two families lived in brotherly association. Fewer of numbers, their kinsfolk, the Kings, counted their leading members as Miss Ruhamah of the land and Captain John of the sea.

The mariner, homeward bound, sometimes paused in Charleston to call upon Detective Schotter, now happily restored to reason.

All those who had formerly sailed in the Lady-for-Me watched the newspapers carefully for tidings of the schooner Don Jose and her chief features, Captain Ualdo and Susan, but no information ever came. South America seemed to have swallowed them up.

The End.

* * *

Thirty Years Hence.

IN THIRTY years, our sons, grown men,
Will group our grandsons 'round their knees
And tell them often and again
What unpolluted days were these!

* * *

Spared Her Neighbors.

"Miss Howles studied singing abroad."
"How considerate of her!"

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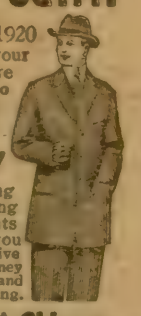

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Coming Home to the Trenches

"LETTERS up!" The men crowded round the platoon sergeant, who began to distribute the mail. Then they took their letters back into their tents, and sat down to read them.

"This one's from old Curly," said Tim, slitting open an envelope. He read the letter thru, and then tossed it to Ginger.

"Seems to be getting on all right," he said. "Wound's healed up, and he hopes to get out with the next draft. Frettin' like anything over being kept in Blighty."

Curly had been discharged from the hospital and was at a command depot. He found life very slow, he said, after the front, and thought it very bad luck that he should have been knocked out so soon on the Somme. He went on to describe the changes in London. Nearly everybody in khaki, women as well as men, a general atmosphere of cheery optimism, and a determination to put heart and soul into the business of winning the war. He ended the letter by saying that he had hopes of coming out with the next draft.

"It's been mighty lonely without him," said Tim. "He's like something to lean on when you're fagged. You can always rely on old Curly for a joke or a laugh, wherever you are. He's always the same. I even kind o' miss that snoring of his."

The battalion was out of the line for a few days, but not far enough back for billets. They were in tents in a little valley, and this was the last night out. The next afternoon found them marching up toward the trenches again, singing out greetings to the battalions they passed on the way coming out for a rest. Two or three nights' sleep had put new life into them, and they were ready for anything.

It was in the trenches that Curly was missed most, for it was there that his particular personality most impressed itself on his friends. He had been away about three months, and something had been lacking all the time. It is just that touch of mystery called "personality" that singled a man out in a trench-world where every one is especially appreciative of little witticisms and laughter.

"Nothing of special interest to report." It was an uneventful few days this time, mostly a matter of trench routine and consolidation of a portion of the line. There was, it is true, more or less incessant shell fire, but that was taken for granted on the Somme, where many men found an interval of silence almost oppressive.

There were the usual ration parties, the turns on sentry-go, and the few precious snatches of sleep, stolen at odd times and in every conceivable attitude and position. The cheeriness never flagged, tho monotony is as wearing in its way as a continual danger; indeed, for many men it is considerably harder. Doing apparently unimportant things hour after hour without losing enthusiasm is the test of the true soldier, and these men had all passed the test long ago. So Ginger sang and indulged in music hall repartee, and gave occasional impersonations of his chums, and Tim went about his work storing his receptive mind, and finding fresh fuel for his enthusiasm at every turn.

When they were relieved it was to go some way back into rest billets, where the new draft was to join them. The prospect of seeing Curly consoled Tim for being relieved before he had quite finished a little sniping "stunt" of his own. They marched back, singing and smoking, and early in the morning came to the village where they were to be billeted. Tim and Ginger chose their places in a large barn, and deposited their packs and rifles on heaps of straw. Then, being free for the day, they wandered into a farmhouse, and sat before the stove, drinking large mugs of coffee and milk, and trying to teach two little French boys odd words of English.

When they returned to the barn they washed and shaved and settled down for a sleep. A few hours later Tim suddenly sat up.

"Hear anything, Ginger?" he asked.

Ginger listened.

"New draft must have arrived," he said.

"Yes, I think I know that noise," said Tim.

They got up and walked over to a corner of the barn. A man lay rolled up in blankets, his curly head just showing over the edge. He was snoring in an impressively solid, even manner, like the beat of an engine.

"Blessed if it isn't our old pal, the Sleeping Beauty," said Ginger.

"True to his name—but more of the sleeping than beauty."

Curly stirred, and opened his eyes. His lips parted in a grin, showing his tobacco stained teeth. He held out one hand.

"You blighters seem to 'ave made a kind of 'obby of wakin' me outer me beauty sleep," he growled, in mock anger. And then, on a blander note: "But I'm kinder glad to see yer, all the same—d—n ye!"

* * *

Get This!

"YOUR boy's going to business school, isn't he?"

"Yes. He's learning the touch system."

"Typewriting?"

"No. Dadwriting."

* * *

Dropped Within Reach.

"Do you like your eggs dropped?"

"You bet! I was delighted when they came down 20 cents."

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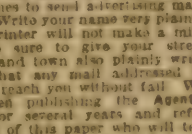

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Here Are Further Startling Adventures in the Great West.

TRAILING THE RED HERD

By Joe Mills

Andy Saw Once More the Great Red Herd.

What Already Has Happened.

CATTLE rustlers have driven off the red herd from the Adams ranch. The red herd is the pride and chief wealth of the Adams family, representing years of labor and sacrifice. Mr. Adams and the sheriff, Monty Attel, a famous gun man, head a party in pursuit. With them goes Mr. Adams' 16-year-old son, Andy. Andy has resolved never to return until the red herd has been found and brought back. They proceed to the Bad Lands, the mountainous rendezvous of the cattle rustlers, and, following the tracks of the herd, eventually are led to a hidden pass, which leads into a remote region known to the pursuers. In a valley of this region they come upon the rustlers with the red herd, which is being driven westward. Outnumbered three to one, Mr. Adams gives up hope of recovering the herd. But Andy, true to his resolve, slips away in the night and rides westward until he strikes a settlement of the cattle rustlers. Pretending to be a fugitive from justice, he seeks a night's lodging in the settlement and unexpectedly comes upon Old Brown, the leader of the gang that drove off the red herd.

This thrilling story began in No. 17, the Ledger dated April 27. Back copies containing the earlier parts may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail from the office of publication.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

FOR a moment Andy could hardly restrain himself from spurring Scud and making a dash for it. He felt certain that the head of the rustlers would recognize him. If he did, well, it would be too late then to do anything.

"What do you want here, boy? Have you got a message from any one?"

Andy shook his head. "No, I didn't bring any message or anything but myself. I'd like to stay here for a while."

Brown had won his place as head of the rustlers because of his keenness. And he now bent upon Andy a searching look that told him more than Andy's words. At last, after long studying, old Brown spoke again:

"You been into trouble, young un," he decided, "and you want to stay away until it blows over a bit."

Old Brown's words were more of a statement of fact than a question.

Andy nodded and hung his head.

Then a long silence followed. Andy felt his fate in balance. He was before a man whose word was law, or death, in that wild region. In spite of himself he knew that he was trembling all over and that his face was red with embarrassment.

"Wal, young un, I reckon as you can stay; but you'll have to work same as the rest of us."

Andy muttered his thanks and the men came forward and led the way toward a long, low stable built of logs. The stable, tho used for horses, Andy noticed had heavy sliding doors that swung on mighty hinges, and numerous little openings had been left on all sides. The stable, he decided, was more of a fort than a stable.

At supper he joined a dozen men in a room at the rear of Old Brown's house. The man he had met in the woods was present and Andy found him the most congenial of the whole lot. But Andy followed his plan of talking little, and listening all the time.

The men were riders, all of them, this much Andy knew at a glance. Every man wore two heavy guns and Andy marked that most of the men had heavily tanned right hands, while their left hands were comparatively white and soft. They were gun fighters. And gun fighters had an uncanny habit of keeping their right hands free. No glove was worn upon this hand and their wrists were thick and strong from constant practice at the draw. Tho there was nothing in the conversation to mark any special thing as important, Andy gathered by hints dropped occasionally that there was something of interest to all which was not being discussed.

After the meal the men scattered to the various log buildings around the larger house. And Andy marked the fact that these smaller buildings were nothing more than outposts for the protection of the main building. The gun fighters who were quartered in these little cabins were undoubtedly there under orders.

Andy made his way to the barn, where he was joined presently by the man he had encountered in the woods.

"Quite a fine lot, ain't they?" queried the man as he indicated several of the men lounging across the yard. "I guess you're safe enough here, boy, unless you get into trouble with some of those——" and here the man pointed toward the loungers.

"I'll keep out of trouble. Already have more than I want," Andy stated firmly.

The man laughed at Andy's seriousness and changed his talk to cattle. And cattle was the one thing uppermost in Andy's mind. The man filled his pipe and together they sat down upon a log. The man talked. Andy listened.

"There ain't no use tryin' to fool you, young feller, and I guess I'm wastin' breath to tell you what you know—we're all here for the same reason; and cattle rustlin's about the only thing we can do that'll pay well for the trouble and the risk. I think the boss, Old Brown, you know, is gettin' ready to quit. Of late he's been specially cautious, that's why he got all these gunmen around him. Why, the boss has men watchin' every trail within two days' ride and——" Here the man paused and looked keenly at Andy. "How did you get here without being held up by some of the men watchin' the trails?"

"I rode at night and left the trail whenever I thought I was close to any one," Andy stated truthfully.

The man laughed. "Guess if you hadn't been watchin' out sharp you'd never got this far," he observed. Then he again took up the discussion where he'd left off.

"The boss says the lynching parties are gettin' too many and that he's goin' to clean up and drift further south where the pickin's better and cowmen are not so particular when they miss a few steers. Old Brown is a fox. Why, he's not made a raid up in this region for months. Then he comes in with about a hundred of his best men and starts out for the big cleanup he's been plannin'. He's already grabbed three big herds, an' I hear he's goin' to collect more further along. The best thing the boss has pulled yet is the red herd. Ever hear of the great red herd of the 'A A' brand?"

Andy bent his head. He could make no reply. Tears were in his eyes. But the darkness that had come prevented the man from seeing. Then the man talked on.

"Yes, the boss has taken the red herd and a lot of Diamond H stuff, tho it's not as good as the 'A-A' cattle. The boys say he's got another herd off south somewhere. Every hoof is on the move, too. They're makin' a great drive. Takin' the cattle south to the Rio Grande. Mexico is a mighty safe place when you're drivin' cattle with strange brands you can't account for."

"And after they get to Mexico, what?" the question came before Andy realized he was asking it.

The man took the pipe from his mouth and faced Andy. For a moment neither spoke. Andy feared his query had aroused the man's suspicion. But his relief was instant when the man laughed and said:

"Why, boy, nobody knows just how the boss handles the cattle after he gets into Mexico. Some say he ships to England. But anyhow he turns the cattle over to another band of rustlers and they pass the cattle along to market. Nobody but the leaders know how the trick is turned, but they turn it fast enough, and don't you forget it."

When the man drifted off to other discussions, Andy yawned and asked where he could sleep. He was given a pair of blankets and told to make himself at home. And that night he shared Scud's stall and slept soundly for the first time since he had left home in Lulu to take up the trail of the red herd.

The days that followed were busy ones for Andy. The man who had talked became Andy's one friend. His name, he said, didn't matter, but that Andy could call him "Broncho" for short. But this name Andy discovered had been shortened to "Bronc" by the men. Broncho was the horse wrangler. When not engaged in breaking horses for the rustlers, Bronc was allowed to amuse himself as he chose; and he generally elected to take his rifle and go hunting. It was upon one of his hunting trips that Andy had first encountered him.

True to Bronc's predictions, the red herd was being driven south. Three days later the whole outfit deserted the wide valley and the great leader of the rustlers rode southward by secret trails. Andy rode with the others and soon he was to find occupation for his nimble hands. He was made an assistant to the horse wrangler, for that worthy now had much to do.

After two days they passed beyond the higher ranges of the mountains and came out upon a high plateau. Here was abundant grass, and frequent streams came down from the mountains. Cattle were everywhere. Some of the brands Andy recognized. It was the rendezvous of the rustlers. Scattered bands of cattle were brought in and bunched together in small herds and sent on southward in care of details of rustlers. Then at last came the great day. The wrangler had hinted that they were waiting for the red herd. When it came along the whole outfit would pull up stakes and drift southward with it.

The wrangler's statement came true the third evening in the camp, and Andy saw once more the pride of the "A-A" ranch—the great red herd.

Then weary days they trailed the herd southward. The cattle grazed their way forward at the rate of fifteen miles a day. It was slow life to one as eager for action and results as was Andy. But each day he knew was taking him a little nearer the end. And just what the end was to be he puzzled much, and troubled more.

Three weeks passed and they were out of the mountains. The wrangler said they were far enough now to travel in the open. Not once did Andy see any one but the rustlers. They passed an occasional cabin in some wild spot, but Andy learned that the owner was hand and glove with the rustlers.

On southward they drifted. Wearily and warily Andy went. He rarely asked questions of any one. The wrangler would tell all he knew in the course of time, so Andy was always patient and shrewd enough to avoid the subjects he wanted most to know about.

It was a day well into fall when they came in sight, late one evening, of a river flowing southward. It was the Rio Grande, so the wrangler said. The herd was guarded carefully now and riders rode miles ahead or behind all the time to keep watch. Then Andy learned the reason for the watchfulness. Some confederate of the rustlers had come with the news that the Texas Rangers had been sent to head off the red herd.

But there was no crossing and the river was higher than its usual mark for the time of year. The rustlers did not seem in any hurry to get across into Mexico, for the opposite side of the river was rough and broken with rocky hills. The side they were following was good footing and grass was abundant for the cattle.

Sometimes Andy saw the great leader of the rustlers. Old Brown had come of late to take a personal interest and a hand in the movement of the cattle. Then one night Andy heard the name of Monty Attel mentioned and noticed a stiffening of every man. It was a name to conjure with. He had known Monty all his life and had heard wild tales of his prowess as a gun fighter. But he

had not appreciated Monty's greatness until he observed the great respect in which every rustler held him. Then he swelled with pride at the thought that Monty was his close friend.

Some one rode into camp with news late one evening, and that night they made a drive of the cattle, the first time they had made a night shift at driving. Guards were doubled about the red herd. Andy heard hints of the Texas Rangers and was always alert to learn more.

Strange rustlers joined the outfit and they kept coming until nearly fifty outlaws were in the band. The herd was pushing forward as fast as it could travel. Then there was a sudden let-up in the movement. The extra men disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. Once more the herd was drifting forward leisurely.

Once in the distance Andy had seen smoke, which the wrangler told him was that of a train. A railroad had just been built into west Texas.

Then Andy fell sick. He was too ill to travel, so he was left behind at the house of a friendly rustler. Two days later he disappeared from this house, saying he was well enough to ride.

But Andy did not at once rejoin the rustlers. First he sent Scud flying eastward in an all-night ride to the railroad. He turned south and rode until he came to a small settlement. Jogging into town, Andy tied Scud to a post where a score of other horses were hitched.

Then Andy set out to walk about and decide what to do. If any of the Texas Rangers were in town, he would find them and get word to his father. If there were no Rangers, and the town was friendly to the rustlers? This question was the serious thing. He dared not send a telegram and he was afraid to risk a letter.

Andy walked to the end of one block, which was also the end of town, then he turned back, and came face to face with Monty Attel.

Andy's surprise at seeing Monty Attel was complete. But before he could speak Monty raised a warning finger and said in an undertone, "No, Andy, you don't know me—not here, anyhow."

They walked down the single street of the town, discussing cow matters as would any punchers who had chanced to meet. When they came to where Scud was tied, Andy had a quick thought. He invited Monty to look his horse over, and asked at the same time in quite loud tones what the horse was worth. Monty, who was quick to catch a hint, ran an appraising hand over Scud and picked up his feet for examination. Then he made a critical inspection of Scud's teeth.

Stooping over to examine a blemish on Scud's front leg, Monty said in guarded tones: "Andy, this is a rustler town. Don't make any show that you know me. A lot of Brown's men are here today and they are mighty suspicious of any stranger. Loaf around a while and then ride out of town to the west. Wait for me about five miles out."

Monty finished speaking and walked around Scud for further satisfaction as to his good and bad points. Meantime Andy stood waiting Monty's action.

"I'll give you forty dollars for him," said Monty, as he finished his testing of the horse for hidden blemishes.

"I won't take forty. Make it sixty and he's yours," bantered Andy.

"No, he's not worth sixty by a long shot. I'll take him at forty-five, tho."

Andy searched Monty's face keenly. He could not make out whether Monty really meant to buy the horse or not. The man's tones were so sincere and so vigorous and business-like that for a moment Andy was tempted to accept the offer. Then he caught the look in Monty's eyes.

"No, sir! You put up sixty or you'll not get him," Andy stated with finality. Monty threw up his hands in despair and without further words walked away, leaving Andy beside his horse.

During the dickering several loungers had approached and stood listening. But the dialog had been carried on with so much heat that Andy felt certain that the loungers suspected nothing. Among them, tho, he recognized two or three who had been for a time among the rustlers guarding the red herd.

Andy went into a general store and purchased some candy. There were many things he needed sorely. His clothes were an odd collection of cast-offs which he had pieced together. His boots were worn thru and his old felt hat flopped in an aggravating manner. This was the first time he had been in a town since he had left Lulu months before. But clothes were out of the question. He had no money. The candy was purchased with an odd dime he'd picked up around the camp fire one day.

Half an hour later Andy mounted and rode deliberately thru the single street of the town. The loungers apparently paid no heed to him. But still he had no way of knowing how many sharp eyes were upon him, for Old Brown kept spies in all the border towns and every village quartered some of his rustlers.

Andy held Scud to a walk and they plodded along slowly for an hour. Then they came to a scattered clump of white trees which offered a hiding-place from any chance rider who did not come too near. Andy removed Scud's saddle and picketed him to graze. Then he collected an armful of small dry sticks and started a tiny fire. He had a few pieces of bacon he had brought from the rustler's home, and he sat down to broil these over the fire. Any one passing that way would find his camp that of the usual puncher and very complete as to detail.

After he had finished his meager meal Andy lay down for a nap. From time to time he roused up to look about, but each time lay down again. To be asleep was excuse enough to linger at the camp. Hours passed. Still Andy either slept or lay quietly enough to fool any chance observer.

The sun dipped into fleecy clouds at the horizon. Darkness came slipping silently across the wide stretches of dry

They Walked Thru the Town Arm in Arm.

prairie. There was a thudding of hoofs and Andy sat up rubbing his eyes.

Monty Attel came up at a brisk gallop. Scarcely had his horse come to a stop before Monty was out of the saddle and had Andy in his arms.

"Andy, boy," he whispered, "my, but it's good to see you again!"

Andy looked up into the face of the stern gun fighter and saw nothing there to indicate any harshness or that the man had ever killed for the pleasure of it.

Then Andy laughed. "Monty," he exclaimed, "wherever did you get the whiskers?"

Monty joined the laugh and stroked his beard thoughtfully. "It is quite a raise, for sure," he stated. "But it didn't fool you, Andy; I wonder if Old Brown would know me?"

There came the sound of hoofs and they sprang apart. Andy stooped over the dead fire and began poking about. Monty turned to his horse. But the riders were beyond the fringe of trees and were heading toward town at a swift gallop. They did not even glance in the direction of Andy's camp.

"We better get our visit over as quick as we can," stated Monty. "I've been on trail of the red herd ever since you ran off to follow it, Andy. Only I didn't dare join the rustlers, they knew me. I've hung on to the trail, tho. Sometimes I've got word direct by posing as a rustler going to join the gang. At other times I've had to be content with scant rumors I've picked up in the towns where the rustlers have friends. That's what brought me to Ado; it's the strongest rustler town there is.

"I heard weeks ago that you were with the rustlers, Andy, but I didn't dare try to get word to you. I've just waited and watched. Your father is in Texas, too. He's down at Austin now and the Governor has promised him a big force of the Texas Rangers whenever the time comes for retaking the red herd."

Andy listened with strained ears. The news of his father and the joy at seeing Monty nearly overcame him. But he stopped Monty with a question:

"How's mother and Jim?" Andy asked eagerly.

"They're well," stated Monty. "Your mother wouldn't believe at first that you'd be all right. But I kept telling her you'd come back safe and sound; and when I heard that you were with the rustlers I sent her word quick." Here Monte fumbled in his pockets and brought out a ragged letter. "Here's a letter I had from your mother after I wrote her that you were safe. There's a letter with it from your father to me. Take them both, Andy, but after you read them don't forget to burn them up."

Andy took the letters and hugged them so tightly that he hardly heard what Monty was saying.

"Andy," repeated Monty for the third time, "now to business. The rustlers are drifting the red herd straight south. Two hundred miles ahead is the big bend in the river. When they strike the bend it's my guess that they'll either cross the river and take the herd into Mexico, or load it onto boats for shipment. It's your work now to find out what's to be done and get word to me. I'm going to hang close to the heels of the herd from now on and I'll get word to your father to smuggle as many Rangers into the region as is safe."

Andy was thoughtful. "Monty," he said at last, "I'll find out all I can and signal you. I'll build two fires if the herd is to be taken into Mexico, and one fire if it is to be shipped. I don't know how long I'll be getting this information, tho. If I have nothing to tell, you'll see no fires. But if I think the time is at hand for the Rangers to start the fight for the herd, I'll light three fires. Remember, Monty, one fire for boats, two fires for Mexico, and three fires for the Rangers."

They rode away in opposite directions. Somewhere in the dim hills to the southwest was the red herd. First of all Andy had to find the herd; and find it as quickly as he could. A day's delay might mean the loss of the herd. And even the quick finding of the cattle would only bring on the great crisis the more speedily.

Scud swung along at an easy gallop. Sometimes when the ground was uneven the horse settled down to a trot. As they went, Andy had time to reflect over the swift happenings of the last few hours. He took it for granted that Old Brown would take him back as a guard of the red herd. Tho of late Andy had noticed that quite a number of Brown's riders had disappeared and that their places had been filled with numbers of those men who wore no gloves upon their right hands. And these men Andy had watched at practice with their guns. Their accuracy seemed fixed. They hit unerringly anything they desired. Their practice was for speed at the draw. Some of the men lifted their guns nearly level with their eyes, but the quickest of them fired invariably as soon as their guns were waist high.

Andy laid their course to the southwest, tho they had to swing west and south at times to avoid rough ground and deep arroyos. The great dipper swung like a pendulum and shifted westward. The hours dragged silently. The only sound was an occasional barking coyote that sent a weird note of melancholy into the stillness.

When morning dawned Andy found that they were already well into the hills. He halted long enough to climb to the top of a high point and have a look around. The river was nowhere in sight. To the south the hills rose higher and higher, while to the westward the range seemed to be less broken. From the lay of the region Andy decided to start west and pick up the trail if the herd had already crossed his path.

Two hours rest and they were on their way again. Scud was a powerful horse and Andy was not heavy to carry. They made good time. But by noon Scud was tiring rapidly, so Andy made camp by the simple process of unsaddling. Scud rolled, drank at the water-hole and started feeding. Andy broiled his last piece of bacon and lay down to sleep.

In three hours they were off again, on their way. And by sundown they came to a wide stretch where hundreds of cattle had recently passed. Wearily Andy followed the wide trail and had the joy of seeing the herd in the distance just before darkness shut down.

The rude chivalry of the "Wild West" marks the surrender of the greatest of the cattle rustlers to the sheriff, Monty Attel, and softens the daring and the ruthlessness of the outlaws with a touch of pathos. Next week's Ledger will contain the final installment.

* * *

She Tried Her Sweetest.

IRISH profanity is not green. Frequently it is blue. It was recently that a cloud of sulphurous rhetoric rose from the driver's seat of an overloaded coal wagon. Three horses—possibly they belonged to the union—went on strike. And the Irish driver, armed with a whip, tried to break the strike. And the horses flapped their ears, swished their tails and twisted their necks to blink at him. A wisp of thin, blue smoke spouted from his clay pipe to mingle with the fires of his wrath. The lash of his whip smacked the brass-studded harness and a crowd on the sidewalk howled.

"Mush! ya bogger, mush!" yelled a voice.

"Veer out the tiller lines and nail 'em on the bottom," laughed a second.

And still the horses blinked, Michael rose to new heights of novelty, and the coal cart sagged.

A young girl tripped down the street in a loud coat, shouldered thru the crowd and stared, with a gasp of horror pursing her delicate lips. Then her eyes narrowed, and she stepped out into the gutter.

"You stop beating those horses," she shrilled, "or I'll have you arrested!" Michael glowered at her, and smiled. "Sure, and maybe you kin get thim goin'" he suggested.

"Of course I can." She tossed her head, and climbed up on the grimy load of coal.

She grasped the ponderous reins in her tiny hands, stiffened her back and scorned the whip with an acid smile. "Come, darlings," she cooed, "be nice and pull this little load right up the hill." The sidewalk audience hooted. She did her sweet best. And the off horse stretched an elastic neck to see what manner of malady the gods had inflicted upon him now. The middle horse flapped his ears again; the nigh horse switched his tail. Then all three sighed with resignation and—didn't budge. Finally a motor truck came along and yanked the cart to the top.

* * *

Why Binks Worried.

"THE Lord knows how Binks made his money!"

"No wonder he always looks worried."

THE KIDNAPED BABY

By Dorothy Douglas

CYNTHIA gazed thru the hedge that separated her garden from the one next door.

"Little darling," she breathed and her nerves quivered for a touch of the tiny mite who played among the sunflowers at the foot of the garden.

"Da, da, da!" The child's high-pitched voice followed each attempt as the strained on tip-toe for the great yellow heads.

"It must be that blonde man's baby." In a vague way she remembered having seen a very blonde man entering the gate next door. "That languid creature is the mother." She also recalled having seen a woman rocking idly on the veranda.

But the major part of Cynthia's being was given over to unceasing longing for the child; she was obsessed by a desire to feel those baby arms about her neck—to paint on her waiting canvasses all those fleeting wonders of childhood.

"Little lonely heart!" sighed Cynthia, and hurled unflattering thoughts toward the blonde man and his languid wife.

She drew back behind a clump of bushes. A woman had come hurriedly into the garden next door. Cynthia watched her stoop and print a hasty kiss on the baby's cheek, after which she stepped out and into a waiting carriage.

Cynthia gasped. For a moment she couldn't believe what her senses told her—that the woman with the traveling coat and suitcase had gone away and left the child alone.

A slow smile dawned in Cynthia's eyes. The maid in the next house was a Hungarian and could scarcely speak English. With both parents out of the way Cynthia realized that the baby was practically in her arms.

Yet Cynthia had not prepared herself for the great throb that shook her when the baby arms first tightened spasmodically about her neck. And as suddenly the awful fear gripped her that one day she would have to give up this love.

"You lonely, wistful, sad little thing," she cried. "What is your name, darling?"

"Da, da!"

Cynthia laughed.

"And your mama's name?"

"Da, da!"

"Evidently Daddy is the sun, moon and stars to you," smiled Cynthia.

As day after day wore on the baby became a vital part of Cynthia's life. It became a nightly terror when as dusk drew down she stood beside the dividing hedge and put the clinging arms from about her neck. The wistful half smile on baby's lips said plainful, "Why?" and Cynthia's courage began to diminish.

Another week drew to a close. The woman of the rocker had not returned. The blonde man continued to come home in the evening darkness and once or twice Cynthia watched him from the concealing vines of her porch.

There could be no doubt that the man with his clear-cut golden profile was the father of the baby.

When Cynthia's passion for the baby was at its height a letter came from the art circles of Paris. A great prize was being offered for a child portrait. The restrictions were severe. The work must be done in France.

Before Cynthia had finished the letter she knew that she was going to kidnap the blonde man's baby! She felt it! It had been preordained.

In a fortnight's time Cynthia and Toddles were sailing toward a tiny villa in rural France. Cynthia had booked passage as Cynthia Ross and child.

Toddles was beginning to lisp another word or two. Under the circumstances Cynthia considered it advisable to teach it the word "mama!" It would save the situation.

Cynthia reveled in the possession of a bit of humanity that, for the time being, was all her own. She made innumerable sketches and when they arrived in her villa in France she hung them about the walls and made her selection for the prize portrait.

It was all of five months later that John Winthrop took his first stroll, in those five months, along 5th avenue. The pilgrimage of illness was evident in a short-cropped blonde head and a vanishing scar on one temple.

He stopped at the window of an art store that flaunted its latest treasure.

For a long time his eyes rested on the central picture. It was a golden-haired baby standing on tip-toe and trying to reach the yellow head of a sunflower.

"Joyce!" burst from his lips.

And with the movement of his lips something snapped within John Winthrop's head. Mists cleared and the light of understanding swept into his eyes; he drew a long draft of spring sunshine and realized that memory had returned to him.

Inside the shop he was informed that the portrait was not for sale.

"It is the prize picture from the Institute contest," said the man in the art store.

"Cynthia—" Winthrop bent over the name in the corner of the canvass. "I don't make out the last name?"

"Ross—Cynthia Ross—she has a villa in Normandy," vouched the clerk.

"Have you the exact address?" questioned Winthrop.

Another fortnight and John Winthrop made his way thru the lanes to a villa in Normandy. Mingled emotions burned within him, but he had determined to give Cynthia Ross a chance to defend her action before putting the matter in less lenient hands than his own.

He saw her then as he approached the garden with the sun of glorious France shining on her hair and in her eyes. Toddles, some few feet away, was playing in the big sand hill.

Winthrop watched them for a long moment with a peculiar tightening of the jaw.

"Daddy!" the child's high pitched voice rang out. She started toward him but tripped over her little pail.

Cynthia cast one swift, hunted look into the blonde man's eyes and clasped the child convulsively in her arms. She turned defiantly toward him; then slowly her entire being drooped pitifully and very slowly she came toward Winthrop.

Without raising the heavy eyelids she put the baby in his arms; her hand brushed his and the man quivered. But Cynthia turned away and the sight of her grief was too much for Winthrop; he found himself hurting the baby in the intensity of his grip.

"Mamma!" wailed Toddles.

A hot flame darted thru Cynthia. She turned to meet the surprise in the blonde man's eyes.

"Nobody came to claim her!" she cried in self defense.

"I got a rap on the head—the week——"

"You have been ill!" put in Cynthia swiftly, contritely, "and I am the cause of it."

"No, no!" Winthrop pushed the blonde hair from his temple. "I was knocked down. My memory only came back when I saw the portrait of—"he touched the babe's curls—"Joyce."

"Joyce!" Cynthia laughed more or less hysterically. "I am afraid she won't know that name. I——"

"What have you been calling her?"

"O—Toddles, Darling Sweetheart—anything that came into my head."

Gentleness, tenderness, all that was beautiful swept into Winthrop's eyes.

"It is rather strange that one who can love children so—should remain unmarried," was his quiet remark.

"I have never—liked men," said Cynthia, and a slow smile dawned.

The suprise in Winthrop's face turned to quizzical humor. Cynthia was not aware that her eyes were expressing things quite readable to the masculine eye.

"Nor I women," laughed Winthrop.

"Not even the mother of Toddles?" Cynthia couldn't help asking.

"Toddles' mother was my brother's wife," said Winthrop, "the baby was orphaned when she was 5 months old—my sister and I have done the best we could, but my sister is not fond of children. You may have seen her on the porch——"

"You have known I lived——"

"Since the first. I have watched you a hundred times." He caught her hand swiftly when she would have escaped. "Don't run away—little mother of Toddles." He spoke breathlessly, for the hand within his was trembling. "I have hoped always for this."

"You should hate and despise me." Cynthia's voice was broken.

"Mama!" A tiny voice called from the foot of the garden.

The flame made itself felt in both the man and the woman. Cynthia tried to drag her heavy glance from John Winthrop's eyes.

"I will—have to teach her not to call me——" The hysterical catch in Cynthia's voice cut off the last word.

"Don't do it, Cynthia Ross!" Winthrop drew her panting and breathless into his arms. "To the world and to the child herself she is my baby. If you take that word from my baby's lips I will have you arrested as a kidnaper." He tilted up the chin that had sunk very low. "Do you understand?"

"I begin to think I do," Cynthia laughed softly.

A Skilled Juvenile Artist.

BESSIE is a bright one. The other day her teacher set her and her schoolmates to drawing, letting them choose their own subjects. After the teacher had examined what the other children had drawn, she took up Bessie's sheet.

"Why, what's this?" she said. "You haven't drawn anything at all, child."

"Please, teacher, yes I have," returned Bessie. "It's a war picture—a lone line of ammunition wagons at the front. You can't see 'em 'cause they're camouflaged."

All the Same.

AMONG the idiomatic terms adopted by United States marines everywhere, the expression "shove off" is more frequently used than any other. In the sea-soldier lingo, if a marine goes home on furlough, leaves his camp or garrison, or goes anywhere, he "shoves off."

A story comes from France of a marine who had been acting as orderly for a lieutenant. The officer sent him on an errand and when he returned the lieutenant was nowhere about. A poilu, who happened to be loitering in the vicinity, was questioned by the marine.

"Have you seen the lieutenant?"

"Oui, monsieur, oui," replied the poilu, proud of his newly acquired Marine Corps English, "he have—what you call—pushed over."

The Way of the World.

MRS. NORMAN WHITEHOUSE, head of the New York woman suffrage party, was talking at the Colony Club about the Russians.

"The Russians found war distasteful," she said, "so they knocked off and had a revolution instead. But their distasteful war made men of them, whereas their easy, lazy revolution is turning them into beasts.

"The Russians are in a position to agree with little Willie's dictum.

"'I can't understand,' groaned little Willie, with both hands pressed to his stomach, 'why good things like mince pie and plum pudding make me sick, while nasty things like castor oil and nux vomica make me well. Confound it! It ought to be the other way about.'"

A Worm's Turning.

"YOU can't be too drastic in your treatment of a nation like Germany," said Admiral Couden Perry at a Cold Springs luncheon.

"You've got to consider Germany as John Nagg considered marriage.

"'John,' said Mrs. Nagg, 'have you read this book, "How to Be Happy, Tho Married?"'

"'Nope,' said Nagg. 'I didn't need to. I know how, you see, without reading it.'

"'Well, how, then?' said his wife.

"'Get a divorce,' said he."

A Hateful Dig.

MARIETTA and Janet had fallen out. They found themselves side by side in a railway train and Marietta made overtures of peace. Janet replied to her conversational efforts only shortly until Marietta unwisely remarked:

"I was told yesterday I get my good looks from mother."

"I wouldn't repeat that if I were you," said Janet, gravely.

"Why not?"

"Well, you know," said Janet, "people will think your mother was stingy."

What Nuxated Iron is Made From

Sworn Statement of Composition of Its Formula

It increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks time in many instances.

The Board of Directors have authorized the broadest publication of the sworn statement of the composition of Nuxated Iron, one of the most widely used tonic, strength and blood builders in the world, so that the public may examine it for themselves and judge as to its merits.

It is conservatively estimated that this remarkable formula is now being used by over 3,000,000 people annually in America alone. Among those who have used and strongly endorse it are many physicians, former members of Congress, distinguished U. S. Army Generals (Retired), Judge Atkinson of the United States Court of Claims at Washington and former Health Commissioner Kerr, of Chicago.

Newspapers everywhere are invited to copy this statement for the benefit of their readers. It is suggested that physicians make a record of it and keep it in their offices so that they may intelligently answer questions of patients concerning it. Everybody is advised to cut it out and keep it. A copy of the actual sworn statement will be sent to any one who desires such. It is as follows:

Iron Peptonate (Special specific Standard)
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Po. Ginger U.S.P.
Oil Cassia Cinnamon U.S.P.
Calcium Carbonate Precip. U.S.P.

Each dose of two tablets of Nuxated Iron contains one and one-half grains of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate of a special specific standard which in our opinion possesses superior qualities to any other known form of iron. By using other makes of Iron Peptonate we could have put the same quantity of actual iron in the tablets at less than one-fourth the cost to us, and by using metallic iron we could have accomplished the same thing at less than one-twelfth the cost; but by so doing we must have most certainly impaired their therapeutic efficacy. Glycerophosphates used in Nuxated Iron is one of the most expensive tonic ingredients known. It is especially recommended to build up the nerve force and thereby increase brain power, as glycerophosphates are said to contain phosphorus in a state very similar to that in which it is found in the nerve and brain cells of man.

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago.

As will be seen from the above, two important ingredients of Nuxated Iron (Iron Peptonate and Glycerophosphates) are very expensive products as compared with most other tonics.

Under such circumstances the temptation to adulteration and substitution by unscrupulous persons is very great, and the public is hereby warned to be careful and see every bottle is plainly labeled "Nuxated Iron" by the Dae Health Laboratories, Paris, London, and Detroit, U. S. A., as this is the only genuine article. If you have taken other forms of iron without success, this does not prove Nuxated Iron will not help you. We guarantee satisfaction to every purchaser or your money will be refunded.

In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says it has proven through his own tests of it to excel any preparation he has ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves and strengthening the muscles. Dr. J. W. Armisted, Grove Hill, Ala., graduate of the University of Alabama School of Medicine, Mobile, 1883, says: "In the cases I used Nuxated Iron I have found more beneficial results than from any preparation I have ever used in 34 years' practice." Dr. R. B. Baugh, Polkville, Miss., graduate of the Memphis Hospital College, Memphis, 1898, says: "I always prescribe Nuxated Iron where a reconstructive tonic is indicated." Nuxated Iron often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Nuxated Iron is not recommended for use in cases of acute illness, but only as a tonic, strength and blood builder. (In case of illness always consult your family physician and be guided by his advice.) If in doubt as to whether or not you need a tonic, ask your doctor, as we do not wish to sell you Nuxated Iron if you do not require it. If you should use it and it does not help you, notify us and we will return your money. It is sold by all druggists and general stores. Dae Health Laboratories, Detroit, Mich.

Little Stories From "Over There"

My First Bomb Raid.

BY SERGT. A. G. JORGENSON, JR.
29th Vancouver Battalions, C. E. F.

WE HAD been in the trenches two months when volunteers for a bombing raid were called for. They picked twenty-three men out of our grenade sections and took us back of the lines. From the photograph of the German front line supplied by our aeroplane men we built a section of trench which was its exact duplicate, and we practiced on it for about three weeks.

Then the night came for the attack. All was quiet. Four of our men went out and lay underneath the Germans' barbed wire five hours, cutting and opening to let us thru. We blackened our faces, our badges and buttons, took off our identification discs and regimental numbers so if we were taken prisoners the Germans could get little information regarding our division or regiment.

At 2 a. m. we left our trench—twenty-three of us. We split into two sections of ten men each with two officers and two signalers. Captain Gwyn, an Englishman, was in charge of our party; Lieutenant Wilmot in charge of the other. We crossed No Man's Land. As we approached the entrance of the German bay we were to enter a sentry, hearing our approach, put up his head. Captain Gwyn shot him and we tumbled into the trench unmolested, our party of ten proceeding to the left and the other ten to the right. We got the Huns asleep, all but a few sentries. The Captain was just ahead of me, a very cool-headed Englishman, who never forgot to carry his cane. Proceeding, he poked the flap of several dugouts with his cane, and turning to me would say, "Jorgenson, just put a bomb in theah."

We went down twenty or thirty yards and came on a machine gun emplacement. As soon as we reached the traverse we found Number One on the gun, sitting there on sand bags with a paper across his knee. I shot him with a revolver, while the Captain put a bomb under the machine gun. Our time, seven or eight minutes, was up and we had to start back to the entrance. Reaching a communication trench we came upon a German under-officer, whom we captured and marched back in front of us to the bay, where our signaler was lying waiting for us.

We recrossed No Man's Land with our prisoner, the other section, which had cleaned up the right, bringing back

"Jorgenson, Just Put a Bomb in Theah!"

three Germans. We had killed thirty-five or forty. Two of our men had been killed and one wounded, and we brought them all back with us. We weren't much more than in our trenches when the Germans opened up their artillery on us, but they awoke too late. Our first bombing raid for the purpose of gaining information and taking a few prisoners was a complete success.

The Spy's Fate.

MANY and devious are the ways adopted by spies to transmit their information to the enemy. Such an incident was narrated by Capt. R. Hugh Knyvelt of the 15th Royal Australian forces, who recently died in the United States, only a few weeks after his marriage.

"One night in Flanders I chanced to get a glimpse of some flashes of light which puzzled me," he said. "They were well back of our lines, but I couldn't get the correct direction from which they were being sent.

"The next day I tramped around for miles in all directions back of our lines, but could not detect a single place which would permit of sending the flashes. That night from the position I held the night previous I noticed them again. This time I realized that the operator was using the Morse system and flashing the message in code. Only a week back word had come to us that a German code had been worked out by the staff intelligence department, and I forwarded the message which had awaited us. It read:

"'Two Scotch divisions passing thru Supplies constantly coming up.'

"This was true. But no one in the immediate neighborhood could learn this. And for this reason: The farmers—in fact, every one—were compelled to have a zone permit. This allowed them to pass unchallenged in their own particular zone. As the Scotch divisions could not have passed thru the zone where the signal had been flashed, we naturally were puzzled. We questioned every one, but not a confession. Finally, in going over the ground again one day, I came upon an overturned dump cart. Out of curiosity I examined it. The manner in which it had been wrecked caused me to be suspicious, and I poked about, more to allay my suspicions than to satisfy them. But finally my eyes detected a neatly cut hole in the side of the cart, and directly above the hole a hook was fastened. This hook gave the scheme away, because had the cart been in active use the hook would not have been in that position.

"That night I watched the cart from a neighboring hill. I saw an old farmer sneak cautiously up to it. He lighted a lantern. But that is as far as he got before I covered him with my Colt. I took him to headquarters and questioned him. He confessed he was instructed to flash messages given to him by a young girl. He had been well paid for it, but did not know who the girl was. Now it seems that young girl had been in the habit of coming to our lines to dispose of her English papers. Of course there had been other girls around, but because this particular one had a communicating zone permit I suspected she was the one I was after. The next day she came as usual with her newspapers to sell. Under cover I followed her for three miles to her home. When I knocked on the door of her home and the door was opened by herself she fainted when she caught sight of my uniform. That in itself was a confession of guilt. We handed both the girl and her farmer accomplice to the authorities and they were shot."

American Slanguage.

CLEVER as the German spy may be, great linguists as they claim to be, Americans have found that their vast and rich range of slang completely baffles them.

An American officer who was in Belgium working with the Relief Commission before America entered the war, tells an amusing little story of the difficulties he and his fellow workers had in holding any sort of conversation without fear of being overheard by the ever present German spy, and how they got around them. He says:

"We couldn't talk English without being overheard, somehow, and our conversation contorted and exaggerated beyond recognition. French was no better, but we found that we had a trackless country, a real No Man's Land on which we could venture with absolute safety for the baffling of inquisitive ears. I'll explain what I mean

"I had just heard that a German in the United States had made an attempt upon the life of the President. It was at a time when every event of the kind was making our participation in the war more certain. How the news leaked out I don't know. I shall never know. That was the peculiarity of news in Belgium. You heard the rumor, but you could trace it to no apparent source.

"In a barber's shop were several German officers. Entered Sperry, of California, who had just returned from a trip in the provinces, and would be likely to know nothing about the report. It would be well if he were informed before reporting at the Pass Zentrale. So the information was coded, and the following dialogue occurred:

"'Nix on any of these spangled delicatessens getting wise, but if there were any wully extrees in this burg they'd be scareheaded about a Heinie who just tried to put over the Czolgosz on the Main Squeeze!'

"A pause, and then back from the lathered lips in the other chair:

"'I getcha, Steve. What's the next call for dinner in the dining car?'

"'You can search me. But I think it is all to the merry.'

"'Say, when will all those guys stop trying to steal second with the bases full?'

"'What do you expect from bush league beans? The skids for them! But tell me, am I taking too long a lead off first?'

"'Ataboy! These gazabos will never tumble to the line in a thousand years.'"

Searchlights Are Cruel.

SEARCHLIGHTS are far harder on the nerves than high explosive or shrapnel, and are the greatest trial of Allied airmen, according to the fliers in the war zone.

These great arms stretch out across the night, sweeping the darkness with an eager desire to find their quarry.

Perhaps the airman is flying placidly over the enemy territory in an area which he knows has been hitherto undefended. Suddenly he sees immediately in front of him a beam of light moving up and down, up and down.

Nearer and nearer it moves toward him, weaving its way in wide sweeps across the sky until it flashes over him, and for a moment the machine is lit up and he is conscious of a great pool of intensely brilliant light, in which he seems to swim, and then it passes beyond him—but remains very near the machine.

The pilot throttles his engine and turns slightly as he glides silently down the night. The beam is, as it were, puzzled and moves slowly behind him as he glides farther and farther on, and soon he has left it a long distance behind him.

He goes on, lighthearted again for the moment, feeling as a mouse must do when it has been cornered by a cat and has been playfully tapped a few times by a heavy paw, and has then, by a sudden move of strategy, managed to escape to the safety of its hole.

Permanently Relieved His Piles

Now 88 Years Old, But Works at Trade of Blacksmith and Feels Younger Since Piles Are Gone.

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my infernal method for relieving piles.

Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich.

I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Homer, Mich., June 27, 1917.

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,
J. L. LYON

Don't send a dollar or one cent and don't waste money on [illegible] methods, but get good today for a Free Trial of my Internal method for the Permanent Relief of Piles.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, ointments, dilators, and other local treatments have failed.

FREE PILE CURE COUPON

E. R. Page,
382 C Main St., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your Method to:

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HEAD NOISES?

300 Treatments FREE

The pity of those Head Noises, those wearing — annoying sounds in your head! You have thought at times they would drive you crazy, if they did not stop.

Perhaps your hearing is already failing. Even if it is still good, you have the added burden of knowing that these Head Noises are only the signals of approaching Deafness. The whistle of the locomotive does not indicate any plainer the approach of the train, than Head Noises indicate the approach of Deafness.

You may only have the Noises in the head occasionally, or when you have a cold, but you are in danger all the same. You need immediate treatment.

Deafness Specialist Sproule has studied and perfected a method of treatment which has brought untold joy to many, many people troubled with Head Noises. This treatment has, in hundreds of cases, stopped the sounds and left the head clear as a bell.

GIVEN AWAY

300 of these treatments are being offered Free. If you want one, write to-day. You may try for yourself the method of this successful Specialist. You will see it is scientific and why it has cured, where others failed.

Deafness Specialist Sproule wants to help all who suffer from these fierce Head Noises. He knows what intense misery—those sounds of escaping steam—that bell ringing in the ear—that singing of crickets or insects—the humming—the puffing—the buzzing—the distant roaring—that dull heavy throbbing—means. **He therefore offers treatment, FREE, to all who write at once.** His treatment has cured hundreds upon hundreds. In place of those roaring noises, there is a perfect quietness, in which every natural sound is heard quickly and distinctly.

Just sit down and write a post card or letter request asking for a treatment—Free—for Head Noises. Sign your full name and address, and send it off NOW. The treatment will come to you by return mail, and will cost you nothing. Don't delay—send NOW. Write

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROULE
306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

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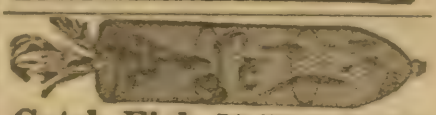

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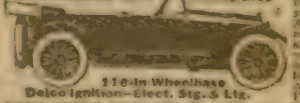

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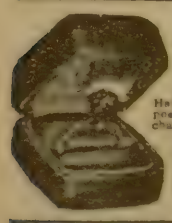

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Wooed and Won at Sight

By A. M. Crawford

TWENTY-FIVE miles out from her destination Nell Patterson was handed a telegram by the obliging Pullman conductor. She had already pulled on her smart little sealskin turban with its crown of Chinese blue brocade. There was a wide stole of sealskin lined with the same rich blue on the seat beside her in readiness to be tossed around her cloth clad shoulders. What could Betty of boarding school days be wiring about at this late hour, she wondered, reading the signature first.

"Am quarantined in sister's home. Awful luck. Elmer will meet you and take you home. Be with you soon as possible."

Nell Patterson gasped. Here she was, away down in Georgia, hundreds of miles from her Kentucky home, and her hostess not at home to receive her. Elmer would meet her! Hadn't she heard whole volumes about him, how he invariably left home on business, he said, whenever his sister Betty entertained a visitor? No girl could visit a man, anyway!

Then while she sat there, wondering what to do, what she could do, in fact, under the circumstances, the train glided into the little Georgia town and a big six-foot fellow had boarded the car and taken her off, bag and baggage.

"When can I get a train back home?" she found herself asking frenziedly when they reached the platform and the train was moving on its steelbound way again. She looked at the man for the first time. Why, he was no boy, as Betty had lovingly called him! He was old and already quite gray at the temples. Perhaps things could be arranged after all! It would seem like visiting one's grandfather or uncle or something, concluded Nell.

"Home?" he questioned, in a pleasant Southern voice. "Why, you're coming home with me! Aunt Mathilde is there, waiting to give you a welcome."

"Oh!" sighed Nell in vast relief, "then it's perfectly all right, isn't it?"

"Betty planned a little dinner for this evening," said the big, homely fellow as his motor car went whizzing over the frosty ground. "You'll have to be hostess, you know, for Aunt Mathilde has flatly refused to grace the festive board. She will chaperone you and take care of the house until Betty comes home, but she won't do social stunts."

Nell stole a long look at the man beside her. Why had he run away from all of his sister's visitors? He was not a bit good looking or fascinating, and probably none of them would have considered him. Weren't sisters funny, she thought? Why, Betty had raved about him; had said that he was so handsome women were crazy over him, and that he didn't care a rap for anything in petticoats.

"All right," she answered, because she was evidently expected to say something; then she fell silent again.

With the kindly help of Aunt Mathilde, Nell dressed for the dinner that evening. Betty already had picked out the right man for her and what she had said about him made her visitor doubly anxious to make a good appearance. He came of an old, aristocratic family. He was rich. He was clever. What more could any girl want? And his name was Philip Thursby. Nell liked that, too. She went down the wide steps in the beautiful old colonial home and stopped for a second before a mirror in the hall to admire her slim young body in its wrappings of silver and tulle. She turned toward the library, lighted only by the Black Jack logs burning in the wide fireplace. She hoped that Elmer would come down early enough for them to get acquainted before the strangers arrived. A long figure rose from the big couch, detached itself from the shadows in a dim corner of the room and came forward quickly.

Of course Nell did what nine girls out of ten would have done. She screamed. Aunt Mathilde came running down the steps.

"I told you that you would scare the child to death," she began, but the man, holding Nell in his arms, waved her back with a lordly gesture of command.

Nell was drawing her breath in hard, quivering sighs when she suddenly became conscious that somebody was holding her very close. She stepped back a pace and regarded—a complete stranger.

"Why, who are you?" she demanded, looking at him under the bright lights that Aunt Mathilde had snapped on.

The man smiled engagingly and threw out his hands in a little appealing movement of despair. "My scheme didn't work," he said dolefully.

"I want to know who you are?" demanded Nell wrathfully, going backward toward the door.

"Betty's brother, Elmer."

"You aren't the man who brought me from the station."

"He did not call himself Elmer, if you will remember. I pleaded business, as usual when Sis has visitors, and I bespoke the services of old Phil Thursby."

"That ugly fellow—Phil Thursby?"

"Looks don't count, in a man," said Elmer, philosophically. "I watched you come in today. I was upstairs by a window and the minute I laid my eyes on you I knew that you were, oh, hang it all, I'm not used to this sort of thing, you see, I knew that you were the right, right girl for me." He was advancing toward her, hands out in cordial appeal. He was all that Betty had said, thought Nell, a magazine cover man, the kind that a girl dreams about but seldom finds in life.

A bell tinkled and a merry group poured into the house. "How about it, Nell?" asked a persuasive voice at her ear. "Quick, before they come in! Oh, I'm getting paid back for running away from girls. I've read some of your gay little letters—I thought, before you came, that this was going to happen to me and I—I fought it to the last ditch. How about it, Nell?"

Nell smiled as only a girl from the blue grass country can smile, and turned away to meet the noisy troop of young people running down the stairs. She did not expect to let him know that he was the right, right man for her, that is, not for a time, anyway!

Later, over the sun dry champagne that Aunt Mathilde had ordered carried up from the cellar to be put on ice for the party, Nell's blue eyes met her host's merry brown ones, met and lingered for the span of a heart beat. She hoped that dear old Betty would love her—as a sister.

From a Drafted Ball Player

DEAR Cousin: At last I have crossed the Rubicon and burned all my bridges behind me, or, in modern language, I have crossed the Detroit River, and as there are no bridges, I couldn't very well burn them behind me.

In your recent letter you informed me that you had not time to write to slackers—that all your letters henceforth would be addressed to the brave boys in uniform. You must know that I tried to break into the American League, but I wasn't up to form and they sent me back to the bushes. So today I signed up to play the season with the Windsors of the Canadian League. I won't land a regular berth right away, but will have to play on the bench until I learn the inside dope. I don't know whether they will put me in the infield or the outfield, but I'll be satisfied if I have to be the bat boy.

We are booked for a series of games with the Huns of the Assassin League. I hear that they play dirty baseball and don't live up to the regulations. They use square bats and the emery ball. And some of the stuff they pull is pretty raw. They've got a guy named Bill Satan and another bird called Hadesburg as managers. They are a bad lot and the fans will be sorry they supported such a crooked bunch.

The big series comes off at Berlin some time next fall and the sporting writers have got us doped to win in a walk. Those birds won't even have a ball park left to play in. I don't see how they ever got into organized baseball in the first place.

The Canadians I am playing with are always there with a three-bagger when the bases are full and two out.

The Huns are using up all their best pitchers and soon they won't have anything left but their gloves. Their batsmen are poling some long hits at present, but they don't count much on the score board. They are doomed for the same fate as the Federal League. And you know what happened to them.

I am to receive the handsome salary of $33 a month with all expenses paid. And should I get spiked or hit on the bean by a foul tip, my widow gets ten thousand bits from Gen. Enough to land another husband with.

I have tried to convey to you the news that I have enlisted in the Canadian army. We receive but a few months' training in Canada and then are sent to England. That suits me. FRANK.

Second Thoughts.

SANDY had been courting Janet for the last two years. One evening, after a silence lasting nearly an hour, Janet murmured:

"A penny for your thoughts, Sandy!"

"Weel," replied Sandy, with sudden boldness, "I was just thinking hoo fine it wud be if ye were to give me a bit kissie!"

Janet compiled, and again there was silence.

"An' what are ye thinking about noo, Sandy?" Janet ventured after a bit. "Anither?"

"Na, na, lassie; it's mair serious the noo! I was just thinkin' that it was about time ye were payin' me that penny for ma thochts!"

FREE!

Write today for a free trial bottle of D.D.D. If you have eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales, rashes, or any skin ailment, mild or violent, D.D.D. will bring you instant relief. It is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerin, and other ingredients. This prescription is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin diseases. Write today for free trial bottle.

D. D. D.

The Standard Skin Remedy

D. D. D. is the logical remedy. It is a penetrating liquid. It works its way right into the tiny pores where the disease germs are lodged, and cleanses them of impurities. The relief is instant. As soon as you apply D. D. D. to that burning, biting, itch, it will bring cool comfort and rest. Now you can get D. D. D. in a small trial bottle. Write today. Hundreds of grateful people all over the world are recommending it to their friends. Prove to yourself that what others say is true, but don't wait. Get instant relief.

Write Today
For Free Trial Bottle

Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Send for D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send today without fail.

D. D. D. Laboratories
3845 E. Ravenswood Park, Dept. 9013 Chicago

ECZEMA

Also Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, etc.

I believe eczema can be cured to stay. I mean just what I say C-U-R-E-D and NOT merely patched up to return again. Remember, I make this statement after handling nearly a half million cases of eczema and devoting 12 years of my life to its treatment. I don't care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, all I ask is just a chance to prove my claims. If you write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will surely convince you as it has me. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER AND DREAM BOOK

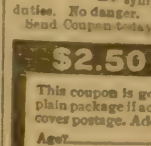
Know thy future. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth and Business? Tells fortunes by all methods, cards, palmistry, tea cup, zodiology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days; interprets dreams. A large book by mail for 10 cents. Earn money telling fortunes.
L. Royal Pub. Co., 425 Locust Street, Phila., Pa.

WOMEN WHY WORRY

Ergoil Monthly Regulator safely relieves some of the longest and most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money returned. Prepaid $1.00.
DERMITONE REMEDY CO., 648-650 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

GOITRE

Removed at Home Without Operation or Danger



This simple, safe home treatment removes Goitre without inconvenience or danger. Hundreds of difficult cases that refuse to yield to any other treatment have reported immediate results. "My goitre is cured and am feeling fine. I improved before taking medicine a week," says Mrs. C. W. Hahn, of North Jackson, Ohio. Mrs. W. A. Pesse, of Creston, B. C., Can., writes: "A friend in Alberta got your treatment and was cured. I concluded to try it, and after using one treatment my goitre entirely disappeared." Choking, suffocating and other disagreeable symptoms. Does not interfere with regular duties. No danger. Convince yourself without pay or obligation. Send Coupon today for $2.50 Test Treatment.

$2.50 FREE COUPON

This coupon is good for $2.50 Test Treatment mailed free in plain package if accompanied by 10c in STAMPS or SILVER to cover postage. Address DR. W. T. BOBO, Battle Creek, Mich.

Age?..... How old is Goitre?..... yrs.
Nervous?..... Hands Tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?..... Does heart beat too rapidly?..... Health?.....
Name.....
Address.....

612

His Highbrow Pink Hands

By Archey Cameron New

THE Beethoven Symphony was no more. Not that the masterpiece of harmony had passed into oblivion, but the career of the orchestra that bore its name was ended. For not only had its manager announced that further bookings were not to be had, but worse—the treasury was one only in name.

Vergil Van Claud sat in the manager's office of the little theater in Newbury and bitterly reflected over his dilemma. Young, talented, the orchestra's soloist, a great pianist and—yet broke! It was awful! Theatrical business on the—what was it the house manager had called it—oh, yes, on the—bum! Theatrical business, indeed, he muttered indignantly to himself. He was no actor—he was an artist, a—— His hand came in contact with a small roll of bills and bringing them to light, he stared at them disconsolately, then he laughed bitterly.

"Twenty dollars," he announced to the pictures on the wall. "Twenty dollars. Enough to pay my hotel bill and then——"

The door opened and a grimy individual in blue jumpers and with a very red face intruded upon his reflections.

"Tough luck, mister," sympathized the newcomer. "But I s'pose it's all in the game. Ain't so sure of my own job—m'self. Bad year fer us entertainers."

Van Cloud looked up resentfully, then something in the humor of the situation struck him and he smiled wanly. This man knew local conditions. Even the humblest stage carpenter was not to be ignored.

"Do you know of any place," he shot the direct question at the other, "where I might play till I got enough to get back to New York?"

The newcomer shook his head doubtfully.

"Ain't many places in town," he answered, after due reflection, "'cept th' Casino movie parlor down th' street. They need a pie-anist."

The artist sprang to his feet indignantly, and the other shrank back involuntarily.

"Not in a million years," protested Van Claud, with passionate vehemence. "I'd rather work—in a factory."

The stage carpenter laughed boisterously and pointed to the other's slender, pink, highly manicured hands, still clutching the bills.

"What, with hands like them?" he sneered. "Ha, ha! Y'couldn't do nothin' with feeders like them. Them's highbrow pink hands, not work hands. Now——"

Van Claud advanced toward the other threateningly, and something in the pianist's eyes made him recoil again.

"Stop!" thundered Van Claud. "Maybe they are pink. But they're strong and firm and—and—willing. And needy, too. This is all I've got," and he flourished the few bills in the other's face. But I'll earn more."

"No offense, sir," apologized the other, quickly. "I didn't know. Maybe—that is," he hesitated, then plunged ahead, "y' might get a job at th' tool works. My brother works 'ere. I'll give y' a note t' him."

"Tool works?" echoed the artist, delightedly. "I know something of tool-making. My father was one. I—I thank you."

And his hand shot out and grasped the workman's in a firm grip that served but to enhance his respect for the artist. Embarrassed, he turned toward the door.

"I'll go an' phone 'im now, and tell 'im yer comin'," said the carpenter, and then, before he closed the door, added, "You wait 'ere."

Left alone again, Van Claud walked absently into the studio next to the office, and sitting at the piano his hands moved caressingly over the keys.

"Good-by, career," he muttered to himself. Good-by, fame." And then he rose and with firm tread and head erect, passed out of the studio, thru the office, to the street, and the tool works.

It was on an evening, three months later, when a young, well set young man, dressed neatly, was ushered into the parlor of Beehler, the general manager of the Kensett Tool Company. The maid withdrew and he strayed about the spacious room with the manner of one accustomed to his surroundings. Then, with no intention of eavesdropping, he heard voices in the adjoining room, thru the glass panel of the closed doors, and hearing his name in a deep, masculine bass, he stopped short.

"I — I can't see him," he then heard in a musical soprano. "He wants me to marry him."

"Well, why not?" answered the bass voice. "He's a fine young man. Honest, industrious, good natured, everything a girl should want in a husband."

"Except breeding," interrupted the girl. "Look at his hands. Rough, uncouth, untidy—the very best evidence of a common bringing up."

The young man in the parlor recoiled and stared in mute dejection at his hands, then the masculine voice again claimed his attention.

"Stop," it thundered. "I won't have you say such things of Vanklow. Why, you crazy girl, you said yourself only last week that he was the sweetest-tempered person you had ever met. I don't give forty hoots who he was. It's what he is—now—and that's the squarest, finest man in our plant and its future president if I don't miss my guess. That's got refinement beat to a frazzle—your kind of refinement."

Vergil Van Claud, now known by his abandoned first name and the euphonious spelling of his last, George Vanklow, felt a momentary thrill of happiness at Beehler's warm indorsement. Then a chill of despair as he thought of the girl's indictment. Again he glanced at his hands. He had passed up refinement, gentility, all that life held dear, for what? For money—for money he had sunk to this! Absently, he strayed toward the piano, a stranger to him for the past few months, and gazed at it with all the hungry longing of an artist's soul. His fingers clutched spasmodically at a letter in his pocket—the letter of Marie Beehler, addressed to Vergil Van Claud, Beethoven Symphony Orchestra—the refined, pink-handed artist. An idea struck him like a thunderbolt! Rough, indeed? He'd show her. He'd——

The piano began to give forth sound; then chord after chord poured from it as the master hand tore at its vitals. The instrument moaned, it sobbed, it laughed and then figuratively shrieked in gay abandon. The soul of the artist was going into it, drop by drop, thought by thought, until its rhythmic sob seemed to merge with the pent-up emotions of its tormentor. It was alive, breathing, a thing of——

A door opened and a beautiful girl stood transfixed on the portal. Then, with an expression on her fair young face almost terrifying in its intensity, she stared incredulously at the artist's back and took a step or two forward.

"Vergil—Van Claud," she gasped, breathlessly. "You are——"

The music stopped and the young man turned, then rose, to his feet and bowed.

"Yes," he admitted, with a sad smile, "I am——"

"But I thought——" she started to speak. But he put out his hand in restraint.

"No, you didn't think," he interrupted in a low tone. "You merely jumped at conclusions. You judged me by these hands. You have never thought." He extracted a letter from his pocket and held it toward her. "Or you wouldn't have sent me this letter—three months ago. You said you—loved me in that letter. You didn't love me—you loved the artist—the things I represented. Now you hate me by the same token. But I thought, and I thought deeply; and as I thought then I think now. I love you. I told you so last night, when I was sure. But, Marie. I—you—you don't want to marry—a rough workman."

He stumbled blindly from the room toward the hall and for a minute she stood transfixed with shame—and horror; then she ran after him. He was reaching for his coat, but she tore away his hands, and holding them in her own, glanced piteously into his face.

"Vergil, please," she cried, passionately, "forgive me, won't you?"

An ecstatic shiver ran thru him as he answered her.

"But, dearest," he whispered, "my hands are not—pink."

"But they're perfect," she whispered, clinging to them, "and I want them—always."

* * *

It Was a Full Moon.

"DOES the moon remind you of anything?" he asked, sentimentally, thinking of their courtship days.

"Yes," said his wife.

"What?" he asked.

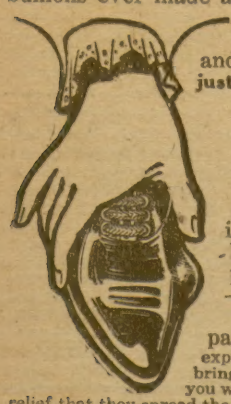
"You," she said, "on club nights."

Bunions

Instant Relief Sent FREE

Just like the touch of the fairy's wand, FAIRYFOOT banishes the pain and inflammation INSTANTLY. They disappear like magic. It absorbs and draws out the inflammation, softens and dissolves the accumulated layers of cartilage which really make the bunion, thus reducing the enlargement and restoring the deformed foot to its healthy, normal size.

Wonderful—yes. And it costs you nothing to find out. **Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you** as I have proved it to over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my FAIRYFOOT treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you just for the asking. Send no money—just a post card.**



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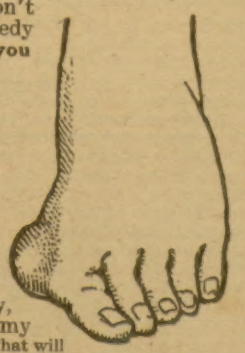


is a wonderful yet simple home remedy; it removes the cause of the bunion and therefore the unnatural enlargement of the joint disappears—your foot resumes its natural shape and the pain is also gone—all this while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever.

Surely you will not let this opportunity pass to get rid of that ugly, painful, distressing deformity. When I say "Try FAIRYFOOT at my expense", I mean it. All you are asked to send is your name and address on a post card. That will bring the free treatment. I want you to have it because I know that when you have found what FAIRYFOOT does, you will tell your friends about it. Most of our business comes in this way. People are so glad to have found such quick relief that they spread the good news everywhere. That is why I can afford to send out these free treatments.

Send Postcard Today for Free Treatment

Read the testimonials in this ad. See what FAIRYFOOT has done for others. Thousands and thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. And you will do the same once you have tried it. Sit down now and write your name and address on a post card. Get it into the mail. Don't suffer any longer while this free offer holds good. Remember—not a penny to send, and no obligation or promise on your part except to use it as directed. Just send us your name and address on a post card—today.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 3601 W. 26th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Most Satisfactory of All

I take pleasure in recommending your Fairyfoot to my friends for it certainly has benefited me very much. I had tried several different kinds of cures, but none gave such entire satisfaction as yours. I keep it on hand all the time and feel it is all you recommend it to be.

Respectfully,
Mrs. S. E. JENNINGS, Sunbury, Pa.

Got Dizzy With Pain

I received your Fairyfoot Treatment and used it as directed, and after years of suffering, the pain was gone in two hours. For years I had been wondering how people could smile and be happy, or if I was the only one suffering so. Before I used your Fairyfoot, I could not even sleep at night. I seemed to have a terrible toothache in my feet and my brain at the same time, so that I would get dizzy with pain. Sincerely yours,

FRIEDA BUCHMAN,
408 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Pain Vanished Instantly

I received the Fairyfoot which you sent me and gave it a trial. It relieved the pain almost instantly. I wore a pair of new shoes while I used Fairyfoot and did not suffer from the bunion at all. This is saying a great deal as I could hardly wear an old shoe before. I would advise every bunion sufferer to try Fairyfoot.

From a grateful patient,
Mrs. C. A. SMITH, White Mills, Pa.

They Do All We Claim

Your Fairyfoot I think are all you claim them to be. They have relieved my suffering wonderfully, although I have not used many of them yet. I shall tell all my friends that suffer with bunions and corns, for I think I have found the right remedy.

Mrs. LYDIA R. BROWN, Rogers, Ohio.

MAKE YOUR HOME PRETTY

IS YOUR home or porch equipped with attractive, comfortable sofa pillows? The Ledger's sofa pillows will beautify your home. They are a prize for any one with an eye for beauty, for one will do more to brighten up the parlor than an armful of pictures. This design is especially appropriate now, when so many sons and husbands are leaving their homes to defend their loved ones. They will always be thinking of their homes, no matter how humble or palatial they may be.

The illustration does not begin to give you an adequate idea of the beautiful design of these pillow tops, for they are of the most gorgeous colors imaginable.

Everything but the Feathers

This pillow outfit includes a pillow top of the very highest grade of ten colors, and measures 20"x20". The design is in five colors, and enough mercerized floss is furnished to work out the design to the best effect. A pillow-back of the same material is supplied, and to make the outfit complete we are giving a package of needles.

How to Get It Free!

The complete outfit, including pillow top and back, 6 skeins of mercerized floss and a package of embroidery needles, will be given FREE to any one sending $1.50 to the address below, for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger, either new or renewal.

Fill out the coupon and send it in with your money order, and your complete outfit will be sent. We guarantee that you will be more than delighted.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

—— —COUPON— —— —

(Fill out and inclose with $1.50 for year's subscription to Chicago Ledger and get the pillow outfit FREE.)

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger (52 issues). This is a _____ subscription.
(new or renewal)
Please send me free of all charges a pillow top, back and outfit.

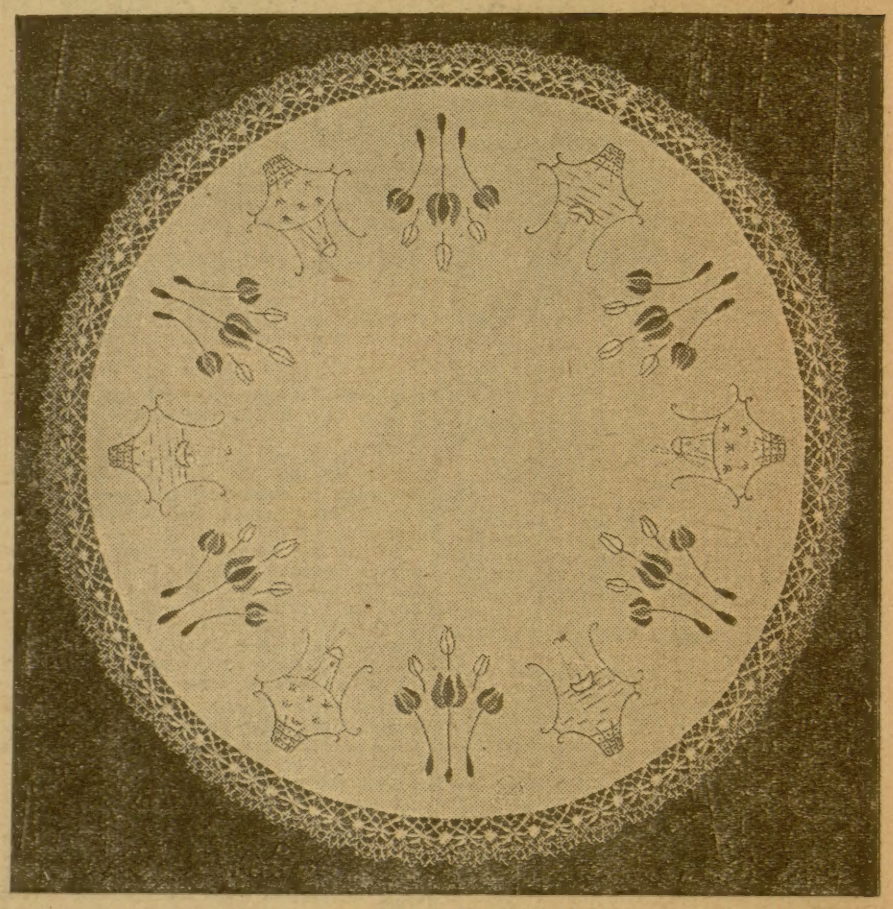
Name .....

St. No., P. O.
or R. F. D.....

Town .....

Box No..... State.....

An Attractive Luncheon Cloth



THIS charming luncheon cloth is simple in design, speedy to work and very attractive when completed. It is 36 inches across and the border is 7½ inches wide, composed of twelve motifs of two directly opposite styles. Of these motifs, six are a bunch of conventional tulips. These floral motifs are placed at equal distances apart, and between these are placed alternately two scene motifs. The latter have the same basketlike foundation and the scrowls of outline stitches. One has a sailboat and water effect, while the other has a windmill and tufts of grass.

The entire piece is worked in heavy mercerized embroidery cotton No. 5, and as this thread is coarse the work is effective and speedy. Three shades of delft blue and white are used. As there is no scalloped edge, all the work is done on the border. One dozen skeins of cotton are all that are required for this piece. The three small tulips nearest the center of each bunch are worked in white, with the stitches slanting toward the base. The outlining of these flowers and stems is worked in the medium shade of blue. For the larger flowers just below these, no outlining is used. Starting with the center petal of the center flower, work in the darkest shade. If one is not an expert with her needle, I would advise the following method for working:

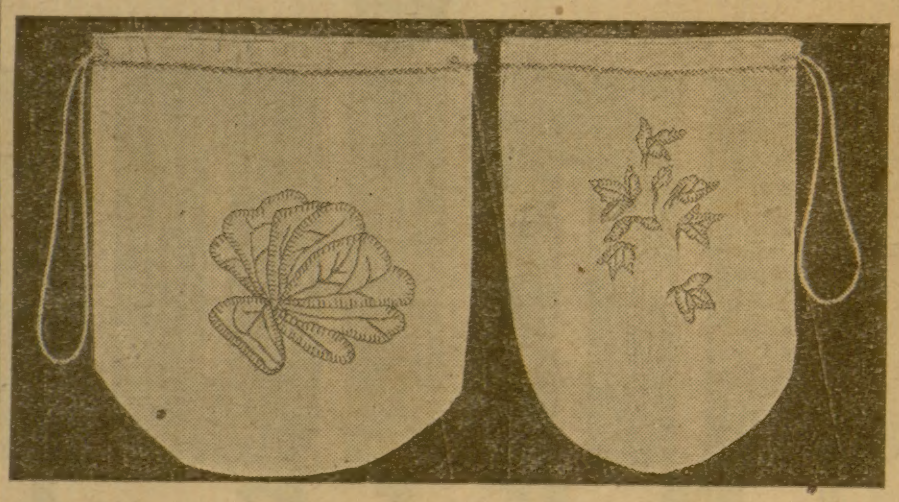
Take a sharp-pointed lead pencil and draw a straight line from the tip to the base of the petal; starting at the edge slant the lines downward to meet at this center vein, bringing the lines even from both sides. Starting at the lower right hand base and working on these lines will make the work very simple. Care must be taken that the stitches meet in a clear line down the center. After making a few flowers in this manner one soon acquires the habit and can dispense with the lines.

The two side petals are made of the medium shade, and the smaller flowers have the shades reversed. All have the stems and solid portions below of the darkest shade. The paddles of the windmill and the sails of the ship, also the water, are made of the lightest shade. All the baskets, body of the ship, top of the windmill and windows are of the darkest shade, while all the remaining portions are of the medium shade.

This work is all done in outlining stitch except the nine dots in each basket; these are in French knots, winding the thread once over the needle. To finish the edge, turn up once on the right side and over this baste your 2½ inch wide cluny lace. This should lie flat on the table and only enough fullness be allowed to prevent the scallops from cupping.

After dampening and pressing, the lace should not show that any fullness had been allowed. Sew twice by machine and you will have a most satisfactory edge and one that will wear well.

Sanitary Vegetable Bags



ONCE a housekeeper has possessed and used these sensible bags she will tell you she would not be without them. The taste of celery and lettuce is greatly improved by keeping them cold and crisp. The past few years of scientific management of the kitchen have proven to us all that we cannot be too careful in the handling and preparing of our food. It is not always possible for the person doing the cooking to prepare all her dishes in the last half hour before serving the meal. Salad is one of the dishes which should be prepared just before brought to the table. As so many of the hot dishes require one's attention at this time, the vegetable bags afford one the opportunity of cleaning and cutting this portion of the salad some time in advance and still meet the requirement of taking it from the cold place when needed. Or if one keeps either of these vegetables from one day to the next it can be sprinkled and placed in its bag on the ice or in a cool cellar and be as fresh and crisp as if it were fresh picked.

One-half yard of forty-inch wide duck or heavy muslin makes two bags. Cut the celery bag 18 inches wide by 15 inches long, fold the 18 inches over and curve the bottom of the bag as shown in illustation. Stamp the stalk of celery in the center. The long straight lines are outlined in cream white heavy embroidery cotton and the leaves are worked in two shades of green cotton the same size. Of the green, make buttonhole stitches far apart and outline the veins. Sew the bottom and side by machine, turn a one-inch hem and over the stitching make a featherstitching of the dark green cotton.

Make two eyelets at the right hand side, thru which draw one yard of white mercerized cord. Buttonhole around the eyelets.

The lettuce bag is cut 23 inches wide by 14 inches long, shaped wider and not so deep as the celery bag, for which take the illustration as a guide. Stamp the head of lettuce as shown and work same as for the celery, using the two shades of green. Three skeins of cotton make the two bags. This bag being wider, requires 42 inches of cord.

These bags will stand numerous washings and always be pure and sweet. They will make a very unique gift and one can feel quite sure they will not be duplicated.

Smaller bags on the same style may be made for radishes and young onions. For the latter they are very welcome to keep the odor to themselves. Of course, they are not so necessary to be kept cool, but nice fresh bags are a satisfaction to handle and keep the food sanitary.

Dress Notes.

SUITS have straight skirts.
Topcoats are made of taffeta.
White serge is used in suits.
Lingerie seems slimmer of line.
The silhouette remains unchanged.
The finest suits are the simplest ones.
Foulards are becoming very plentiful.

Neck Effects.

HIGH necked arrangements are seen upon a small proportion of the new model blouses, but a vast majority are frankly open at the front, tho not extraordinarily low, and some are slightly low at the front and almost to the shoulder points at the side.

Silk Coat Sweater.

CAST on 98 stitches, knit 18 ribs, increasing 1 stitch each rib for the neck. Knit 22 ribs, bind off 26 stitches, knit 16 ribs, forming lower portion of the armhole. Cast on 26 stitches, knit 72 ribs for the back, bind off 26 stitches for the second armhole; knit 16 ribs; cast on 26 stitches, knit 22 ribs, knit 18 ribs, binding off one stitch at the neck on each rib, leaving 98 stitches, bind off.

Sleeve—Cast on 52 stitches, knit 12 ribs, increase one stitch every rib for 10 ribs, knit 10 ribs more, decrease one stitch every rib for 10 ribs, knit 12 ribs, bind off.

Collar—In contrasting color pick up all stitches around the neck making the number divisible by four, knit four and purl four, making the knitting four and purling four, come under each respectively for three ribs; then purl four and knit four, making the purling come under the previous knitting four for three ribs. Continue in this way, alternating every third rib until there are about 52 ribs.

Sew up the sweater shoulders Pick up stitches around bottom of sweater a number divisible by four, knit four and purl four for three ribs, purl four and knit four for three ribs, bind off. Finish the fronts in same manner and crochet loops for buttons. Sew up under arm seams.

Cuffs—Pick up stitches on bottom of sleeve (52 stitches), knit four and purl four, three ribs; then purl under the knitting and knit under the purling three ribs, knit alternating in this way until cuff is three inches wide. Sew up sleeve and sew onto sweater.

Pocket—Cast on 20 stitches, knit 20 ribs with contrasting color, knit four and purl four, three ribs alternating in the following three ribs. Bind off. Sew to sweater.

Sash—Cast on with contrasting color 44 stitches, follow the pattern as in collar and cuffs, making one and one-half yards long. Finish with silk tassels and crochet buttons for sweater.

Dish Cloths.

EXCELLENT dish cloths are made of knitted cotton, for they are very strong and can be washed and boiled again and again, and will come out like new. Every time a dish cloth is used it should be washed with soap and soda and hung out to dry. A dirty dish cloth is a disgrace to its user. Children who are beginning to learn to knit are generally very willing to make dish cloths, but when there is no little knitter and the housewife is very busy, neatly hemmed squares of coarse crash will answer the purpose very well, and these are made "in no time."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book, "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have done. Our course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited employment service rendered members. Address nearest office. Dept. 103, Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago—San Francisco—New York.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY; CAPABLE SPECIALTY salesman; established concern. New strong proposition to general trade. Staple goods. Present conditions offer unlimited opportunity to earn big money. The Continental Jewelry Company, 255 Continental Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SALESMEN AND SERVICE MEN—NEW carburetor for Ford cars. Simple, not a moving part, installed in thirty minutes, guaranteed to double your mileage and start in zero weather without heating or priming. 15 day free trial. Write, U. & J. Carburetor Co., 503L Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for Kantleak raincoats. I paid Elf Bridge $38.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B122, Dayton, Ohio.

SELLING AGENT IN EVERY TOWN TO take orders for made to measure clothes for next fall. Our equipment is a large line of about 300 styles. Make good money taking orders for us. Equipment sent free and prepaid, but you must show us that you can do business. Write today for exclusive selling agency. Harry Sawyer, Merchant Tailor, Market & Quincy Streets, Chicago.

PANAMA HATS FOR MEN, WOMEN. A genuine Toyo Panama Hat; unbreakable; can be folded, put in pocket, with silk ribbon and sweat. Sells as high as $5.00. $12.00 per dozen to agents. Send $1.25 for sample, state size. Money back including 25c extra for your trouble. Sabatogas Panama Hat Co., 155 Greene St., New York.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk S-8, Chicago.

WONDERFUL CHANCE. SALARY AND commission selling guaranteed shirts & furnishings spare or full time. Every man buys. Steady repeat business. Send 15c for handsome outfit. Goodell & Co., 353 Duratex Bldg., New York.

GET DAVIS' 1918 PROSPERITY OFFER— best in 21 years—our food, soap and toilet goods cut store prices 1-3 to 1-2. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE: HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dep't. B, Fairfield, Ia.

AGENTS $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANteed hosiery. For men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2211 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

MEN AND WOMEN—YOU CAN MAKE FROM $5.00 to $10.00 profit each day selling Sanitary Brushes for all purposes. All or part time. Puritan Co., Dept. B 1966 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: BIG PAY AND AUTOMOBILE furnished hustlers introducing wonderful economical fuel product to automobile owners. Sample outfit free. L. Ballwey, 7 Sta. F., Louisville, Ky.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 25 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS—$30 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AGENTS TO TAKE ORDERS for Raincoats. Money making proposition. Greenside, 803 Madison St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

MEN—WOMEN WANTED FOR GOVERNment war positions. Thousands needed immediately. Good salaries; permanent employment; liberal vacations; other advantages. We prepare you and you secure a position or we refund your money. Ask for booklet "QL" free to citizens. Washington Civil Service School, 2060 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED—(Continued)

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS THOUSANDS clerks at Washington, immediately, for war preparatory work. $100 month. Quick increase. Men—women 18 or over. 7 hour day. 30 days' vacation. Easy clerical work. Common education sufficient. Your country needs you. Help her and live in Washington during these stirring war times. Write immediately for free list, positions open. Franklin Institute, Dep't P 27, Rochester, N. Y.

BE INDEPENDENT. CHIROPRACTIC DOCtors earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; work for yourself; this good paying profession quickly learned by correspondence; low rates; easy terms; illustrated book and charts free. American University, 173 Manierre Building, Chicago.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEANing and dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

BIG DEMAND FOR AUTO CHAUFFEURS, $35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 824, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILROADS WANT TRAFFIC INSPECTORS. Pay $125 to $200 monthly; all expenses, advancement; three months home study; booklet L 23 free. Frontier Prep. School, Buffalo, N. Y.

EVERY DETECTIVE NEEDS COPY OF Secret Code Book. Startling information. Write Robert Wark, 87 Plymouth Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

I WILL PAY ANY HONEST MAN UP TO $50 monthly for part of spare time. No canvassing. No capital. Write today. Voorhies, Desk 300, Omaha, Nebraska.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADY DEMONSTRATORS — EXPERIENCE unnecessary. Toilet goods; each county; good pay; no investment. Tannomore, 756, St. Louis, Mo.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS of coins dated before 1895. Keep all old money. Send 10 cents for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have coins worth many dollars premium. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

SONG—POEM, ETC.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

ROOTS, HERBS AND EVERGREENS

$5 A DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS, roots and herbs. Ginseng, $14 lb.; belladonna seed, $64 lb. Book and war prices free. Botanical-4, New Haven, Conn.

PRINTING

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PRINTED ON 100 envelopes, 40c; 250 letterheads, $1.25, postpaid. Samples free. A. M. Breneisa, Cullom, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

SPECIAL!!! INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEment 100 magazines, thrice, $3. Universal Syndicate, Atlantic, City, N. J.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED QUICKER—NEW EFficiency in patent service! Report on your invention in two days or less. No longer than 10 days to prepare your case for filing. Get the benefit of my new personal-service plan. Send sketch or model for prompt search and report. My new 90-page patent book free! It's "different." Send a postal today. George P. Kimmel, 20-E Oriental Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS, BOOKS, "HOW TO Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM MAKES more money with less work. Live longer, better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools, churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1931 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MISSOURI FARM LANDS

SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $2.50 CASH AND $2.50 monthly, no interest or taxes. Also an interest in our great development project which within the next few months should pay you one hundred dollars for every dollar you invest. Highly productive land, close to three big markets; photographs and full information free. Munger, H. 186, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

VIRGINIA FARMS

MY SEVENTEENTH EDITION HANDSOME, illustrated farm catalog now ready for mailing. It's free. Send for one immediately. It describes alfalfa, stock, dairy and poultry farms. Colonial homes and handsome water front property. Business established 20 years. Allison, Land Agent, Fredericksburg, Va.

MISSOURI LANDS

CHICKENMEN—10 ACRES, INCUBATOR, 500 Superb everbearing strawberries. Sacrifice $99, near Bismarck, Missouri. $6 cash, $3 monthly. Owner, 725A Wainwright, St. Louis.

POOR MAN'S CHANCE: $5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land near town, healthy location. Price $200. Other bargains. Box 425 S, Carthage, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit; machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

SONG POEMS

WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG HIT OF the war? If you have an idea suitable for such a song, write for free booklet, "Songwriters' Manual and Guide." We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale. Poems submitted, examined free. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS MADE MONTHLY in Texas oil fields. Wonderful, amazing profits. Behnken, clerk, invested $42, received $1144. Bartmes, clerk, $84, received $2288. Hufstettler, farmer, $700, cashed in $12,067 within ten months. $1 monthly few months, gets warranty deed, may pay $200 or more monthly. Cooperative well. Information, maps free. Write today. Souriake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 223, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ANTIES. GERMAN SECRET SOLVES THE prohibition problem. The easiest most secret and simple thing out. For full particulars write J. A. Short (Dept. B), Stephenville, Texas.

MARRY YOUR IDEAL WITHIN SIXTY days. Either sex. Send no money for sixty day guarantee and new plan. Pay when married. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk B, Marshall, Mich.

LONELY MAIDEN, 24, WOULD CORREspond with gentleman matrimonially inclined. Pictures exchanged. B. L., Box 150, Syracuse, N. Y.

FASCINATING ROSE DEW-DROP PERfume. Send only 20c for valuable outfit and make $1.00 hour. D. Union Perfume Co., Palatine, Ill.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

REAL PHOTOS, ARTISTS MODELS; BATHing girls. Fascinating poses. Sample and catalogue 10c. Simpson Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

MEN SUFFERING WITH WEAKNESS ADdress Box 200, Sacramento, Pa., for free information. Mailed sealed.

GET MARRIED—MANY WEALTHY CLIENTS desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS, BOYS THEY'RE live ones. Enuf said. 6-$1.00, 18-$2.00, Art Company, Keota, Iowa.

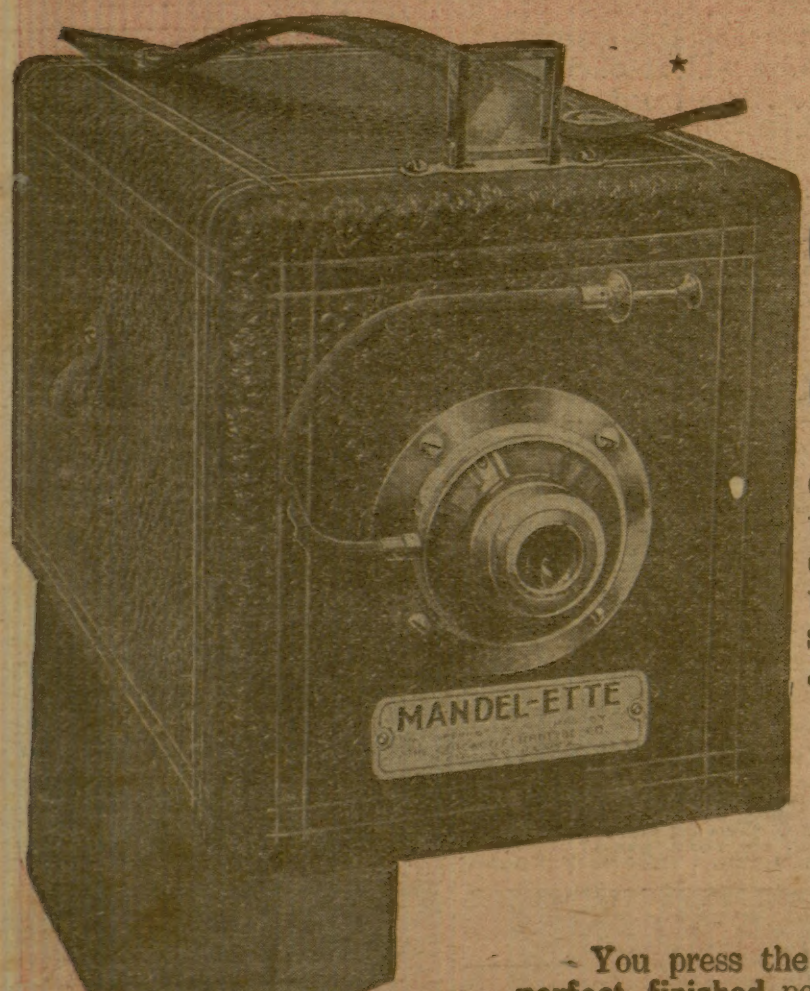
MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIPtions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL," mailed anywhere, 25c. L. B. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

No Money In Advance



This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE TRIAL!

Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So **you** must send for it **quick!** Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

Takes and Makes Finished Pictures INSTANTLY!

You press the button, drop card in developer and in **one minute** take out a **perfect, finished** post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x5x7 inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 50 post cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography! Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop. Results positively amazing.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete "mandel-ette" outfit absolutely on approval and give you 10 days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us $1 per month until our special price of only $5.50 is paid.

Easy Payments—No Reference

No red tape of any kind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Simply fill out and send coupon today. Send no money. No references required. Lots of fun and big profits.

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

Chicago Ferrotype Company,
Desk 266 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WOULDN'T TAKE $50 FOR MY "MANDEL-ETTE"

I received the "Mandel-ette" Camera yesterday and am well pleased with it. Learned how to make good pictures in an hour and would not take $50 for it if I could not get another one.
Alfred L. Dustman, Berlin Center, Ohio.

IT'S A WONDER

The "Mandel-ette" safely at hand, and I am getting fine pictures "first crack out of the box." It's a wonder and I anticipate much pleasure in operating it.
W. H. Starkweather,
Wisconsin Veterans' Home, Wis.

$14 IN 5 HOURS

The "Mandel-ette" Camera I got from you some time ago is a wonder. I took in $14 in about five hours with it on the 4th.
C. A. Sund, Blabon, N. Dak.

EVERYBODY LIKES IT

I received my "Mandel-ette" some time ago. It was in good shape and everything O. K. I am well pleased with it. Everybody likes it.
A. A. Newhall, Surf, Calif.

BEST CAMERA IN THE WORLD

I am so well pleased with the "Mandel-ette" that I would not take $25 for it if I could not get another like it. I know that when people learn the "Mandel-ette" process they will never be satisfied with the old plate and film cameras and there will be a big demand for the best camera in the world, "Mandel-ette."
A. H. Hoffman, Wildomar, Calif.

SURELY A WONDER

Received "Mandel-ette" as per agreement, and gentlemen, I wish to express my gratitude, most fully, for your prompt attention to my request.
I have already taken a few pictures with your camera, and I am forced to admit, that your so called "Mandel-ette" is most surely a Wonder. Arthur Hawthorn Lee,
Coalspur, Alberta

FINE RESULTS AT FIRST ATTEMPT

I received the camera all O. K. and I was surprised to see the results of the first attempts I made to turn out a photo. The "Mandel-ette" is one certainly worth the money and will do all you claim for it and even more. James Colyer, Monroe, Iowa.

GREAT PLEASURE WITH HIS

The Camera is certainly a dandy. I was surprised to know that it could take a photo so fast. I have had great pleasure with it. Everybody thinks it is the only thing.
Fred Witte, Central Point, Oregon

REMARKABLY CLEAR PICTURES

I received the "Mandel-ette" some time ago and am having all kinds of fun with it. It takes remarkably clear pictures. The "Mandel-ette" needs no recommendation. I just show the pictures to my friends and they all understand at once what a fine camera it is.
Gertrude E. Gesler, Bangor, Wis.

CAN'T BE BEAT

I beg to thank you for your "Mandel-ette". I got it all right. It is a daisy. The machine can't be beat, there is nothing like it.
James McDowell, Bismark, Mo.

PLEASED

Received my "Mandel-ette" on Saturday and am well pleased with it. I have never taken a camera or kodak picture before but my pictures were good. I would recommend the "Mandel-ette" to anybody wanting a good, inexpensive camera.
Margaret Smithe, Dexter, Mo.

$8 IN 4 HOURS—COULD HAVE MADE MORE

I got the "Mandel-ette" on Friday evening and started work on Saturday morning. Made $8 the first four hours and run out of cards. Could have made that much more if I had cards. Harry Singleton, Claysburg, Pa.

PICTURES A SURPRISE

Am well pleased with the "Mandel-ette". Had no previous experience with cameras or kodaks before but found the "Mandel-ette" very easy to operate. It does all you claim for it—the "One Minute" pictures are a surprise to everyone. Thank you for your promptness in sending the camera and supplies.
Mrs. Anna Hegner, Beaver Falls, Pa.

SURPRISED ABBOTT

I received my "Mandel-ette" and full equipment in fine condition. Have made several pictures, which surprised me, they being so natural. I have no knowledge of photography whatever, but made fine pictures at first attempt.
I expect to have lots of fun with my "Mandel-ette" in the future.
Horace B. Abbot, Beaukiss, Texas

Chicago Ferrotype Co.,
Desk 266 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once one complete model Mandel-ette Camera outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied keep it and pay you $1 a month until your special price of $5.50 is paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name .....

Street and No .....

Town..... State.....